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'ORTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS

OF

Life, Literature, and Public Affairs.

FROM

1830 TO 1870.

BY

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "EGERIA," "A MAN'S HEART," "STUDIES FROM THE ANTIQUE," &C., &C.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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FORTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS.

A VISIT TO PARIS.—A BREAKFAST WITH BÉRANGER.

It was within a few days after my return to London in December, 1847, that I received an invitation from Mr. Herbert Ingram, proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, whose acquaintance I had made more than three years previously, in the cottage near Ayr, of Mrs. Begg, the sister of Robert Burns, to call upon him in reference to a new daily paper which he purposed to establish. The new journal was to be called the *Daily*, the *Morning*, or the *London Telegraph*—he had not decided which—and was to be printed by some new process, which had been perfected by one of his relatives, of a mechanical genius. It was to be a strictly liberal, if not radical journal, to advocate all liberal measures, but more especially the abolition of the punishment of death for all crimes whatsoever—murder and high treason both included. His object in sending for me was to offer me an engagement, if I would accept it, to write all or nearly all its leading articles upon foreign politics. I accepted the engagement, and having a month or more upon my hands before the time fixed upon for its commencement,

and having at the same time some business upon my hands, with reference to the estate of General Mackay, which had to be transacted at Paris, I resolved to visit that city. The public mind of France was very much disturbed at the time by the obstinate perversity of King Louis Philippe, and his reactionary policy, and at the growing dimensions of the reform movement, of which M. Odilon Barrot was the leading spirit. The French middle-classes, of whom the King was supposed to be the idol, as well as the representative, had lost all faith in him; the upper-classes had never held his throne in favour, and considered him a traitor to the elder branch of his house, and a mean-hearted usurper; while the lower-classes, either fiercely Republican, or secretly Bonapartists, held him in contempt, and spoke of him as an *épicier*. The political atmosphere was electrical, and the long increasing unpopularity of the King had been brought to a culmination by his selfish and mercenary intrigues to bring about the marriage of the young Queen of Spain to his son, the Duke de Montpensier. The governments of Europe, and that of Great Britain among the rest, received the project with such disfavour, if not with such positive opposition, that he had reluctantly to abandon it, and content himself with the Queen's sister as the bride of that son whom he yet hoped to see King of Spain in spite of what looked like an inferior marriage. To this project the European Powers could not very well object; so having carried this point, Louis Philippe looked out for a husband for the Queen in another direction, and sought to discover in one of the royal houses of Europe, some prince

physically disqualified for matrimony, to whom the obedient child might be united in sterile wedlock. All Europe rang with the infamy of this disgusting intrigue, and even the Parisians, not over moral, or over nice, and having no interest in wishing that the Duke of Montpensier, or his heirs, male or female, should sit upon the throne of Spain, spoke of the matter, either with indignation, or affirmed, with cynical contempt, that if the Queen were once legally married to the Prince chosen for her, she might safely set all the old King's odious calculations at defiance. All this was openly spoken of, and discussed at every café on the Boulevards. In a little volume, entitled "Voices from the Crowd," published in 1846, I had written eulogistically of the King of the French, whom, at the time, I considered to be a friend of peace, and a sage and beneficent ruler. But the episode of the Spanish marriages had opened my eyes to his true character; and, just before going to Paris, I had sent to the *Morning Chronicle* a string of verses, entitled "Retractation and Repentance, for having called Louis Philippe an honest man." The *Chronicle* containing the poem was siezed by the French police, and prevented from entering France. Some copies, however, found their way to Paris, in ambassadors' bags or in letters, and the obnoxious verses were speedily known to the literary societies of the capital.

The stanzas set forth, in very plain English, the "lewd unmanly plot" into which the King had entered, and expressed the indignation that the writer felt upon the subject, in common with millions all over the world. The verses fell under the notice of the Abbé de Lamennais,

who translated them into French prose for the benefit of his friend, the poet Béranger, who knew no English, but had heard of the poem from some of his literary acquaintances. It was to this circumstance that I was indebted for a personal introduction to these two eminent men. The Abbé having seen and been interested by this particular poem, desired my friend Mr. Oswald Murray to procure for him my then recently published volume, "Voices from the Crowd." His request having been gratified, he wrote some days afterwards the following letter:—

"Mon cher enfant, remercie pour moi M. Mackay des deux volumes de poësies que tu m'as envoyés de sa part. Ce que j'en ai lu déjà me plaît beaucoup et quant au fonds et quant à la forme. On y sent comme un souffle de cette vie nouvelle qui régénérera le vieux monde usé. L'avenir, l'avenir, c'est là que sont aujourd'hui les grands souvenirs de l'inspiration.

"J'ai été fort souffrant depuis que je ne t'ai vu; ma tête s'est prise, de sorte qu'en ce moment je suis sourd. Le médecin dit que cela passera vîte; mais, pendant que cela dure, je suis hors d'état de courir. Ne viens donc pas demain, et en priant M. Mackay d'agréer mes excuses, dis lui que j'espère qu'il me dédommagera plus tard de la privation que m'impose mon infirmité présente. Tout à toi de cœur,

"F. Lamennais.

"Vendredi, Octobre 3."

Both Lamennais and Béranger, each in his own way,

had done and were then doing much to hasten the revolutionary explosion, which broke forth furiously in less than three months afterwards.

Their fame was not confined to their own country, and if not cosmopolitan was certainly European. The Abbé de Lamennais was a liberal and revolutionary priest. He denied the supremacy of the Pope, advocated the marriage of the clergy, and had practically put aside the Bible, the Old Testament, and the New, in favour of "Christ's Sermon on the Mount," which he deemed to be all sufficient, not alone for the exercise of practical religion in the present day, but for the future, and as he thought speedy and complete, regeneration of the human race. Béranger was as unlike Lamennais as one man could be to another; thought but little of religion, at the hypocritical professors of which he sometimes loved to laugh; believed in a God, as he himself sung—

"Il est un Dieu, devant lui je m'incline
Pauvre et content sans lui demander rien;"

but was as little of a Christian as Voltaire or Robespierre. As the poet of the French people, he had been a thorn in the side of the Bourbons ever since the fall of the first Napoleon; and had done more than any other man in France to keep alive in the hearts of his countrymen, not alone a love of liberty, but an affectionate remembrance of the glories and the sorrows of the Great Emperor. It was with no small pleasure that I accepted an invitation to breakfast with them both at Béranger's house at Passy. It was to be a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and the hour was fixed for eleven. I was punctual to the time,

and was shown into the little front room where the breakfast was laid, and had to wait for a few minutes before the host appeared. He entered at last in his dressing gown and slippers, and gave me a cordial shake of the hand. If I had met him in the street I should have recognised him at once from his resemblance to the admirable portrait, by Maclise, which, some years previously, had appeared in "Fraser's Magazine." Lamennais and Mr. Murray arrived together, and we speedily took our places at the table. There waited upon us a woman of about sixty years of age, who still bore upon her face the traces of youthful beauty, and who, I thought, might be the famous Lisette immortalized in the poet's songs. But Lamennais (to whom I put the question afterwards) asserted that this was a mistake, and that the Lisette of song had long ago disappeared from the poet's world—had married—or had emigrated—or was dead—no one knew; that is to say, he added—if she ever existed in the flesh—or was other than an imaginary character, made up of many Lisettes, with other names, whom the poet had known. Béranger had a broad capacious forehead, a very bald head, and a good-natured, benign, but somewhat slovenly appearance. He looked like a man who would not encourage trouble to come to his door, much less to take up its abode in his house. He was encased in such a smooth, well-soldered, and well-fitting armour of Epicurean content, as to defy the stings and arrows of fate to pierce it, or even to annoy him; a good, easy man, who took things as they came, was satisfied with little, fond of the sunshine and of small enjoyments, a Diogenes in his contempt of outward show,

and in independence of character; but with a real, unaffected, good nature to which Diogenes had no pretensions. Béranger was in fact a *bonhomme* in the French sense of the phrase—kindly, without guile, or thought of evil; fond of his pleasures, but never dreaming of doing harm to anyone else in order to obtain them; a very child in his simplicity; and yet a very wise man in his knowledge of the world. Such religion as he had savoured of paganism, and his political faith was ultra-Republican. He and Lamennais were to each other as Damon and Pythias—dearest of friends—notwithstanding their diversity of belief on religious topics, and most constant companions. Lamennais was a little, thin man, with an appearance of ill-health, but with quick, restless, piercing eyes, that seemed to look into the hearts of all on whom their gaze was earnestly fixed, as if they would burn out the most hidden secrets; and his conversation was earnest and eloquent, without being pretentious. Béranger impressed me with the idea that he was the most Parisian of all the Parisians I had ever met; the most unmitigated *badaud*, living in Paris for the sake of Paris, and with no thoughts but such as Paris inspired. He had evidently no love for natural scenery, and confessed as much. He had never seen a mountain in his life; and, worse than all, did not remember to have seen the ocean, or heard the solemn music of the shore. In short, he had seldom been fifty miles beyond the *octroi* of Paris, and was, he said, always unhappy when away from the rumble of the streets. He loved flowers, he said, and a little garden; but he could not distinguish one tree from another by its name, and thought the

trees of the Tuileries gardens, the Champs Elysées, or the Bois de Boulogne, superior to the groves of Tempe, Arcadia, Dodona, or Valombrosa. He was so unaffected, so genial, so honest, so modest, and so kind, that it was impossible to be long in his company without feeling affection for him; and he was, over and above all, so shrewd and sagacious—or, as the Scotch would say, so "canny,"—that it was equally impossible to avoid feeling respect.

Our table-talk was directed by Béranger to my verses upon Louis Philippe, which he deplored he could not read in the original, as all poems lost in translation, however good the translation might be: an opinion in which Lamennais coincided.

"I am somewhat surprised," said Béranger, "that you, and the English people generally, only discovered the innate and ineradicable meanness of the king's character when he laid himself bare before the world in the affair of the Spanish marriages. We Frenchmen knew him of old."

"We saw through him from the first," said Lamennais, "as a man whose god was self—a man with strong family affection, no doubt, but without any other virtue whatever. Knowing himself to be a mercenary knave, he believes all other men to be the same; and acts upon the principle that there is nothing in the world equal to money, or that money cannot buy. There is scarcely an honest man about him, except M. Guizot; and he, with his head in the clouds, not condescending to look at the men among whom he moves, may be a very good man, but he is a most pernicious minister."

"Certainly," said I, "if M. Guizot were a wise minister, he would not turn a deaf ear to the cry for 'reform,' which has been raised under the auspices of M. Odilon Barrot, and so widely responded to by the Liberal party."

"Odilon Barrot is a good friend of the king, but the king does not know it," said Béranger. "The king is as obstinate as a pig; and thinks that reform, if granted, will lead to the establishment of a Republic. But I think, on the contrary, that his refusal of reform will produce the Republic. In less than a year the world will be startled by another revolution amongst us, as great as that of 1789. Our last was a mistake. We must undo the mischief of 1830, when respect for M. De Lafayette led us all wrong."

"We shall see the revolution in less than six months," interposed Lamennais. "The public heart is sick of the disgusting meanness of the present *régime*. The public conscience is offended at it; and we shall have, instead of a shopkeeper of a king—a mere *épicier*, with no thought beyond paltry profit for himself or his family, to be got out of the most despicable intrigues—a great, a noble, and a pure Republic, in which the truly Christian words, 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' shall become realities."

"But are you quite sure," inquired I, "that as a nation the French are quite ripe for liberty, or that they even understand it? Are you not too quick and impulsive? For instance, we in England, when we have a grievance, meet to consider it. We gather sometimes as many as twenty or thirty thousand people in a field or a common—

we appoint a chairman, we make speeches, we pass resolutions, we sign a petition, and we go away home. Could you get up such a meeting in Paris?"

"Decidedly not," said Béranger. "It would be prohibited by the Government, and armed soldiers would be sent to disperse it."

"But suppose the Government did not interfere?"

"It would not signify. When Frenchmen meet in large numbers, they do not come merely to talk, they imagine that there is something to be *done*. We are a theatrical people. We love pageants and display. If twenty thousand people met to talk of public affairs in any part of Paris, there would be an attack upon the gunsmiths' shops within half an hour, and a siege of the Tuileries. I admire the English for one thing. They are cool and business-like in public affairs, and never lose temper. But we are hot and rash. We admire theoretical perfection, and are intolerant of little flaws that might easily be mended. I have often imagined that the edifice of English Constitutional Liberty was an old castle, built without any regard to the rules of architecture, or any symmetry of plan; a jumble of the Gothic and the Palladian, of the palace, the cottage, the church, and even of the stable: yet a stately and picturesque building, taken altogether, and weather-proof. Whenever a tile is loosened, or a chimney-pot blown down, you wise *insulaires* always repair the mischief, and make the weak place stronger than before. If your dining-room is too small, you build a larger one. If your drawing-room, or hall of state, have shabby and worn-out furniture, you buy new. If the lightning strike down a tower or

pinnacle, you gather up the rubbish, send for an architect, and rebuild the tower or pinnacle higher and better, and make it more in harmony with the surrounding objects. But we Frenchmen do things in a different style. We are a mathematical and scientific nation. We like to work upon a design: hence our Constitutions—what a harvest we have had of them since the days of Mirabeau and Sièyes!—have always been symmetrical and faultless. On paper there has not been a flaw in them; but when we came to work out into practice one of these perfect Constitutions, and found that there was something in it that would not fit or work, what did we do? We abrogated it. Our House of Liberty is always a fine Grecian temple; and if we find that we have the doorway too high or too low, the central space too dark, or the antechambers too close, we scorn your English method of mending and patching and adapting, and pull the temple down. If a window be broken in your house, you put in a new square of glass; but if our window be broken we quit the house altogether, or perhaps level it with the ground in a fit of impatient exasperation."

"Too true," said Lamennais; "but we are growing wiser. We have been taught in the great school of sorrow, and though we have much yet to learn, we are wiser than our forefathers, and teach the world by our vices and misfortunes as much as we do by our virtues and successes."

The conversation wandered away to Prince Louis Napoleon, then an exile in London, and under a cloud of misapprehension, if not of obloquy, for his two unsuccessful attempts—at Strasburg and at Boulogne—to

restore the dynasty of the Buonapartes. "I think," I said, turning to Béranger, "if there be any lingering love of the Empire among the French people, that you have done more than any man living to encourage it!"

"You forget the king!" said Béranger.

"In what way?" I inquired; for I did not quite see his meaning.

"Did he not, with a view of courting popularity, ask and obtain the permission of the English Government to transport the ashes of Napoleon from St. Helena to the Invalides?"

"True," I replied, "I had forgotten the fact. The Prince, who has a firm belief in his 'star,' and who lives and moves and acts and meditates in the unshakeable conviction that he shall yet be the chosen of the French people, called upon M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian ambassador in London, to remark upon the king's impolicy in aiding in what was something like an apotheosis of the great name of Napoleon. The Prince, as you know, is not a very demonstrative man,—he thinks much, and says little; but on this occasion he was all but enthusiastic, as, rubbing his hands, he said to the ambassador: '*Comme il est bête, ce Louis Philippe! il fait mon jeu.*'"

"He deceived himself," interposed Lamennais. "France has done with the Buonapartes for ever, except as private citizens; in which capacity I think they ought to be allowed to return. Their presence will be quite innocuous. There is no room for an Empire. The France of the future—when we have shaken off the last

of the stupid and unteachable Bourbons, will exalt no other family, new or old; but will establish a democratic and social republic."

"But what is the social republic?" I inquired; "as distinguished from the democratic or any other republic?"

"The social republic," replied Lamennais, "is the Christian republic—the republic in which every man shall, not only be equal before the law to every other man, but in which by a wise concord and agreement, every man shall have his fair share of the material blessings of the earth; in which there shall be no poverty; in which every man shall work for his own good, and for that of all other men, according to the gifts, the strength, and the tastes implanted in him by nature; a republic in which laziness or the refusal to work for the common benefit shall be accounted a disease, and treated accordingly, not for the punishment, but for the healing of the diseased person."

"But is not that a dream of the Millennium?" I inquired.

"I think not; all great facts are dreams at first. Jesus was himself a dreamer, but see the great facts that his dreams established."

Béranger, who had sat sipping his wine and water, and making no remark, said suddenly, "I own my inferiority to the Abbé. He dreams of the future, and his dreams are all celestial. I never dream of the future, but content myself with to-day. I take the actual world as I see it; and, all things considered, come to the conclusion that the world has never been very much better than it is, and

that it never will be. Our English friend thinks I have done much to encourage my countrymen in the love and admiration of the Great Napoleon. I never wished to do so. I recognise Napoleon's high qualities. When he was in power, I passed my opinion freely upon his errors. When he was dying in lonely misery on the rock of St. Helena, I forgot his faults, and only remembered his glory and his calamities. But I want no revival of his glory or his system in our day. The Republic—with as much liberty, equality, and fraternity, as we can command—that is my ideal of a government, and what I hope France will arrive at sooner or later: through perplexities, perils, and bloodshed, perhaps; but predestined, and therefore certain, whatever may be the sufferings that may fall upon us before the end is reached. Of one thing we are all certain, the present *régime* cannot last. France is a proud nation, and *ce roi bonhomme*, as people once called him, *cet épicier poltron*, as they call him now, will not long be permitted to sit on his present seat. We are not a very moral nation, but the immorality of his Spanish intrigues is somewhat too much for us."

Lamennais directed the conversation to English politics, and to what he rightly called "that grand measure," the Repeal of the Corn Laws, which he asserted to be a new chapter in the great gospel of humanity. Béranger had heard of "Sir Peel," and spoke highly of his unselfish patriotism in breaking away from the trammels of his party in order that he might do justice to the people. He thought "Sir Palmerston" a very courageous man, and quite a Machiavelli in politics. He also thought "Sir Cobden" a true patriot, and one who would cer-

tainly be Prime Minister. He had not heard of Mr. Bright, nor Lord Derby, and was firmly convinced that the Repeal of the Corn Laws would be the downfall of the British aristocracy and the monarchy, and that it was the first great step towards the British Republic.

The subject after this changed of itself quite naturally, in the easy, unconstrained flow of our conversation, and was fixed by Lamennais, upon the subject of poetical composition. Here Béranger was thoroughly at home. Upon this point he was modest and sensible. He said that he wrought with much difficulty, and took the greatest care and pains in elaboration, not of the thought, but of the expression, and that a few stanzas employed him for weeks, and not unfrequently for months, in polishing off redundancies, simplifying complexities, clearing away obscurities, and fitting the sound to the sense, so that the music and the poetry should be like soul and body, forming one indivisible and living creature. He allowed an idea to lie and germinate in his mind until it sprouted up of itself to foliage and to flower; and did not, like some writers, set to work upon his thought immediately he conceived it. He was very well satisfied, he said, with his publisher, who was an excellent man, and paid him, as profits upon the sale of his collected songs, as much as enabled him to live decently and contentedly. "My wants," he said, "are not many. I can brush my own coat and clean my own boots, as in the days when I was a very poor and unknown young man. I live well, but not luxuriously. A good bottle of Macon is not beyond my means whenever I wish to

drink it, and a kind friend sometimes sends me a case of *Vieux Pommard*. I have outlived all my ambitions, all my enmities, all my extravagances, and I fancy sometimes that I have almost outlived my vices. And if love have left me, *j'aime l'amour dans les autres*.—I love to see people who love each other. I have good friends, good health, and sufficient to live upon. I am never unhappy —never even dull; and what more do I need? Nothing. To see the triumph of liberty in France would give me satisfaction; and I believe that before very long my wish will be gratified."

Good old Béranger! He was, beyond comparison, the gentlest-hearted, kindest creature I ever talked with. And I left his little room with gratitude that I had been able to shake hands with so thorough a good fellow.

During the short-lived Republic that was established after the great revolutionary outbreak of February, 1848, Béranger, then in the sixty-ninth year of his age, was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly. But he was no orator, and only cared for politics if he could treat them after his own fashion—in a song—and speedily sent in his resignation of the cumbrous honour that had been thrust upon him. He lived quietly during the first few years of the Empire—a Bonapartist by admiration of the "glory" of Napoleon I., but a Republican on principle. The Emperor himself, who fully appreciated the debt which his family owed to the genius of Béranger, would have been glad to reward the song-writer, but the song-writer preferred his humble independence to imperial favour; and while he steadily declined place or pension, he as

steadily refrained from expressing himself either publicly or privately in favour of any form of government but the Democratic Republic. The Emperor, who was essentially a grateful man, not after the fashion of the cynical Talleyrand, or some one else, who defined gratitude to be a "keen sense of favours to come," but a warm remembrancer of favour already conferred, thought that possibly the poet might accept a kindness from a lady which he would not accept from the master of legions, and the head of a government of which he conscientiously disapproved. He therefore deputed the Empress to ascertain whether something could not be done, with Béranger's own consent, to procure greater comforts for his declining years. With the utmost delicacy and tact the Empress endeavoured to perform her difficult mission; but Béranger respectfully declined the offer, not from pride or any churlish spirit of independence, but simply because all his wants were supplied by the annuity punctually paid by his attached friend, M. Perrotin, the bookseller of the Rue Fontaine Molière. This gentleman had published Béranger's songs for more than a quarter of a century; and the annuity, originally amounting to 800 francs (£32 sterling), had been spontaneously increased by M. Perrotin to 1,200 francs (£48). This sum formed the whole income of the poet. But small as it was, he made it sufficient. He had no family, no dependants, and no debts; and his publisher, knowing his love for a good bottle of Pommard, took care to supplement the very slender annuity which he bestowed in compensation for the copyright of the songs, by frequent presents of a case or two of the wine which

the old *chansonnier* most affected. At least, somebody sent Béranger, during many years, sufficient wine, of good vintages, to supply his daily needs; and though he never discovered his anonymous benefactor, he had come to the conclusion in his own mind, that it could be no other than M. Perrotin: whether it took the shape of conscience-money or pure kindness, he never cared to inquire.

Béranger's last appearance in public was in 1856, at the funeral of David d'Angers, a noted Republican of the time, around whose grave congregated, in great numbers, all the fiery Revolutionists and anti-Imperialists of the capital. Béranger only attended to show respect to the memory of his friend, and having no desire to identify himself with the disaffected, whatever the colour of their flag might be, thought to escape observation among the multitude. But this was not to be. A student, or perhaps a young poet, who knew not only the poet's verses but his person, caught sight of him, and cried out, "*Vive Béranger! Vive la Liberté!*" The crowd caught up the cry. The enthusiasm spread from mouth to mouth, and there was some danger of a riot, as the *sergens de ville* made a charge upon the crowd and arrested several of the young men who had rendered themselves conspicuous by their cries and gesticulations. Béranger managed to escape from the publicity which he had not courted, and retired to his humble privacy, determined to appear no more among the ardent spirits of his party. Some of the luckless young men who had resisted the *sergens de ville* in the attempt to preserve or restore the peace, were arrested and sen-

tenced to short terms of imprisonment, a circumstance which gave occasion for Béranger's last known song. This composition is included in the posthumous collection of his works, and seems to have been first introduced to English readers in the "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," from 1830 to 1838, edited in 1873 by Mr. William Bates, Professor of Classics in Queen's College, Birmingham. The verses possess all the old poetic fire, and may be contrasted favourably, both for sentiment and expression, with many of his younger effusions :—

"Par quel côté ce temps qu'on fait revivre
Ressemble-t-il aux jours rêvés par moi ?
Moi, qui jamais n'ai cessé de poursuivre
Laquais, flatteur, empereur, prêtre et roi !
Si j'ai chanté pour le grand capitaine,
C'est quand il fut sans sceptre et prisonnier,
Brumaire était puni par Sainte Hélène—
Ah pardonnez au pauvre chansonnier ! "

The concluding quatrain of this stanza epitomizes all Béranger's feelings on the subject of the great Napoleon. He denounced him in the height of his power. His heart bled for him in his captivity; but his sympathy was strictly limited to the genius and misfortune of the man, and did not extend to his family or his principles.

Béranger died in his seventy-seventh year, on the 16th of July, 1857. The event, though long expected, excited a great sensation in Paris, not because a favourite poet and one of the literary glories of his time, had departed full of years and honour, but because it was feared the fiery spirits of the advanced Republican party

would take advantage of the funeral to make a political demonstration over his grave. Never, since the dawn of civilization, had a poet such a funeral as that which Fate and Necessity decreed for the simple-hearted Béranger. The whole military force of Paris—horse, foot, and artillery, to the number of 100,000 men—was stationed on the Boulevards and along the whole line of the procession, from the poet's lodgings to his grave. The real object was, not to honour Béranger, but to overawe the Red Republicans and Communists, and prevent a breach of the peace; but, nevertheless, the high vocation of the song-writer was honoured, though unintentionally in a greater degree than ever it was honoured before. Such a display of pomp, power, and grandeur as that which both alarmed and gratified Paris on that day would have suited the funeral obsequies of any great king or conqueror. It is a very old, trite, effete, worn-out saying, attributed to a friend of Drummond of Hawthornden, that the making of a song may have more effect on the people's manners than the making of a law. This was never the case in England, nor is it likely to be; but it certainly was the case in France when Béranger was in his prime. He was a real power in the state, and made Kings and Emperors wince upon their thrones. Unapproachable by bribes or flattery, he dared to be poor, and to speak his whole mind. If he spoke with as much bluntness as Diogenes, it was only to the hypocrite or the oppressor. He never lost heart or faith in the people, or despaired of the triumph of the right. If, according to our English notions, he was a little too free and a great deal too erotic, he only resembled his own people in these respects, and

might never have attained their favour for the nobler objects to which he devoted his best songs, if he had not partaken of the weakness as well as of the strength of his countrymen.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

WITHIN less than a month after these conversations with Béranger and Lamennais, and a few days after my return to London, I received an invitation to breakfast with Mr. John MacGregor, M.P. for Glasgow, at his house in Lowndes Square, to meet Prince Louis Napoleon, then an exile in London. I accepted the invitation with the greater pleasure, because my recent visit to France had convinced me that a revolution in that country was imminent, unless there should be a change in the obstinately unwise policy of the King and his too subservient minister, M. Guizot, which was not very probable; and because I foresaw the possibility that the daring spirit which had risked such adventures as those of Strasbourg and Boulogne, in following the "star" of what he believed to be his destiny, would run yet another risk, under more favourable auspices, if Revolution allowed him to set foot on his native soil, a free man. I had met the Prince before at the hospitable dinner-table of Sir John Easthope, of the *Morning Chronicle*, and had been struck with his silence and reserve, and at the lack-lustre look of his apparently vacant grey eyes—eyes that scarcely seemed to look outwards at all—but

were turned within and so wholly occupied with what was to be seen in his own great spirit as to be indifferent to the world of living and moving men by whom he was surrounded. He had the same dreamy look at Mr. MacGregor's breakfast-table, and took but slight share in the conversation that the garrulous Member for Glasgow endeavoured to provoke. It was not until the Prince heard that I had recently returned from Paris and had met Béranger, that he seemed to take any interest in our talk, and expressed a hope that the poet was well who had done so much by his writings to keep alive in the hearts of the French people the remembrance of the glory and the misfortunes of the great Napoleon. He seemed interested in Béranger's prediction of a coming Revolution, but still more interested when he heard that Lamennais was of the same opinion. Mr. MacGregor expressed his belief that both Béranger and Lamennais were wrong in their forecast of the future, and that Louis Philippe truly understood the character of the people whom he had been called upon to govern; that if not a very wise, he was a very cunning man, and that he would know how to yield, when not to yield would be perilous to himself and his dynasty. The Prince sat in his chair looking on the ground, with a riding-whip in his hand, with which he struck the sides of his boot as he replied, without lifting his eyes, "Yes, he is a cunning man, but cunning has a tendency to overreach itself; and he does not understand the character of the French nation. If he did, he never would have sought to popularize himself by bringing home *les cendres de Napoléon* from St. Helena to re-inter

them under the dome of the Invalides." After the Prince had taken his leave, Mr. MacGregor said that he had never known him to utter so many words consecutively.

The predictions of Béranger and Lamennais which I have recorded were realized sooner than either of them, or perhaps Prince Louis Napoleon, anticipated. In about two months after they were uttered, as if to exemplify the madness of those who are predoomed to ruin, Louis Philippe and his government provoked a collision with the people, from the results of which, whatever they might have been, they had everything to fear, but nothing to hope. Blood was shed. An insurrection, which became a revolution, was brought on by their incredible folly and perversity. They might have prevented the evil. They preferred to seek it. The warmest friends of the Orleans dynasty admitted the fatal blunder that was committed. Those who were not its friends—those who considered that King Louis Philippe, and his too subservient accomplice, M. Guizot, had proved traitors to the charter of French freedom, conquered by the Revolution of 1830—confessed with still greater emphasis, that they had fallen into an irreparable mistake; and that it would seal the doom of the dynasty. Once it seemed as if force might have won the day, but it soon became obvious that the denial by the government of one of the simplest natural rights of a free people — the right of public meeting—could not by any probability or possibility fail to bear its fruits in due time — the destruction of the government that justified such a

denial by bloodshed. Whilst the government acted with pitiable insanity, the French opposition acted in a manner that commanded the sympathy of all intelligent lovers of freedom. France, with a then population of 35,000,000, had only 240,000 electors. For the 240,000 electors there were 280,000 places at the disposal of the government, or a bribe for each, and 40,000 bribes to spare. The whole of these 40,000 additional places were created, for the purposes of corruption, by the government of M. Guizot during the seven years he was in office. Louis Philippe ruled by corruption. It was his system. He not only knew it, but was proud of it, and confessed it to his intimates to be the only means of ruling the French people. The opposition, led by such men as Duvergier d'Hauranne, Odilon Barrot, Alphonse de Lamartine, and Alexis de Tocqueville, and supported by M. Thiers and others, sought peaceably to reform this scandalous system. They were shocked at the gross profligacy and the unblushing venality of public men, who supported, because they were paid to do so, the wealthy dynasty of Orleans. They blushed for their country at the exposures of the corruption which every day took place. They endeavoured, by the peaceable and constitutional means of speeches in public assemblies, to inspire the French people with a desire of Reform. They also sought an extension of the franchise, and endeavoured to extend it from the 240,000 persons who monopolised it, and the majority of whom sold it for unclean pottage, to double or treble the number, that there might be the security of numbers against corruption. The demand

was not exorbitant. No one ventured to assert that it was not within the province of a citizen of any country that could be called even moderately free, to agitate such a question, if he agitated it legally. This the opposition did. In some few instances at their Reform banquets they refused to drink the health of the King. This was bad taste, perhaps; but, at all events, there was no legal compulsion upon free men to drink the health of the King at their political or other festivities if they did not think it consistent with their own self-respect. They justified the refusal by the assertion of a well-known fact, that the King, irresponsible by the constitution as a king, had, as a man, usurped the functions of his ministers—was himself his own minister;—impressed his own views upon his servants,—and carried those views into execution, thereby showing that he did not understand either the theory or practice of a constitutional government. Whether right or wrong in what they did, considered as a matter of taste and feeling, there can be no doubt, that the opposition would have been morally and legally justified in refusing to drink the King's health in every instance, instead of making their refusal the exception and not the rule, if such was their good will and pleasure. It was, after all, an affair of very small moment. Louis Philippe and his advisers thought the non-drinking of his health a matter of such great importance, that they committed the astounding folly of designating, in the speech from the throne, all the parliamentary opposition and all the friends of Reform and extension of the franchise, as men blinded

by evil passions and enemies to law and order. The opposition had no alternative but to resist such flagrant folly; and although it was known that the majority of placemen in the Chamber, amounting in all to more than 150, would support the system upon which they fattened, the opposition moved an amendment to the address. In the discussion that ensued, the ministry, and their sole organ in the press, the *Journal des Débats*, denied *in toto* the right of the French people to hold any public meeting whatsoever, or wheresoever, without the consent of the government. They denied, in fact, the simple right which the English, the precursors of the French in freedom, exercised without let or hindrance. They alleged, in fact if not in words, that the struggles of the French people since 1789 to achieve constitutional liberty had been utterly in vain: that fifty years of toil, and bloodshed, and unparalleled sacrifices for liberty, had been as nought; and that France, notwithstanding the barricades of 1830, was neither more nor less than a government of bayonets —a despotism almost as unmixed as that of Russia. The French opposition, believing in their legal right to dine at as many banquets as they pleased, to discuss political topics, provided always that they did not commit, or cause to be committed, any breach of the peace, determined to hold the banquet they had announced. They arranged every available means to hold it peaceably, and until within two or three days of the final crash it was generally believed that the government, convinced of its mistake, would not interfere with the proceedings. Had the Government continued of this mind, blood-

shed would have been spared, and the Reform which the French sought, would have been left to take the chance of all constitutional questions in constitutional countries —the chance of success in the enlightenment of public opinion, produced by means of reiterated discussion. But this was not to be. The free and unimpeded discussion of the great reform question might have spread itself over several years before the object sought for was attained;—and in those years the Orleans dynasty might have strengthened itself, and rendered its existence compatible with good government. This was the true policy of King Louis Philippe; but he did not see it. He was afraid of reform. His fears invested it with extraneous power and daily increasing importance. He persecuted it, and it became prosperous. He grappled with it to destroy it, and it speedily overwhelmed him. Yet the forces of the insurrection were at first so feeble, that if the King had been a bold, energetic, and unscrupulous man, he might easily have restored the peace of the capital and preserved the throne—if not for himself, for his grandson, the Comte de Paris. But he was a merciful man. He was averse from the shedding of blood. Or to put the real truth in its strongest light, he was not so much a merciful man as a coward. He knew that he was a bad man, and he had not the heart to order the military to shoot down in the streets, as they would have done at the lifting of his finger, five hundred or a thousand people, to keep him in possession of a throne which he himself had done more to undermine than all his avowed or secret enemies put together. Everybody knew that the government of the

King was founded on corruption, but few knew how vastly extended and deeply ramified the corruption was, until after the King's ignominious flight and arrival in England all the mean and miserable circumstances were disclosed. He landed at Newhaven, near Brighton, under the name of Mr. William Smith, with an alien wig, and denuded of his whiskers, flying when no man pursued him, and utterly ignorant of the fact that the French people were very much obliged to him for running away, and thereby relieving them of the immense difficulty of knowing what to do with him. In the ransacking of the Tuileries, and the dragging of the paraphernalia of his rotten royalty into the gutter-slush of the Rue de Rivoli, his private papers fell into the possession, first of the mob, and afterwards of the press of Paris. One of these documents, that excited the greatest interest at the time, was neatly tied up with red tape and labelled "MES HOMMES," and contained a list of all the purchased and purchasable politicians of France, who were to be bribed to support the King's government, either by money, by place, by dignities, or by diamonds, or other finery for their wives, or in the case of those who were above the grosser forms of bribes, of invitations to court balls, dinners, or other festivities. Among other documents which caused the not very moral society of Paris to blush, were some letters from the King to one of his daughters, in which with indecent, if not obscene particularity, he described the sort of husband that it was desirable to select for the young Queen of Spain, in order, after due lapse of time, and a sterile marriage, that the succession to the throne of Spain might devolve

upon his son, the Duke of Montpensier and his issue by the Queen's sister. The King's "MEN," much as he had bribed and depended upon them, were powerless to help him in the evil day, even if they had endeavoured to do so, which none of them, as far as is known, ever did; and his deep-laid schemes for the ruin and misery of Queen Isabella all came to nought.

The King was received in England with sympathy, if without respect, and lingered out the remainder of his days—about two years and a half—in peaceful seclusion, in a palace placed at his disposal by Queen Victoria. When he died in August, 1850, I wrote of him as follows, and now, a quarter of a century later, find nothing to retract or soften in the estimate I made of his life and character:—

"THE DEATH OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

"The character of such a man as Louis Philippe is the property of the world. No pity for great misfortune, no sympathy for the old man shorn of his glory, hurled from his throne and dying in exile, can be allowed to blind the eyes of his contemporaries to his defects. To find fault for the sake of fault-finding, is at all times odious, but more especially so when the grave has not closed over the mortal remains of the man whose conduct is passed in review; but with such great personages as Louis Philippe and others, in whose hands the destinies of nations have been placed, contemporaries must not and cannot refrain from being judges. Their opinion and decision are wanted, that posterity may be enabled to form theirs. The history of the future must take its hue

from the history and feeling of to-day, or it will want vitality, and fail to inspire confidence in its justice or its accuracy.

"At this moment, the death of Louis Philippe is absolutely without political importance. It adds no strength to the cause of the Comte de Paris, if the friends of that young child wish to make him a pretender to the throne; it removes no difficulty from the path of the Comte de Chambord; it facilitates in no respect whatever the present design of Louis Napoleon for re-election to the Presidency, or his future design, if he have yet formed it, of vaulting into the saddle of his Imperial relative. It influences no party, unties no knot of involved policy, smoothes no obstruction in anybody's way, and throws no light upon the past, the present, or the future. It is simply an event of personal, and to many of painful interest. It will excite sympathy, and point out to the most unthinking, some of the great moralities of life. It might, and doubtless will, form the theme of many an impressive homily upon the instability of greatness, the vanity of human designs, the rottenness of personal ambition, and the baselessness of all those worldly objects for which men most pertinaciously struggle. The event is indeed a mournful one, considering all the circumstances, past and present, under which it took place. To die in exile is a sad termination of the career, even of the humblest of men; but when, as in the case of Louis Philippe, the exile is old, broken-hearted, and once a king, it is impossible for the most callous of spectators not to be struck with a feeling of melancholy. All enmity that his name once excited has long ago expired,

and the reddest of the Red Republicans have banished the animosity which they once felt against him.

"But the forgiveness of his contemporaries for the evils which he precipitated, if he did not cause, cannot make them shut their eyes to his errors, or prevent them from educing the true moral from his career. It is possible, to some extent, to separate the character of the man from that of the king. In so doing, the voice of impartial justice may find much to praise in the character of Louis Philippe. He was the good son of a bad father; he was moral and decorous in a most immoral and indecorous age; if not brave in prosperity, he was brave and self-reliant in adversity. Born to immense wealth, and deprived of the barest means of living, he earned his own crust by the sweat of his brow in honest labour; he educated himself in sorrow and in suffering, and, when restored to wealth, to honour, and to position, he found in domestic duty and the cultivation of literature and the arts the highest reward of his private life, and the best example he could give to the public.

"But even as a man he had one great error, or one great misfortune—perhaps it was a combination of both. He was never thrown into the society of good and great men, and he had no faith in human nature. He was prudent rather than virtuous, coldly correct, and utterly deficient of that genial warmth, which, if it sometimes leads its possessor astray, endears him to the hearts even of those whose judgments may condemn him. He had not the most infinitesimal particle of enthusiasm; nothing could stir his blood. This misfortune or error

as a man, became his ruin as a king—made him selfish, made him mean, made him think more of his own aggrandisement and that of his family, than of the far weightier matters of the public morality and well being. He thought the French a nation of fools and knaves; of ambitious and empty busy-bodies—to be ruled for his purposes, and purchased by his bribes; and when at a ripe age, in the harvest of his years, he found himself at the head of the nation, he discovered unluckily that his own want of faith was but the counterpart of that of the people. Knaves and intriguers were ready at his hand; and the corrupt functionarism of France—the most venal class in Europe—became, under his guidance, the ready instruments of his purposes, and the eager recipients of the *largesse* of his corruption. It was his one great and overwhelming error, that he disbelieved utterly in human virtue, and that he attempted to govern a great country upon that principle. That is the secret and key of his career—the one prevailing colour of his mind and history. Even M. Guizot, the purest of his ministers—a man above money bribes for himself—was not above the meanness of being the agent of bribery, and of introducing into the nation a more gigantic system of corruption than was ever before attempted, even in France. Upon this basis he moved; with this lever he wrought; and for these reasons he obstinately resisted moderate demands for an extension of the suffrage which were urged upon him by more prudent and far-seeing statesmen than those to whom he chose to give his confidence. But even the corrupt electors of France were ultimately scandalized at his conduct in the last and crowning

iniquity of his reign—the Spanish marriages. The public honesty and virtue, which he ignored or denied, were affronted; and the middle classes, who would have pardoned much for the sake of peace, order, and the interests of trade and commerce, were so outraged in their sense of right and common decency in this matter, that, with every desire to uphold his throne, they found themselves unable to stir a finger in its defence. If the middle classes of France had had confidence in Louis Philippe, or if Louis Philippe had had confidence in anybody, even in himself, the revolution of February, 1848, would have been an insurrection only; and the Republic would still have been the day-dream of a few isolated plotters and scholastic zealots. He fell in those days, not because his foes were strong, but because his friends had ceased to respect him. His own judgment misgave him. He knew too late that he had played an unworthy part, and the consciousness of wrong forbade him to use the means that were at his command for stifling the insurrection. Conscience made a coward of him, when a little bravery would have been his salvation; and the revolution was consummated.

"The great moral to be deduced from his life, is the worthlessness of corrupt means for the government of a nation. Honour and virtue are not shadows, but palpable realities; and he who, in the affairs of nations, affects to ignore them, or attempts to set them aside, must fail, as Louis Philippe did."

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

It was within a few weeks of the revolution of February, and of the arrival of King Louis Philippe in England, under the travelling name of Mr. William Smith, that the following idea was put forward in the shape of two leading articles in the *Telegraph*, a paper just started by Mr. Herbert Ingram, the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, which preceded the *Daily Telegraph* of the present day. These two articles were translated into and commented upon in various French and German newspapers, and were favourably spoken of by the leaders of advanced opinion upon the Continent. It was a dream at that time. It is a dream now: and as such, is reproduced in these pages;—not altogether without the hope that it may be one of those dreams which tend to become realities, at the duly appointed time, when the dreamers have departed, and their very names may be forgotten.

"THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.—March, 1848.

"'The human race,' said the Abbé de Pradt, in 1820, 'is on the march. Nothing can make it retrograde; to

stop it, is impossible.' These were great words at that time. They are still greater, and more significant now. Men's minds, bewildered amid the whirl of the astounding events of our time, may not, perhaps, form very clear notions of the scope and tendency of the various revolutions which each day brings forth; but they can see and understand very distinctly that the world is indeed marching, and in the right direction. The timid fear—the partizans of the old system despair—the good and the wise hope, and endeavour to pierce through the cloud that envelops the present, to behold the glory of a brighter future. But those who form any precise notions of the ultimate result of these great convulsions are as yet in the minority. 'Hideous ruin,' says one public instructor, 'is to be the lot of France.' 'Greater ruin still,' says another, 'is to befall Germany.' These are vaticinations founded upon the stoppage of trade and industry, the necessary and inevitable result of such stupendous political events. But nations are not so easily ruined as fear-stricken men, indoctrinated in old ideas, are apt to imagine. There is a vitality in the people which will carry the nations through the commercial crisis of this time, even if its intensity be increased fifty-fold. It is not to be expected that sick nations—sick and suffering from an old and pernicious system—can recover their health without an effort, without care, and without paying the cost both in purse and person, any more than an individual can. These commercial matters will right themselves. The wars of the last French revolution injured trade, commerce, and agriculture most seriously. Yet trade, commerce, and agriculture survived the shock;

nay, not only survived, but flourished and grew strong again in due season. However much material interests may suffer from the great struggle now agitating Europe, we may be assured that they have as much vitality in them now as they had then, and that a conflict of principles will not do them more damage than a conflict of swords.

"After the French, on the 24th of February, 1848, drove Louis Philippe from the throne he had dishonoured, the great fear was that the old spirit of Napoleonism and love of false glory still survived in sufficient strength among them, to compel them to wars of aggression. A second fear almost as great was, that the absolutist powers of Europe, Prussia, Russia, and Austria more particularly, would commence an aggression against France, and drag all the nations of Europe into the vortex of a sanguinary and protracted war. Both of these dangers have diminished. Scarcely a vestige of the first remains to affright the timidest; and Russia stands alone in her desire to make head against the foaming billows of democracy. France may be to some extent warlike. A portion of her people may encourage the antiquated notions of Napoleonism; but if they desire to fight, they look in vain for a tangible enemy except Prussia. A greater idea than conquest inspired the French people to effect the revolution. It was an idea founded upon truth and reason, and the inalienable rights of humanity. All Christian Europe, except Russia, has become a convert to it. Physical force in state after state has been beaten by this idea, aided by the popular will, and the popular love of the true and the good. The west, the south,

the middle, and north-west of Europe throb in unison to it; Feudality hides its head; Privilege cowers into a corner; Aristocracy, founded upon Might not upon Merit, skulks in the darkness; and the kings and princes of the Continent prudently yield to demands which it would be destruction to resist. Russia remains the sole state that is not palpitating to the electric current. She is armed and strong on the one side: all the rest of Europe are virtually arrayed upon the other. The irresistible strength of a great idea born of intelligence—born of philosophy—born of Christianity —born of divine truth, links all the reading and thinking nations of Christendom into a League, tacit and unacknowledged as yet, but actually existing in all hearts.

"Can we not, then, form to ourselves, upon a due consideration of these facts, some notion of their probable result upon the future state of Europe? We cannot always be in the pangs of change. These ideas ferment for some end. What is that end? The parcelment of Europe made by Castlereagh, Metternich, and the rest, in 1815, has been broken up, in spite of parchments and in the teeth of the standing armies of the despotic powers. The treaty of Vienna is defunct. The several European states have to settle among themselves their mutual relations. Small states show a tendency to aggregation; larger states to segregation. The petty principalities and powers of Germany, strong in the identity of speech, literature, and ideas, yearn towards each other. The Teutonic race wishes for unity. The Sclavonic raises its voice, and insists upon independence. Hungary and Poland demand to "be." Italy, full of generous

thoughts, insists upon Unity; and whatever may be the form of government, which all or any of them may adopt, whether monarchy, hereditary or elective, or pure republicanism, matters not. They demand a free existence, and they will obtain it. The form of their government it is for them to adjust as they please. Austria is from henceforth a constitutional, not an absolutist state. Despotism and irresponsibility of all kinds are knocked on the head in every part of Christian Europe, except in Russia. Constitutionalism has achieved a final triumph. With despotism, the old causes of war have been removed. Although new causes of war are sure to arise, the chances of war among free constitutional states, compared with those that have always existed among despotic states, need not inspire us with much fear. They are as one to ten thousand. The taste for war is going out. Three years after Waterloo the Abbé de Pradt predicted that the anti-war feeling then existing in Europe would increase year by year, and day by day, and that the spirit of peace would follow constitutionalism, which would then become the best guarantee of a good understanding between nations, and the universal mediator to prevent or to stop quarrels; and so it appears to have turned out.

"It is an old truth, and it has been repeated in a thousand ways; never had any people any interest in war, and when the people rule, as they will throughout the whole north, west, south, and middle of Europe, the only power that can show its teeth will be that despotic power in the East, whose existence will always be a peril and a curse to Europe until it shall be revolutionised and governed by the deputies of the people and a responsible chief.

And from this fear the Emperor of Russia is not safe—from this hope the people of Russia are not exempt. Such strange things have occurred in Russia,—such dark rumours of conspiracies and insurrections have found their way out of Russia to the rest of the world, in spite of all the efforts of absolutism to keep them secret—that there is no certainty that Russia herself is not in a condition to follow in the wake of Germany, Italy, and France, and to assert her freedom. We have all heard of the conspiracy by which Nicholas, upon his accession, nearly lost both his throne and his life. Some portion of that spirit may yet exist among aristocracy and people—two forces that can occasionally act together. And such great and unexpected events occur daily in Europe, that a revolution in Russia, and the deposition of even the mighty Nicholas, would not be so surprising or extraordinary as to astonish the public of our time. But however long or however short the period for which the Russian autocrat may be enabled to resist the progress of the ideas of Europe, those ideas will most assuredly penetrate his empire, and permeate his people some day or other,—and his despotism, like that of Ferdinand and Metternich of Austria, will fall. It has but little life in it, and sooner or later it must die.

"What, then, is Europe marching to? What should it march to? What relationship ought to be established between its various states, with or without Russia, to supersede the defunct arrangements of the treaty of Vienna? The question is a most important one, for on its satisfactory solution depends the progress of humanity during this generation. The present temper of men's

minds is favourable to the consideration of it in all its bearings. Generous sentiments are uppermost in the hearts of all nations. One and all declare against war. One and all have a horror of bloodshed. One and all are inspired by the great Christian democratic doctrine of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Why should not this doctrine be the watchword not only of each individual nation for itself, but of all the nations of Europe in the aggregate? Is not the time approaching when the various countries, where constitutionalism, either republican or monarchical, shall be established, may unite in a holy alliance of the people, and form amongst each other THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE?"

* * * * *

"Amid wars and rumours of wars, at a period when the great battle between the rival powers of despotism and freedom, as principles of government, has to be fought out in Europe—when the forces on each side are ranged, and absolutism pants for the fray, it may seem strange even to broach the subject of the possibility of peace; and certainly the time, at first glance, does not appear to be favourable. After nearly six thousand years of recorded history, the world continues to be divided upon the elementary principles of government. A question, which is one entirely of reason, is on the point of being decided by means the most unreasonable—those of physical force. So little progress, after all, has the world made, even with divine teaching, that in all human probability the most civilised portion of the earth will, ere many months, or even days, have passed, be deluged with blood, because

some nations insist upon the right of popular government, and the rulers of some other nations deny, and withhold, and are determined to crush it. But this great struggle has long been preparing. The inevitable conflict has for centuries been foreseen; and now that the mighty combatants have met, and Truth has challenged Power, and that there seems no chance whatever of the conquest of absolutism in its last stronghold in Europe by the force of reason and enlightenment, and every probability that the armies of despotic Russia are prepared to roll upon Western Europe like a devastating flood, the free states must resist the shock as they best can, and out of this sanguinary warfare see if they cannot build up the fabric of a durable peace, punish and restrain the aggressor, and render warfare impossible amongst them for the future.

"In returning, therefore, to the subject of the formation of the Constitutional States of Europe into a Holy Alliance, of which peace should be the basis—let us glance for a moment at the position in which Christian Europe would be at this time, if no such power as Russia formed part of it. We should behold a number of states, of which the inhabitants spoke various languages, but of which no portion was cut off from the rest by an entire difference of religion or of civilisation. We should behold an assemblage of states in which the same arts flourished, in which the triumphs of science gained in the one were rapidly diffused over all the rest, and in which the various discoveries and improvements of our age tended day by day to assimilate the divergencies that still existed, to efface distinctions, to smooth difficulties, and to nourish the kindly understanding that barbarism

and semi-barbarism had prevented for so many ages from taking root. We should behold these states, agitated from one extremity to the other, by the effort either to conquer, to affirm, or to extend the right of the people to a share in the management of their own affairs; to establish freedom of discussion; and to devise the best scheme of constitutional and responsible government. We should see this great idea in various stages of development in them all; and large and powerful states, that had systematically and obstinately resisted it, yielding to its irresistible advance. We should behold Great Britain, in the enjoyment of a free constitution, capable of a vast improvement, which her people were bent upon obtaining. We should see France making a bolder experiment of pure democracy. We should see all the west and south of Europe either in the actual enjoyment of, or determined upon the immediate attainment of freedom of discussion, and government responsible to the people. We should see Prussia and Austria, formerly the well-armed citadels of the adverse principle, succumbing to the progress of truth, and by the will of the people entering the great brotherhood of constitutionalism. We should see the intelligent, industrious people of these states striving for social, moral, and material advancement—averse from war, by interest, as well as by conviction of its folly, its crime, and its cost. We should see all the governments of these states forced to enter on the same career, under the penalty of ceasing to be governments if they refused. We should see the most laggard of them all—the one that reposed upon the greatest force of inertia—drawn into the vortex. We

should see Austria herself, half-revolutionised and in the process of dismemberment, receiving the law of her future existence from the various nationalities which had long unwillingly borne her yoke, falling into the ranks of constitutionalism, and thereby declaring her powerlessness to make war against Europe in support of a principle which failed her in her own dominions.

"Such briefly would be the state of Europe, if the despotic and semi-barbarous government of Russia did not exist to threaten battle for a principle that will soon have no other defender. In all these states the popular voice being a living principle, there could be no declaration of war for the sake of a form of government, and there could be no insurmountable impediment in the way of establishing a League, or Confederation, or Union, the object of which should be, in the interest of the whole people of Europe, to prevent any one State from seeking an extension of territory from, or declaring war against another. As in the United States of America, the difference of constitution or laws between such States as Virginia and Carolina on the one side, and Maine and Massachusetts on the other, does not prevent them, for American purposes, from forming, *quoad* the rest of the world, part of a large Confederation, no State of which can make war upon the other; so Great Britain and France or Italy and Germany might govern themselves in their own fashion, and be absolutely independent each of the other in all and every matter of internal policy, and yet be prohibited by the unalterable code of the great European Union from ever entering into a war with another member of the League. Wars have invariably been pro-

duced by the governors, and not by the governed. There is not a country in Europe that is not paying the heavy cost of former wars to this day; not one that is not cramped and crippled and weighed down by the heavy burden imposed upon it by the selfishness, the madness, or the wickedness of bygone rulers; not one whose wish, if the people had the expression of it, is not in favour of peace and of the industrial progress which cannot exist without it. Any international differences that might arise amongst such nations as these would be of easy adjustment by means of a Congress of the constitutional states, to be summoned from time to time upon the demand of any one of them, at London, Paris, Frankfort, Berlin, Vienna, Milan, Naples, or elsewhere. The difference of language would form no obstacle. Nations do not hate each other, at this period of the world's history, because their speech differs. We do not dislike the French in our day, as we did in the days of Marlborough, because their stable boys wear wooden shoes; or as we did in the equally obsolete days of Wellington, because they have their own ideas of the government that best suits them. All these foolish notions are of the past, and can no longer flourish amongst us, or amongst any other free and civilised nation of Europe. The Treaty of Vienna itself—a treaty concocted by absolutism when exhausted with war—had for its object the preservation of peace. Absolutism had one settlement—constitutionalism must have another. The former only failed in its object because it outraged freedom, and endeavoured to perpetuate a system that was inconsistent with universal justice—that affirmed the wicked rule of Austria over

Italy—of Austria, Prussia, and Russia over their several shares of dismembered Poland; and because it was founded upon a false principle—the alleged right of kings, and not upon the true principle—the unmistakeable rights of the people.

"What despotism failed to accomplish in the Treaty of Vienna, constitutionalism will accomplish by means of such a Union as we have pointed out. In the meantime, each state is so deeply engaged with its own reforms or its own revolutions, that the common danger has not aroused them to combine, and the present aspect of affairs shows but too clearly that such a Union will not be formed until once more the bloody flag of war shall have been unfurled over the nations, and until the issue of the great struggle of our time shall have been placed upon the chances of battle. Unless the hand of over-ruling Providence shall remove the Emperor Nicholas from the scene, and prepare the way for a revolution in Russia, the prospect of a fierce and devastating war, one of the most fearful that has ever befallen humanity, is before us. The immediate cost of this struggle must be great in blood, in treasure, and in the happiness of this generation. But the issue, though it may be protracted, will not be doubtful. Russia may support Austria to retain her crumbling power, and these two may make head for awhile; but Poland resuscitated, Italy made free, Germany united, France revolutionised, and Great Britain by the will of her people ranged in support of freedom and the new ideas of Europe—must all act together. What chance will despotism have against an array like this? None! A long peace followed the last war; a peace more dura-

ble must follow the next. The new settlement of Europe must be founded upon true, not upon false principles—upon the interests of the people, not upon the systems of kings. And if despotism will fight in the meantime, despotism most assuredly will fare badly in the battle, and sooner or later be driven from Europe to take refuge in more congenial Asia. The free principle has overthrown the despotic settlement of 1815. The task it has yet to accomplish, independently of its great work in each individual state, is the permanent settlement of Europe as a free aggregation. When Russia is disposed of, the task will not be one of any extraordinary difficulty. Not only reason, philosophy, and Christianity will aid the efforts of those who desire the peaceful union of the European states; but considerations of policy, mutual safety, and mutual interest, already predispose the people of each to accede to any proposition which shall at the same time leave self-government to every state, however small and insignificant, and render war impossible. We should all laugh at the idea of Kent making war against Surrey, or Yorkshire taking the field against Lancashire. The day is coming, we fervently hope and sincerely believe, when war between any of the nations of the 'United States of Europe' will be considered equally ridiculous."

Some of the calculations or forecasts of the probable future contained in these articles have been verified. Italy is united. Germany has realised her dream of unity and power. Austria has become liberal; but the war of Russia against Western civilisation only too likely

at the time, was foiled in the preliminary effort to gain a fulcrum in the East by the dismemberment of Turkey and the expulsion of the Turks from Europe; by the comparatively early death of the ambitious Nicholas, and the succession of a son, who conformed to Western ideas by the glorious emancipation of the serfs.

The two papers were sent to Mr. George Combe, with an avowal of their authorship. He replied as follows:—

"EDINBURGH,
"30 *March*, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have read your proof with much interest, and consider your idea of an 'European United States,' as bold, sound, and original; and, therefore, very proper to be started and insisted on, in these times, when men's minds are stretched a little and adapted to the reception of new ideas. I mean by this, that in my opinion, God has made the true interests and welfare of every state compatible with those of all other states, and therefore that no obstacle exists in the inherent constitution of nature to the realisation of your idea. But very great obstacles to it exist in the shape of human ignorance, selfishness, and ambition; but all these, in my opinion, are removable by sound instruction. Your idea may be a century too early for realisation, but it can never be too soon for being stated and elucidated.

"I was glad to hear that you liked Sir James Clark. I anticipated that you would do so, and hope that you may see more of him.

"I fear much for France and hope great good from Germany. The French brain is deficient in the reflect-

ing and moral organs, and is ignorant, poor elements for self-government.

"I am,
"My dear Sir,
"Yours very truly,
"GEO. COMBE.

"Dr. Mackay,
"Free-Trade Club, London."

Mr. Combe's fears for France, and his hopes for Germany, were both realized by the events of 1870—twenty-two years after he wrote. A convention of continental politicians met in Geneva early in 1873, to advocate the peace which is still so insecure, and to support by means of speeches and resolutions, the establishment of "*Les Etas Unis de l'Europe.*" It was then asserted that the idea was originated and warmly supported by Victor Hugo, Garibaldi, and Mazzini. There may be some value in the idea or there may be none; but in either case I may claim to have propounded in 1848 what these three distinguished patriots are not known to have supported until a quarter of a century afterwards. The quarter of a century has done but little for the cause. Modern civilization is, unfortunately, yet too young for peace, and experience has shown, that the utmost possible democratic freedom, as in the United States of America, is no guarantee that, in the absence of kings and emperors, a free people will not fight among themselves. Not until Christianity becomes a living fact, instead of a theory, will the so-called Christian nations become truly peaceable.

THE CHARTISTS AND THEIR LEADERS.

"CHARTISM," now happily extinct, was once a formidable nuisance in English politics. The Charter—a document exceedingly well drawn up—derived its name from the French Charter of 1830; and consisted of six points, the concession of which, in the opinion of its framers, would satisfy the British people, meet all the demands of the time, and render all other reforms possible, including the Abolition of the Corn Laws. These points were:—Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, Electoral Districts, Vote by Ballot, the Abolition of the Property Qualification for seats in the House of Commons, and the Payment of Members. During the agitation for a Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Chartists constantly interrupted Free Trade meetings, and forced upon the members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, the unpleasant necessity of granting admission to their great gatherings by tickets only. The agitation spread extensively in Wales, and led to disturbances, which the governnment put down with a high hand, and prosecuted to conviction three persons moving in a comparatively superior rank, named Frost, Williams, and

Jones. In London the chief leader of the movement was Mr. Fergus O'Connor, an Irish Member of Parliament, who represented Nottingham, and who had been snuffed out of Irish importance by Daniel O'Connell. He had little Parliamentary standing and no Parliamentary followers.

The outbreak of the French Revolution of February, 1848—the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe and his family—the proclamation of a French Republic, one and indivisible, with "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality" for its watchwords, and the "Organisation of Labour" for one of its objects, greatly excited the democracy all over Europe. Every day some fugitive king, or prince, or some obnoxious minister, arrived from the Continent in England, as the only place of safety amid the popular hurricane that was raging everywhere else—threatening to leave no throne standing except that of the Czar. It was suggested at the time, so numerous were the arrivals, that the proprietor of Mivart's Hotel, where they ordinarily took refuge until they could discover more permanent quarters, should affix a board over the entrance, inscribed "Distressed and fugitive monarchs taken in here." The revolutionary contagion spread to the Chartists; but the Corn Laws had been repealed, and the heart of the great people of England and Scotland was sound, and its intellect well affected towards the Government. The Chartists thought otherwise; and resolved upon a demonstration on Kennington Common, on Monday, the 10th of April—the ostensible object of which was to present a petition to the House of Commons, which Mr. Fergus O'Connor, drawing largely upon

his imagination, declared had received six millions of signatures.

A convention of forty-nine delegates, elected at public meetings in various large towns and cities, issued a notice from their head-quarters, the Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square, calling upon the people to assemble on Kennington Common on the 10th; and thence to march in their thousands and tens of thousands to Westminster, with badges and banners, with Mr. Fergus O'Connor at their head, who would present their petition. The state of the public mind was electrical, in view of the events on the Continent, and the Government was strongly urged to prohibit the meeting. This, however, it could not do, for the right of public meeting belongs to the British people, and to take it away would have been a revolutionary act, not to be expected from a Liberal Administration. Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, was appealed to in the Commons, on the 6th, the Thursday preceding the day appointed for the demonstration, and distinctly stated that any procession of people marching through the streets to the Houses of Parliament, with the intention of overawing any one branch, or both branches of the legislature, or of presenting a petition, was illegal; and that if such a procession were attempted, all persons taking part in it would be liable to prosecution. Mr. Fergus O'Connor, who had a chance of being listened to on this occasion, if on no other, declared that there was no intention of committing a breach of the peace; that if there were, he would be no party to it; and that those who had organised the meeting were all peaceably disposed, and that every

one of them would consider himself a special constable, on whom the preservation of the peace was incumbent. On the same afternoon a proclamation was issued by the Government, signed by the two Commissioners of Police, Messrs. Rowan and Maine, setting forth the law, "that no persons shall repair to both or either of the Houses of Parliament, upon pretence of delivering any petition, complaint, remonstrance, or declaration, or other addresses, accompanied by excessive numbers of people, nor at any time to the number of more than *ten* persons," and warning all taking part in the advertised procession, of the penalties they would incur if they took part in it. The Chartist leaders pretended that this was an interference with the right of petition and of public meeting, and publicly declared their intention to persist in the procession. The Government, backed by the Duke of Wellington, who was reported to have undertaken the defence of the Metropolis, without allowing a soldier to be seen; and by the stern determination of the middle classes and shopkeepers, who had a wholesome dread of mobs, after the late Parisian examples of their fury, was determined to keep the peace at all hazards. Four days before the demonstration was to be made, the Duke of Wellington's advice was taken, and the military were stationed —unseen and unheard—in the inner courts of the Bank of England, the Mint, and other vulnerable places in the city. Reinforcements were quietly poured into the Knightsbridge, Trafalgar Square, and other barracks in and around the Metropolis. A large supply of firearms and cutlasses was sent from the Tower to the East India House, the Custom House, Excise Office, the Post Office,

Bank of England, the Mansion House, the various departments at Somerset House, the Ordnance Office, Pall Mall, the Admiralty, and the different Government offices; also to many of the banking houses in the city, and the dock companies. But the great business of the three days preceding the meeting was the swearing in, at all the police offices of the Metropolis, of special constables, who volunteered from the commercial and upper, and even from the labouring classes, in such extraordinary numbers, that it was found difficult for the magistrates to enrol and swear them as rapidly as they offered themselves. There was scarcely a merchant, banker, or shopkeeper, or clerk in London, except the very old, who did not take the oath and carry a truncheon, to crack the skull of a Chartist if it became necessary. Among the constables thus sworn, was Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, then resident in King Street, St. James's. The Prince was an ultra-democrat by principle and conviction, a friend of the people, but an enemy of the lawlessness of mobs; and lent his arm, on the 10th, to support the cause of order in London, though but a private in the ranks, with as much readiness as he afterwards displayed to preserve the peace of the French metropolis against the armed mobs of the Red Republic and the Commune. All democratic, and perhaps a portion of aristocratic, Europe, was prepared to hear in the afternoon of the 10th of April, that London was in the possession of a Chartist mob that had sacked the Bank of England and the Mint, plundered the gunsmiths' shops, the Tower of London, and Woolwich Arsenal; that the military, after the Parisian fashion, had frater-

nized with the people; that mob and troops had united to proclaim Fergus O'Connor President of the British Republic, and that Queen Victoria, her husband and family, had fled to New York, despairing of safety in any part of Europe. Such was the mountain of their fancy: a mountain that in its throes of parturition only brought forth the very smallest of mice, in the shape of a meeting of about twenty thousand men and boys, for the most part fools and blackguards. But the fools and blackguards knew, as well as their clever leaders, that not only the Government, but the great bulk of the middle classes were in earnest; that the special constables alone could preserve order if it came to a fight, and that if they could not there was a military force behind it that would resolutely and sternly do its duty. As Mr. Albany Fonblanque remarked, in the *Examiner* of the ensuing Saturday, "the assemblage was short of the crowd always to be collected to see a boxing match; and if Mr. Fergus O'Connor had given out that on the 1st of April he would, at one o'clock in the afternoon, jump into a quart bottle, he would have collected ten times the number of people to witness in due course the postponement of the exploit."

The procession to Kennington Common from the John Street Institution started at the appointed time, headed by two triumphal cars or chariots. The first was to hold what was called the "Monster Petition," with the supposed six millions of signatures, and was drawn by four strong farm horses. The custodians of the precious document waved flags and streamers, bearing revolutionary inscriptions. The second car, for the accommodation of the forty-nine delegates, including Mr. Fergus

O'Connor and Mr. Ernest Jones, was about twenty feet long, and was drawn by six stout horses. Its sides were inscribed with the mottoes, "The Charter;" "No surrender;" "Liberty is worth living for and worth dying for;" "The voice of the people is the voice of God;" while on the back was inscribed "Who would be a slave that could be free?" "Onward, we conquer; backward, we fall." Eight banners were fixed (four on each side) to the car, inscribed, "The Charter," "No vote, no muskets," "Vote by ballot," "Annual Parliaments," "Universal suffrage," "No property qualification," "The payment of members," and "Electoral districts." The marshals (designated by a silk sash of the colours, red, white, and green, the future Tricolour of the British Republic) having announced, at ten minutes past ten o'clock, that all was in readiness, Mr. O'Connor was the first to ascend the car. The hon. gentleman was received with loud cheers by the crowd which thronged John Street, and took his seat in front of the van. He was followed by Mr. Ernest Jones, and others, and the *cortège* set forth amid loud cheers. Passing along Goodge Street into Tottenham Court Road, along High Street, Bloomsbury, the National Land Company's office was reached, and from that building five huge bales or bundles, comprising the petition, with the signatures, were brought out, and secured on the first car, prepared for their reception. Again the cavalcade moved forward, and progressing along Holborn and Farringdon Street, reached New Bridge Street, the crowd increasing at every step. The shops in the line were only partially closed; the utmost order prevailed, though

the delegates were recognized by numerous adherents, and at intervals vociferously cheered. At the Waithman obelisk the alderman of the ward (Sir James Duke) was in attendance, with his deputy, Mr. Obbard; but up to this spot not a single policeman was to be seen. The windows of the houses in New Bridge Street were filled with spectators, and the moving mass took an onward course across Blackfriars Bridge. At eleven o'clock a strong detachment of the battalion of Pensioners, under arms and fully accoutred, were observed to have just landed at the City Pier, from Woolwich, and were loudly cheered by the vast concourse that crowded the bridge. On reaching the Surrey side, the first display of the civil force appeared. On each side of the street were drawn up, in military order, a strong body, in double file, of the L division of Metropolitan police, while the City police maintained the ground on each side of the bridge, within the limits of the City jurisdiction. Opposite the end of Stamford Street, a party of the mounted police, under the command of an inspector, was stationed. In its passage along the Blackfriars Road to the Elephant and Castle, the crowd continued to increase and hem in the vehicles on both sides: still, everything was peaceable and well-conducted. At the Elephant and Castle a new mass joined in the rear of those who, walking eight abreast, had followed the train from the place of departure. Kennington Common was reached at half past eleven o'clock. Here had already assembled the Irish "confederalists" and the various bodies of the trades of London, who had intimated their intention of joining in the demonstration. These had taken their position

on the Common, having arrived from their different rendezvous some time previously. Each trade had its emblematic banner, and the Irish confederalists displayed a gorgeous green standard, emblazoned with the harp of Ireland, and the motto, "Erin go bragh." The numbers assembled at this time were variously estimated at from 20,000 to 50,000. A careful military estimate, formed by persons of experience, represented the number present, both as spectators and members of the procession, at from 23,000 to 25,000.

But though the procession to Kennington Common was persisted in, that from Kennington was a different matter. Mr. O'Connor had too wholesome a dread of the powers of the House of Commons, of which he was a member, to persist in the intention of presenting a petition at the head of a mob. The proposed procession to Westminster was countermanded, the people dispersed without approaching within a mile of the House of Commons, and Mr. O'Connor presented his petition at the afternoon sitting, in the usual manner, and without a following at his heels. Thus the expected triumph of Chartism was in reality its doom; and though it lingered for many years as a political organisation, it never recovered its loss of prestige. Two of the six points of the Charter afterwards became law: vote by ballot, and the abolition of the property qualification for members of Parliament; and it would be unfair to deny that the Chartist agitation helped in some degree to mature and carry those measures.

One of the most prominent Chartists of that day, and a much abler man than Mr. Fergus O'Connor, was Mr.

Ernest Jones, already mentioned; a barrister, a journalist, and a poet, who had perhaps less discretion and a great deal more courage than his leader. I made his acquaintance in 1855, long after Chartism had died a natural death from inanition, and had it in my power to do him some literary service. He sent me, at my request, the following autobiographical sketch of his life and labours, and his sufferings in the Chartist cause :—

"52, Queen's Road, Bayswater,
9th August, 1855.

"Dear Sir,—

"I first began to write in Germany, where I was brought up. My father (Major Jones) being equerry to the late Duke of Cumberland, bought an estate on the borders of the Black Forest. Its beautiful scenery and legends were the first subject I ventured to write on. I then wrote 'The Wood Spirit,' a romance (in prose) in two volumes, published in 1841, by Boone, of New Bond Street. Mr. Balfe liked it so much, that he asked me to write a libretto on it. I did so, and he had progressed through a part of the music for it, when he unfortunately failed. He had the Lyceum at the time. Benedict set one of the songs in it to music; Howard Glover another, and both have been often encored at concerts.

"My next work, a poem, was 'My Life,' published by Newby. This is reprinted in the volume sent herewith under the title of 'Percy Vere.' My third was 'Lord Lindsay,' the poem now called 'The Battle-day,' I also wrote a number of poems in the *Morning Post*, under the title of 'Echoes,' signed by my name—and also in the *Nation*.

Besides which, I published a small volume of political lyrics, that ran through five editions of a thousand each.

"I must say that, in a literary point of view, the press always treated me with the greatest kindness and generosity. But about the time I had written the above works (I also conducted a magazine, called *Labour*, for two years, and wrote nearly everything in it, besides having been a regular contributor to the *Court Journal* of tales and poems, and to the *Metropolitan Magazine* of the romance entitled 'The Polish Harp-girl.') About that time I became involved in the political excitement of 1848, and for a speech delivered in June of that year, was arrested, and imprisoned in Westminster prison for two years and one week, in SOLITARY confinement, on the SILENT SYSTEM. I was without books, pen, ink, or paper, for the first 19 months;—and was *locked for fourteen days in a dark cell, on bread and water, during the height of the cholera in* 1849. I was not allowed during that terrible time to hear whether my wife and children were alive or dead! allowed to exchange a letter with my wife only four times per year, and to see her only four times per year for 20 minutes each time, in presence of a turnkey. When I once wrote to Sir George Grey, I was not allowed to write to my wife; when I once saw Sir J. Walmesley, George Thompson, and O'Connor, I was not allowed that quarter to see my wife; when I heard that she was dangerously ill, I was not allowed to hear how she progressed; and I was myself reduced to such a state of weakness, that I was obliged at one time to drag myself across the cell if I wanted to move across it. My day cell had UNGLAZED WINDOWS all the winter through;

my night cell a grating opening at once on the air, of 1½ feet square! All this was proved in Parliament when Lord Dudley Stuart brought my case forward, and my petition and the evidence were printed by the order of the House.

"In prison, I wrote (by stealth, on smuggled paper) 'The New World,' 'The Painter of Florence,' 'Beldagon Church,' and a number of minor pieces. The 'Painter of Florence' is the poem now published under the name of 'The Cost of Glory.' Having no ink, I chiefly wrote WITH MY BLOOD.

"But what a change with the press as soon as my time of imprisonment had expired! (Every one else was released six months before his time—I alone was kept in the full 2 years and 1 week.) The press would no longer notice my writings. I am a barrister, and my practice at once ceased! The only exception with the press was with the *English Review*, that gave me a long notice. This, Dear Sir, is a brief notice of my writings. I have, since leaving prison, started a magazine, called *Notes to the People*, which I carried on for two years, and *The People's Paper*, the newspaper, which has now been in existence three years and a half.

"I do not know whether, in your kindness, you intend alluding to anything but my works, or giving a little biographical notice, as was done by the *Times*, I think, in the case of Gerald Massey. If so, to complete my little statement, I may say that, in 1841, I married the niece of Mr. Edward Stanley, of Ponsonby Hall, for twenty-five years member for West Cumberland, and that it is owing to her anxiety during my imprisonment, that her health

is reduced to that state of suffering which she at present is subjected to.

"I ask your pardon for troubling you with these long details: but firstly, you gave me your permission; secondly, a notice in the *Illustrated London News* might be the 'making of me' as a literary man. The whole of my literary career, indeed, I believe to depend upon it.

"Believe me,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most obedient and obliged,

"Ernest Jones."

The *Illustrated London News* shortly after the receipt of this letter, contained a kindly notice of Mr. Ernest Jones as a poet, by his friend Mr. Jonathan Duncan, a well-known writer on the Currency. It was thought judicious to make the slightest possible mention of his unhappy experience of political life; and to dwell more particularly on his great literary merits. Mr. Jones subsequently published four small volumes of verse, and contested the borough of Nottingham unsuccessfully in 1857. On the retirement of Mr. Fergus O'Connor from the Chartist leadership, or rather on his deposition from that office, on account of hopeless aberration of mind, Mr. Ernest Jones stepped into the vacant place. But his political ardour was somewhat cooled; and even if it had not been, Chartism was moribund, and was not to be kept alive whatever efforts might have been made to galvanise it into activity. Mr. Jones in the later years of his life endeavoured to resume his practice at the bar, going the Northern Circuit. But his success was not

great. The attorneys who employ barristers, might have forgiven him his Chartism, but his poetry was an obstacle in the way of their favour, which it was impossible to surmount. A divine, a physician, a banker, a merchant, a soldier, a sailor, may be a poet without damage to his fortunes, but if a barrister be a poet, he should industriously conceal the fact from the attorneys. Mr. Ernest Jones, though much too rash and impulsive for a politician, was a kindly and estimable man, and highly esteemed by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance.

His last appearance in public was in Edinburgh, towards the close of the year 1866, where he and Professor Blackie, of Greek and Gaelic fame, held a public discussion on the demerits and merits of Democracy. I wrote a full account of this memorable passage of arms in *Blackwood's Magazine* of February, 1867.

MR. HERBERT INGRAM AND THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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THE first number of the *Illustrated London News* was published on the 14th of May, 1842. It was a success from the beginning; not great or splendid, for it takes the public a long time to appreciate or even to hear of a new thing, but decided enough to warrant its projectors' expectation of the prosperity and influence which it rapidly attained. At the time when the idea first entered into the mind of Mr. Herbert Ingram, its energetic founder, he was a newspaper agent in Nottingham, whither he had removed from his native town of Boston, in Lincolnshire. Mr. William Clement, proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, after the death of Mr. Perry, and in the interval of its sale, to Messrs. Easthope, Macgillivray, and Duncan, used, on any occasion of great public interest, to publish in the *Chronicle*, a large and not very well-executed wood engraving, in illustration of the event. One of the last of these represented the grand ceremonial at the State opening of London Bridge, by King William IV., Mr. Ingram having noticed that whenever there was a picture in the *Chronicle* he had orders for ten times the number of copies of that journal

than he had for all the other London journals together, reflected that possibly a newspaper which always contained engravings of places, persons, and events, might suit the taste of the public. At that period he was a young beginner, and had not sufficient capital to launch an enterprise of such importance, but in the hope of more favourable times, he treasured his idea, and did not divulge it, lest some one with more money than he had should forestall him. He waited for ten years before Fortune favoured him sufficiently to justify him in starting his great venture. He had many difficulties to surmount, not the least of which was the paucity of artists who could draw on wood, as well as the paucity of wood engravers competent to perform such rapid and such excellent work as he required. There was, however, one admirable and facile artist, Mr. (now Sir John) Gilbert, who was speedily enlisted in the service, and who did more than any other man to popularize the new journal. Other artists of note soon gathered around the *Illustrated London News*, attracted by the liberal terms which the spirited proprietor offered—among others, William Harvey, Kenny Meadows, Birket Foster, Alfred Crowquill, E. Weedon, Ebenezer Landells, George Thomas, Edward Duncan, George Dodgson, Samuel Read, and last, not least, the inimitable John Leech. The first editor was Mr. Bailey, called, from the great number of his Christian names, and the consequent multiplicity of his initials, "Alphabet Bailey." From his having edited a periodical called the *Omnibus*, he was also called "Omnibus Bailey," to distinguish him from Mr. Thomas Haynes Bailey, author of "I'd be a Butterfly," "The Soldier's Tear," and

hundreds of fragile lyrics that fluttered for their little day in the drawing-rooms of the last generation, and are now forgotten. The working editor, responsible for the whole journal, except the political and literary articles, was Mr. John Timbs, the former editor of a small weekly journal called the *Mirror*, which was started by Mr. Limbird, a bookseller in the Strand, and highly praised by Lord Brougham for its useful and instructive character, in the days when the ambitious advocate first uttered the afterwards famous phrase, "The schoolmaster is abroad." Mr. Timbs was a most painstaking, laborious, and conscientious man, admirably fitted for his work, and never to be seduced into absence from his duty on any pretence of business or pleasure. Among the writers who habitually contributed to the columns of the *Illustrated* were—Douglas Jerrold, the brothers Henry, Horace, and Augustus Mayhew, Mark Lemon, Stirling Coyne, Howard Staunton, Thomas Miller, Angus B. Reach, Lewis Filmore, Marguerite Power, George Hogarth, Albert Smith, Henry Cockton (Valentine Vox), John A. Heraud, Shirley Brooks, Rev. E. Bradley (Cuthbert Bede), and many others, not so well known to fame. I was invited to assume the political and literary editorship in 1848; and in 1852, its entire management and control, with the promise of ulterior advantage. In this position I continued until the close of the year 1859, when I resigned my connection with a journal in which, from a variety of circumstances, I found myself unable to do, what I had done for eleven years, namely, express my own opinions on all the great questions of the time, at home and abroad.

Mr. Ingram was, in 1856, elected to Parliament as the representative of his native town of Boston—an honour which he greatly prized, and which he justly looked upon as the crown and consummation of a successful career. He was a second time returned for the same borough at the general election in the spring of 1859, and had rendered himself so popular among the inhabitants, by his liberality and public spirit, as to make it all but certain that as long as he lived no possible opponent would be allowed to supplant him. His first election made what the Americans call "a good time" in Boston. Such a host of men, known more or less to fame, had never before appeared simultaneously in that drowsy and respectable town. Mr. Ingram was believed by many of the good people, who subscribed to the *Illustrated London News*—to write the whole paper—every line of it, except the advertisements—and their surprise was great when the entire staff of the popular journal streamed into Boston, like the tail of a comet, stretching out behind the solid body of the proprietor. The contest was severe: there was not only a Conservative candidate to beat, but there was a Liberal opposition, and a split in the Liberal camp. But all came right for Mr. Ingram; and immediately on the declaration of the poll, while the bells of old St. Botolph's were ringing a merry peal, Mr. Ingram disappeared from the scene, and was found an hour afterwards closely closeted with his aged mother, to whom he had hastened to report the good news.

Mr. Ingram was a daring speculator; but his speculations seldom turned out happily—the *Illustrated London News* excepted, which week after week continued to increase

in sale and popularity. In an evil hour he made the acquaintance of John Sadleir, M.P., and a Junior Lord of the Treasury, high in the confidence of the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Aberdeen. In an hour still more evil, he was inveigled into lending his name to that busy and apparently prosperous man, in connection with the purchase of an Irish property in Cork, that came into the market under the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act. John Sadleir, the brilliant, the successful, the ambitious, the leader of a cohort of steady voters in the House of Commons, which could turn the scale of victory when the battle raged loud and long between the much too evenly balanced Liberals and Conservatives, came to a sudden collapse. His house of prosperity was built upon the sand, and fell in 1856 with a portentous crash that astonished the London world. Fearing the consequences of many frauds, he committed suicide, and was found dead one Sunday morning in a remote and scarcely frequented corner of Hampstead Heath, with a silver mug by his side, which had contained poison. His brother, also a member of Parliament, disappeared at the same time, and has not since been heard of. Though there could be no reasonable doubt that the dead body found on Hampstead Heath was really that of John Sadleir, and though the coroner's jury had ample evidence of its identification, an obstinate section of the public persisted in asserting that it was that of a man bearing a strong personal resemblance to him, who had died in one of the hospitals, and that it had been placed where it was found, with John Sadleir's silver goblet by its side, to deceive the creditors of the fugitive, and prevent a search for him,

that, if successful, might have resulted in a criminal prosecution. Even to this day, there are people who still persist that John Sadleir is in the land of the living, and a prosperous man in America.

On examination of his papers after his death, a document was found that contained the name of Mr. Ingram, and mention of him in such a way as to lead to the belief in the mind of one man, interested, the late Mr. Vincent Scully, formerly member for Cork, that in a fraud committed upon him by Sadleir, Mr. Ingram was a participator. Mr. Ingram was the soul of honour in monetary transactions—rich and prosperous—and without the shadow of a motive for defrauding Mr. Scully, or any one else. But a suit was instituted against him by Mr. Scully, which resulted in a verdict against Mr. Ingram, but with a declaration from judge and jury, that his honour in the case was unsullied. Mr. Ingram, however, would not submit to the verdict, even though his honour was cleared, and appealed against the decision. The vexation and annoyance of this suit, and the cruel cross-examination to which he was subjected, wrought so severely on his health and spirits, that he was advised to recruit himself, and take a rest from business and all its cares by a few months of foreign travel. He determined to visit the United States, and took his eldest son, a lad in his teens, to be companion of his journey, proceeding by way of the St. Lawrence to Canada, with the intention of visiting Chicago and the Far West, and returning to England by way of New York and Boston—in which last-mentioned city he was assured of a hearty welcome. He visited Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and other Canadian

cities, where his position, not alone as a member of the British Parliament, but as the proprietor of a popular and then unique English journal, secured him a cordial reception. At midnight on Friday, the 7th of September, 1860, he and his son took passage at Chicago, along with about four hundred other persons, on board of a fine steamer, the *Lady Elgin*, that had started from Milwaukee in the morning, for an excursion through Lake Michigan to Lake Superior. On Saturday, the 14th, the following paragraph, referring to an incident at Boston, in Lincolnshire, appeared in the *Lincoln Herald*:—

"An ominous Bird at Boston.—The market-place and several other portions of the town commanding a view of the lofty tower of old St. Botolph, Boston, was studded for hours, on Sunday last, the 9th instant, with people anxiously gazing at a large and strange-looking bird seated high upon the steeple. Though seen for the first time by the mass of people on the day just named, we are informed that it settled upon the tower on Saturday afternoon, and remained an hour or two, and then flew away, returning again some time during the night. It left its position again for about two hours on Sunday afternoon (in quest of food, no doubt), and returned in the evening. On Monday morning Mr. Hackford, the custodian or doorkeeper of the church, rose between five and six o'clock, and finding it still seated upon a corbel of the tower, he loaded a gun and shot it. It was found to be a cormorant;' it measured four feet six inches from tip to tip of the wings. Several of this kind of birds have been seen about the Scalp and lower down the river, this season; and, according to 'Thompson's

History of Boston,' they were formerly very plentiful about the Herring Hill off Freiston. Some thirty or forty years ago there were two took up their residence for a whole winter in the tower. In Leviticus this bird is classed among the 'unclean,' and in Isaiah xxx. 11, and again in Zephaniah ii. 14, it is named; but in both these cases it is in connection with desolation and departed glory. Anyone, therefore, who is disposed to be superstitious might regard this settlement upon the church tower as decidedly ominous."

Superstitious people in Boston considered the perching of the bird on their beautiful church tower as clearly significant of some approaching calamity to the town, and the superstitious feeling was largely increased, and in many cases ineradicably confirmed, when it was announced in the London papers of about a fortnight afterwards, that on the very morning when the bird was first seen, Mr. Ingram and his young son had both perished, with about three hundred other passengers, by the collision of the *Lady Elgin* with a schooner called the *Augusta*. Mr. Ingram had not been more than sixteen days in America when the frightful calamity occurred. He sailed from Liverpool in the *North American* on the 9th of August, and landed at Quebec in time to witness, after he had traversed the Lower St. Lawrence, the knocking in of the "last wedge" of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal by the Prince of Wales. It was here Mr. Ingram took leave of the party of friends who, on his landing, had attended him, stating that he "wished to be more quiet," and went on to the Falls of Niagara, where he stayed some days, enjoying the grandeur of the

scenery around him with the keenest appreciation. In one of the many characteristic letters which he wrote home, he said—"Thank God, I have been to see the Falls of Niagara. The contemplation of them seems to exalt while it soothes me; and amidst these wonders of the creation I forget the realities and annoyances of life."

From Niagara Mr. Ingram proceeded to Chicago, whence he had first proposed to travel across the Prairies, and to follow the Mississippi to New Orleans, and thence to New York, but more especially to Boston, which old associations of history had determined him to make the conclusion of his sojourn in the United States. In the last letter he ever wrote, dated Chicago, September 7, he stated, that he had decided to visit Lake Superior, and to prolong his stay in America, proposing to return to England about the end of October. He left Chicago at midnight on the 7th of September, accompanied by his son, and entered the fatal steamer, which was brilliantly illuminated. A ball had been arranged for the diversion of the ladies and young people; and the strains of music sounded merrily as the two Ingrams stepped on board. Mr. Ingram took a hasty survey of the brilliant scene of revelry and rejoicing, and in a few minutes retired to his cabin. He had not been two hours in the doomed vessel, when, amid a thick darkness and in a storm of rain and wind—unheard, unseen, and unnoticed by the joyous dancers—the *Augusta*, all sails set, bore down upon the *Lady Elgin* with a terrific crash, and in a quarter of an hour the steamer went down with four hundred souls, of whom about three hundred,

including Mr. Ingram and his son, perished in the waters. The scene was described by the clerk of the ill-fated vessel, one of the hundred who escaped, in the following words:—

"Instantly after the crash of collision the music and dancing ceased, and the steamer sank half an hour after. Passing through the cabins, I saw the ladies pale, motionless, and silent. There was no cry, no shriek on board—no sound of any kind but that of the escaping steam and surging waves. A boat was lowered for the purpose of examining the leak, which soon made itself known; but there were only two oars to row it with, and, unfortunately, at that moment some one had taken possession of one of them, and the boat was, consequently, useless. We succeeded in reaching the larboard wheel once, wherein the leak was, but were soon driven from it by the fury of the waves, and washed ashore at the village of Winetka. There were only two other boats on the steamer. One of these took thirteen persons from her, all of whom were saved. The other boat took eight persons, but only half that number reached land alive, the other four being drowned on the beach when the boat drifted there. The rush of water through the leak had extinguished the fires before I left the steamer, and the engines had ceased working. The wind was blowing so hard and in such a direction as to drift the boats, bodies of the drowned, and fragments of the wreck up the lake towards Winetka. I fancied I could see, from the beach to which I was drifted, fragments of wreck and human beings struggling with the waters, drifting towards the shore."

One of the passengers gave additional particulars:— "A short time after this the engine fell through the bottom of the vessel, I should think fifteen minutes after the schooner struck. The hull went down immediately, leaving the hurricane-deck floating. A great portion of the passengers were on the hurricane-deck when the hull went down. Most of them jumped off very soon, thinking that would sink. The hurricane-deck soon separated into five pieces. There were twenty-five on the part on which I was. The captain was on this. There were some military from Milwaukee, and six or seven ladies. The other four pieces went off with a number on each. We held cabin-doors for sails, and came down smoothly as far as Winetka. When within a few rods of the shore the raft capsized; some of us got back on her, among them the captain and myself. The captain got one of the ladies back on it. A big sea came and washed us off. The captain was the last man on her. I heard him cheering the passengers. Another sea came, washed him off, and he was drowned. Of the twenty-five who were on her only eight were saved."

Mr. Ingram's body was washed ashore about sixteen miles from Chicago, and was recognized by a person who had formerly been in his employ at his paper mills at Loudwater, in Hertfordshire; who had taken leave of him the previous evening, and had made the best of his way to the scene of the disaster as soon as he heard of it. The body of the son was never recovered.

There was great grief in Boston, and very general regret all over the country, at the melancholy and untimely death (Mr. Ingram was only in his fiftieth year)

of a gentleman so widely known, and so highly respected. His body, carefully embalmed, was brought home to England.

The funeral in Boston was attended by an immense concourse of people from all parts of Lincolnshire. All business was suspended, and all the shops were closed. A handsome statue—a very striking likeness—from the chisel of the late Alexander Munro, has been erected by his widow in the market-place of the town he loved so well—where it will stand for generations to excite the emulation of the youth of Boston to imitate the energy, the perseverance, and the enterprize of a man, who conferred honour on the place of his birth, and made himself a shining example to his fellow-citizens.

IRELAND IN 1849.—EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

In the spring of the year 1845, it was generally believed that during the approaching autumn the Queen and the Prince Consort would make a state visit to Ireland. At that time the calamitous failure of the potato crop was not foreseen, and Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, as he was called, was the virtual dictator of the country, collecting his "Rent," and clamouring for the repeal of the union; though professing personally the utmost loyalty to the sovereign. The advisers of the Crown were of opinion that the Queen's visit might be made unpleasant by the squabbles of violent factions, and dissuaded her from trusting herself amid a people, who, if not at heart disaffected, might be stirred to disaffection by the repeal agitators. In May of that year, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, accompanied by an influential deputation of the citizens, had an audience of the Queen in London, and read an address from the aldermen and burgesses of the Irish metropolis, expressive of their hope that her Majesty would carry into effect her intention of visiting Ireland. So vague a reply was returned, as to justify the belief that no such visit would be made, at least until Mr. O'Connell should have somewhat

calmed down the repeal agitation, which had become the sole business of his public life. At the next meeting of the Repeal Association, Mr. O'Connell disavowed any intention of giving her Majesty any other than the most loyal and enthusiastic welcome, and stated that if she visited Ireland "she would be treated with every mark of respect and affection—that she would see and hear nothing that was not intended to give her pleasure and joy—and that, although the repeal agitation would not be abandoned during her stay, it would be mitigated in such a way as to save her all unpleasant feeling." The doubt was whether Mr. O'Connell had not raised a political storm, which, with the best intentions in the world, he was powerless to allay; and although it was generally felt that it would have been strange indeed if a people, who, in the excess of their loyalty, had greeted so unpopular a king as George IV. with vociferous and cordial welcome, should fail in generosity when they received on their shores so good a Queen and woman as Victoria. It was, nevertheless, deemed more expedient that the contemplated visit should be postponed to a more tranquil season. Though the subject was discussed and rediscussed from time to time, it was not until the summer of 1849 that the expediency of the visit was finally acknowledged.

The awful calamities of famine and plague through which the country had passed, and from the effects of which it was still suffering, had hushed, in the wail of misery, the once loud voice of political disaffection—and it was thought on every side, that the large expenditure of money that would be caused by her Majesty's

visit would give an impetus to trade, from which even the poverty-stricken peasantry of the south might derive some benefit.

Mr. Ingram, desirous of a trip of mingled business and pleasure to a country which he had never seen, a country of whose real misery, as well as of whose imaginary, political, and undoubted social grievances, all the world was ringing, asked me to precede him, and join Mr. Ebenezer Landells, the eminent artist and engraver, whom he had already despatched to the Lakes of Killarney; promising to join us there in a few days, or as soon as he could despatch some preliminary business. Nothing loth to undertake, but on the contrary, delighted with the journey, I forthwith started for Dublin, to tread, for the first time, the soil of the green isle, and make the acquaintance of its warm-hearted people. Remaining but a few hours in Dublin, and reserving that city for a future visit—on the arrival of the Queen—I made my way to Killarney. The signs of misery were visible on every side—not only in the towns in immediate proximity to the railway stations, but all along the road, increasing in number the further south I travelled. Beggary, misery, dilapidation, and ruin, were to be seen on every side. Roofless cottages, or hovels, from which the hapless tenantry had been forcibly, and sometimes cruelly ejected, sprinkled the landscape; while swarms of destitute people, young and old, congregated in streets and market-places, clamorous for the relief that the State was endeavouring to provide for them. On arriving at Killarney, I found Mr. Landells awaiting me with a portfolio full of sketches, and on the

following morning proceeded, under his guidance, to explore—first, the town, and afterwards the Lakes of Killarney. The following are extracts from a diary kept at the time:—

Victoria Hotel, Lakes of Killarney,
July 21st, 1849.

On entering Killarney, two very large and handsome buildings arise conspicuously before the sight of the traveller—as if to prove, in very different modes, the poverty of the country. The first is the Killarney Union Workhouse, covering, with its gardens and out-buildings, an area of eight acres; the second is an unfinished Roman Catholic Cathedral, of imposing architecture, built from the design of Mr. Welby Pugin. The Union House, though so large, is insufficient for the accommodation of the numerous paupers that clamour for admission. It contains upwards of thirteen hundred individuals; and five of the largest and best houses in the town of Killarney have been hired by the guardians for the accommodation of the children and of the sick paupers, whom it is not possible to receive in the parent establishment. The Cathedral has already cost the sum of £12,000—the greater part of which was contributed before the fatal years of the potato blight. The design, externally, seems to be completed, with the exception of the spire. For this purpose and the internal fittings, an additional sum of £2,000 or £3,000 is needed—a sum which, in the present circumstances of the country, is not to be obtained. In the meantime the unfinished edifice stands a melancholy monument of pride and poverty. Its walls are bare and blank; its lofty windows are blocked

up with planks of wood; and a swamp, a foot deep in water, lies between it and the public road.

The town of Killarney is situated about a mile and a half from the Lower Lake—no glimpse of the beauties of which is obtainable from it—and consists of two principal streets, and several alleys branching off from them. It contains several very good shops, and has a clean and tidy appearance. The streets are wide and the houses well built; but the signs of decay are everywhere visible and palpable. The streets swarm with ragged and miserable-looking people. At the waysides are squatted scores of women of all ages—some knitting or mending rags, and many gazing idly and vacantly about them—

> "Their chins upon their breasts,
> And cuddling with close arms their firm-set knees."

The men in equal numbers, but far more ragged and melancholy, lean at door-posts in groups, engaged in conversation, or in smoking the national "dudheen." Their garb is almost the same in every instance; the long-tailed coat of antique fashion, patched and repatched; the indescribable hat, with its slouching and battered rim; the patched knee-breeches, loosened at the sides; the stockings ungartered and unfastened, and allowing half of the swarthy and dirty leg to be visible; and the clouted heavy shoe, or brogue. The principal variety in the costume is that, in many instances, the owner is too poor to sport brogue or stocking; and that here and there a decent shopkeeper may be seen in the ordinary dress of an English tradesman.

Though there are a considerable number of beggars

about, they were not importunate. A few pigs prowled through the streets, apparently on the best of terms with the passengers. Although it was not market-day, there was a kind of market for the sale of peat and other articles, and it seemed as if there were more bustle than usual opposite the ancient market-house, now the Temperance-hall. A fiddler, hoping to gain some advantage by the crowd, was fiddling with "might and main" in the midst of a group of fifty or sixty individuals, who, I should think, from the squalor of their appearance, did not possess a single sixpence among them. They seemed, nevertheless, to take great pleasure in the music, and gave the fiddler the reward of their blessings and their satisfaction, if not of their halfpence.

Several large and substantial houses were closed and uninhabited; and two considerable houses were in ruins —I was informed that they had fallen down from sheer old age, and that the proprietors had neither inducement nor means to rebuild them. At the very entrance of the town, and within a stone's throw of the Union Workhouse, a whole street of cabins or huts has been lately demolished. The wretched occupants were unable to pay rent or rates, and refused to go out unless evicted by this summary process. They now swarm in the lanes and alleys of the town, along with hundreds of the peasantry who have been evicted from their holdings in the neighbourhood, for the same reason and in the same fashion. On one side of the road the demolition had been complete, and not a vestige remains of the cabins of the people. On the other side, the demolition had been but partial, and the roofless walls

penetrate his wigwam. Yet, so dear a thing is home, that even to such a human sty as this the peasant is devotedly attached; and so obstinate a thing is habit, that filth, darkness, and discomfort become a part of his nature. These are generally the cabins from which the inmates are evicted. Their miserable inhabitants, if they do not die by the road-side—a not infrequent case—swarm into the already over-crowded towns and villages, or take refuge in the Union.

The Workhouse of the Killarney Union is the largest building in the county of Kerry. It is a model of cleanliness and good order, and, compared with the previous abodes of its 1,300 inhabitants, might be called a paradise. The rooms are large, cheerful, light, and well-ventilated. The floors of the dormitories are scoured as white as table-cloths; and the daintiest of epicures might eat his dinner off them, and feel no qualms of stomach. The excellent bread supplied to the paupers is a mixture of Indian corn; and the vegetable soup is savoury and nutritious. I could not avoid feeling, however, that, although the internal arrangements were in every respect admirable, and although the inmates were far more comfortable than they could have been in their own mud-cabins, it was not a wise or humane policy to keep up an establishment so enormous without endeavouring to make it productive. Why should 1,300 people, of whom a thousand at least are strong and capable of work, not maintain themselves, without expense to the public? Why, in fine, should they not raise a surplus? The very manure of such an establishment might fertilise a hundred acres of waste land—a commodity by no means scarce in

the county of Kerry. Two acres of the land attached to the Killarney Union have been made into a very prolific kitchen-garden. I never saw a finer crop of turnips anywhere than on a portion of this ground to which the liquid manure of the establishment had been applied. The landlords of Ireland complain bitterly of the weight of the poor-law. There can be no doubt that it is a heavy burden; and that many of them are unable to pay it; but if the legislature could devise any means whereby the poor-rates might be paid in waste acres of moor or bog land, at present producing nothing either to individuals or to the country, the burden might gradually be lessened, and these swarms of unproductive paupers might be transformed into armies of industry, raising from the willing soil sufficient for their subsistence. Many landlords, unable to obtain payment of their rents, cannot raise money to pay their own poor-rates; but surely it would be a smaller burden upon them, if, in default of money, they might be allowed to pay in bog, that has produced nothing since the flood, except valueless heather?

People call these places workhouses, but do not take the proper means to make them so in reality; and sneer or shrug their shoulders at the phrase "Organisation of labour," which French Communists and theorists have brought into disrepute, although organisation of labour is the one thing needed. "The land and the people," "the people and the land;" these must be brought together for mutual improvement, or there will be no end to the misery of Ireland or to the shame of the legislature. All statesmen confess and deplore individually the enormous evils that exist—but, in their corporate

capacity as a legislature, they declare their incompetency to prevent or remedy them. I have not yet visited what are called the "distressed districts," for Kerry is considered to be a favoured county, far above the average; but "bad indeed is the best," and fearful must be the worst if there be any places in Ireland much more distressed than Kerry.

July 23.

A large crowd collected this morning in front of the hotel, who shouted and laughed so loudly, and exhibited such exuberant glee about something or other, that I rose from the breakfast table, and put aside the newspaper, to see what was the matter. With some difficulty I made my way through the ragged mass of men, women, and children, and discovered the object of their mirth in the shape of one of the most singular and picturesque vagabonds I ever saw even in Ireland. He was an elderly man, with grizzled hair, bare-headed, bare-legged, and bare-footed, wearing a pair of tattered and much-mended knee-breeches, tied round his middle with a string, in the absence of braces, to keep the garment in its place; and a very old coat, that appeared to have once been red, and to have belonged to the guard, or driver of a mail coach. Like Joseph's coat, it had become one of many colours, having been patched with black, blue, grey, brown, and green; here and there with cloth, here and there with linen and cotton, here and there with faded velvet, and here and there with leather, or other material that he had perhaps picked up on the road. Notwithstanding all the care it had received in the way of mending, the coat hung but

loosely together, and allowed his shoulders and elbows to peer through the windows of its ruin. He had placed a queer kind of featherless and large bird upon the pavement, which I was at a loss to name, but which I learned from one of the on-lookers was a callow eagle, and in reference to which he was addressing the crowd in Gaelic, making his listeners roar with laughter. Catching sight of Mr. Landells and myself, and judging us to be Sassenachs, who could not understand his discourse, he changed his language to English, and said that he had walked seventy miles to scale one of the Dingle mountains, and rob an eagle's nest; that he had taken away the young bird during the mother's absence, and that he had walked back with his prize, in the hope that some one would buy it. "How much do you ask for the eagle, Dennis?" said the landlord of the Victoria, who had come to his door to see what was going on. "Three-and-sixpence, your honour," replied Dennis; "and that's not too much for walking more than a hundred miles, and risking my neck on the cliffs." Just at that moment, and before the landlord had time to decide whether he would be a purchaser at the price, an omnibus drove up, and I saw Mr. Ingram upon the box-seat with the coachman. Getting down, he made his way to me through the crowd, and learning that the bird was for sale, asked "Dennis" the price of it. "A guinea, your honour," was the prompt reply, with a knowing look and wink at the crowd; "and sure it's little enough for all the trouble I have had to get it, and walking a hundred miles too, with divil a shoe to my foot." I mentioned to Mr. Ingram that the man had but a minute previously offered to sell the

bird to the landlord for three-and-sixpence. Hereupon Mr. Ingram made an offer—at which the crowd shouted with laughter, in which "Dennis" himself joined as heartily as the rest—that he would give him half-a-crown for the bird if he would deliver it free of carriage in London. The landlord ultimately became the purchaser for two shillings and a dinner—a bargain at which the poor fellow expressed himself delighted, and let off a whole volley of blessings at the landlord's head, remarking as a finale, "That he would rather have the aigle remain in Ireland than sell it to England for a dirthy guinea; and it'll be a nice useful bird in your garden, Mr. Finn, and a daycent cratur."

Mr. Landells has been sketching about the lakes for a fortnight, and knows how to go and how to come; which part to explore, and which to leave unvisited. So we place ourselves under his guidance, and resolve to proceed by the Gap of Dunloe. We are informed that by visiting the "Gap," and returning in a boat through the lakes, much of the sylvan beauty, and the savage grandeur of Killarney, may be seen in one day. The usual mode of proceeding is to hire a car or pony and ride about half way through the pass; and thence proceed on foot over a shoulder of the Purple Mountain to the head of the Upper Lake at Geraghmene, where a boat can be procured to row through the three lakes. By this journey we were told all the most celebrated and remarkable portions of the scenery might be easily visited. The distance from the Victoria Hotel to the entrance of the Gap is from four to five miles, and the car proceeds about four miles through it, until it becomes too rugged and

impracticable for vehicles or ponies. This route we resolved to follow.

July 26.

Our party to the lakes consisted of three, Mr. Ingram, Mr. Landells and myself, but was increased to four by our friend Spillane the guide, a personage as well known at Killarney as Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and quite worthy of the renown which he has acquired in his vocation. He has two sons, whom he has trained up in the path that he has followed, and who do no discredit to the education they have received. The first point of interest on the road was the ruined Church and Round Tower of Aghadoe. The ruin stands upon a gentle eminence, from whence a very good view of the lake is obtained. From this position the eye may wander over those delicious lakes and islands, and over a mountain chain of forty miles in length, stretching far beyond Mill-street towards Cahirciveen and Valentia. Among these mountains the most conspicuous are Crobanne, a conical hill, separated from Mangerton by a narrow glen; Mangerton itself, with the Devil's Punch-bowl upon his capacious side; the Torc Mountain; the Purple Mountain, with Glena, Tomies, and Macgillicuddy's Reeks. Amongst the latter are included the magnificent and volcano-like mountain of Carrantual, signifying in Gaelic "the Seat of the North," the principal in that range, which extends to a height of 3,420 feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest mountain in Ireland. But beautiful as is this prospect, the crumbling round tower, the ruins of the church, and the horrible burial-place around them, impress most people far more strongly.

I could discover no account of Aghadoe in the guide-books, neither could I ascertain the age of the venerable ruin. A portion of the bare walls alone remains of an edifice that must have been a fine abbey or cathedral. The "Round Tower"—or the ruin popularly so called—is in its immediate proximity. The ruin called the "Pulpit" by some, and the "Bishop's Chair" by others, is the remnant of a tower of the same kind; and both appear to me to have formed a portion of the building attached to, and dependent upon, the abbey or church of Aghadoe, and to have been in no way connected with the Druidical remains that are so common in Ireland. The small piece of ground that surrounds these ruins is one of the three burial-places of the people of Killarney, and the only one of the three where paupers are interred. The mortality of the Killarney Union for the last three years has been from 12 or 13 to 25 or 30 per week. Taking it at the lowest number, the pauper burials at Aghadoe during that time amount to 624 per annum, or 1872 for the three years—all interred in one very small corner of a cemetery that in its whole extent does not cover more than one acre of ground. The first glance shows the traveller in the midst of what a Golgotha he stands. In the wretched corner set apart for the paupers the earth is covered with deal planks and fresh remnants of coffins in shocking profusion. They seem to have been placed in the earth only to be taken up again; and amidst them, skulls, thigh-bones, and other remnants of mortality may be counted, not by ones, or twos, or threes, but by the score. They lie scattered about in every direction; and it is a matter of difficulty to walk without treading upon

them. Some of the skulls are white as Parian marble, and others green with moss. We found three cows, an immense pig, and a couple of sheep grazing upon the rank herbage in the less frequented part of the burial-ground; and I must confess that I felt a qualm of stomach at the idea of ever again devouring beef, pork, or mutton that might, perchance, have drawn its sustenance from so foul a source. Our party was about to leave the ground, when our attention was directed to a cart that drew up to the entrance. A lad, in the garb of the workhouse, was the driver; there was no other person in it. Seeing us in the cemetery, and expecting probably the alms that English travellers with any sympathy in their souls can scarcely avoid bestowing upon the miserable creatures that swarm about the country, he advanced towards us. We asked what he had got in the cart. He said three bodies—a man, a woman, and a child, who had died in the workhouse, and which he was dispatched from the Union-house to inter. The grave-diggers had not yet come; and he would wait for them. We asked how it was that they buried the people in such shallow graves. He replied they were not shallow, they were fully a foot deep!

As he spoke, two other men came up to the gate with pickaxes and shovels. One of them, an elderly man of severe and gaunt appearance, having deposited his shovel on the ground, took a small coffin out of the cart and walked rapidly away with it under his arm towards a retired part of the burial-ground. Anxious to witness the interment, I and my companions followed slowly, but were stopped by seeing the man, who seemed quite

unconscious of our presence, place the coffin on the ground, remove the lid, which was not nailed, or otherwise fastened, and gaze intently upon the features of the little corpse within. A moment or two elapsed, and he began talking to it, partly in Gaelic and partly in English. What he said in Gaelic I could not thoroughly understand; but the English portion of his address to the corpse consisted of the passionate exclamation, several times repeated, "Oh, why did you die, my darling, my honey? oh, why did you die?" As he proceeded, his words became thick and interrupted by sobs. Finally, to use the affecting scriptural expression, he placed his hands upon his breast, and wept aloud. I saw the tears running down his thin and sunken cheeks, and I turned away with my companions. I felt angry with myself that I had watched him, and we left the father alone with his dead child to give vent to his sorrow, undisturbed by the presence of strangers. The lad who drove the cart volunteered the explanation that it was the man's child; that it had died of fever the previous day, and that the father had begged permission of the master of the workhouse to see it interred.

In a minute or two afterwards we saw the father going towards the cart, and assist in taking out the other bodies. His face was calm, and there was not the slightest trace in his manner or countenance of the paroxysm of grief he had just exhibited. The third man then came up, and politely wished us the "top of the morning." We returned his salutation, and learned from him that he had been at the graveyard performing the same duty every day during the week. The previous day he had

interred five bodies. He was asked, was there any cholera in the house? He replied, "No;" the place was healthy, but the poor people were so far gone in starvation and fever before they entered the workhouse, that many of them never recovered.

He looked a stout hale man himself, and I asked if he received enough food at the house. "Indeed not," he replied; "the soup was very thin." "But you look hearty," said I, "and as if you had enough to keep you in health and strength." "Well, perhaps," he rejoined.

I was convinced by the visit I had paid to the Union that the paupers were much better off than they could have been before they entered it, and that the food they received was both sufficient and wholesome. So, declining further conversation on this point, and anxious to depart, I gave him sixpence. The shower of blessings that he poured upon my head was perfectly overwhelming, and he coupled them with the assurance that I was the very noblest gentleman that had ever come to Aghadoe.

We were about to depart when we heard a doleful sound in the narrow lane leading from the high road to the burial ground. It was another funeral; not that of an inmate of the workhouse, but of an independent peasant. In a little donkey-cart, bending over a small coffin of plain deal, without pall or covering of any kind, were seated a woman of about forty, and a girl of eleven or twelve. The woman was howling in the most dismal manner, singing her "coronach." Behind the cart followed a man clad in the usual tatters of the peasantry, and with him two boys, one of twelve or thirteen, and

the other of about five, in similar rags. The wardrobe of the whole family would have been dear at sixpence.

On arriving at the edge of the graveyard the man took the coffin from the cart and carried it to a portion of the ground, that, from the rankness of the verdure, did not appear to have been recently disturbed. The whole family followed him, the two boys bearing each an implement to assist in the interment. The youngest child shouldered a pickaxe, and tripped along apparently with much enjoyment of the novelty of the scene; the remainder of the family giving vent to their sorrow by sobs and moans. The coffin was then placed on the ground. The wife recommenced her coronach over it, while the husband assisted a lad they had brought with them to dig the grave. The woman's wail lasted during the whole of this operation, and the man occasionally left off digging to join in it. The woman clapped and wrung her hands as if keeping time to the rhythm of her wailing, and bent her body backwards and forwards during the whole period of her lament. She lifted up the coffin-lid more than once, uncovered the face of the corpse, and talked in Gaelic to it, invariably ending her addresses to it by a passionate howl of lamentation. Fearful of intruding, or appearing to intrude, upon the privacy of their sorrows, we sauntered to another portion of the graveyard, but still the wail of the mother sounded dismally on our ears. We asked the guide why the coffin was not nailed down; and were informed that the Irish peasantry have a superstition which forbids the nailing or screwing of coffin-lids, lest the corpse at the last day

should be impeded in its efforts to escape from the tomb.

On returning to the road we saw a woman, "clad in unwomanly rags," upon her back in a field, with her face exposed to the rays of the burning sun, and rolling herself about in an extraordinary manner. On enquiring what was the matter with her, our guide said she was not in her right mind, and had not been since her husband, some years ago, ran away to America. She always rolled about in that stupid manner, he said, when she was short of "baccy." She smoked great quantities, swallowing the smoke always, and not whiffing it out like other people. I thought the practice quite as likely to produce insanity as the desertion of her husband. It appeared that this wretched creature inhabited the ruins of the Round Tower of Aghadoe, and usually slept upon the spiral staircase. Whenever the wind blew more keenly down the aperture than she thought comfortable, she retired to the pauper corner of the burial-ground, and sheltered herself amid the loose coffin-lids. We left her rolling in the sunshine—for I had no desire to make any closer acquaintance with so disagreeable a creature.

Between Aghadoe and the entrance to the Gap of Dunloe there is nothing to arrest attention, except the fact that the cave of Dunloe was discovered in 1838, and contains some specimens of the wedge-like or angular characters known as the Ogham writing—a species of alphabet, supposed by some authorities to be the most ancient of all the modes of writing that have been employed by mankind. The cave is now closed up, and the tourist must be contented to read an account of it in Mr. and

Mrs. S. C. Hall's very valuable account of Ireland and its scenery. The entrance to the Gap is abrupt and grand. The cleft between the mountains is supposed by the peasantry to have been caused by a blow from the weapon of one of the giants of the olden time, and is certainly magnificent enough to exercise a powerful influence over the minds of a much less imaginative people than the Irish. On the right of the winding road, Carrantual and his fellow mountains look down upon the traveller from a height of more than three thousand feet, affording no home but to the eagles; while, on the left, the scarcely less lofty peaks of the Purple Mountain and Tomies raise their craggy heads above the clouds. The brawling river, the Loe, which gives name to the Gap, runs through it, expanding twice into gloomy lakes in the middle of the pass.

The liberality of English tourists has accustomed almost all the poor people of the country to expect pennies and sixpences; and every now and then, in our progress through the Gap, a little urchin, plump and good-humoured, though shamefully ragged, popped up at the roadside, and asked for "a penny to buy a book!" or offered a tastefully-made bouquet of heather and wild flowers to ensnare the loose coppers or small coin of the Sassenach. A little spring, at a short distance up the Gap, presented a scene of a different kind. A decent and comely-looking matron presided over the well. She held in one hand a wooden jug of goat's milk, and in the other a whiskey bottle; and asked us if we would not partake of her mixture. She strongly recommended it as the best of all preliminaries for a successful day among the moun-

tains. She was accompanied by two or three nymphs of the same class as herself, all offering the goat's milk and the whiskey, or, to those who preferred it a draught of the clear cold water of the well, dashed with a due portion of the national beverage. The matron, it appears, claims to be a Kate Kearney, and the grand-daughter of the famous and veritable Kate Kearney,

"Who dwelt by the Lakes of Killarney,"

and whose name is so well known to the lovers of Irish song. The relationship, which, as our conscientious guide informed us, is real, and not pretended, is anything but unprofitable to her; for ever since Killarney was the haunt of sight-seers, there has always been a Kate Kearney to levy a tax upon the pocket of the traveller. We paid ours and did not complain. At no great distance from the well is "Kate Kearney's" cottage, the dwelling in ancient times of that heroine. We found here some new claimants upon our loose change, whom having satisfied, we entered the cottage. Though kept as a show place, it is bare of furniture, with the sole exception of a couple of chairs; and is adorned with a rude full-length portrait of the national saint of the Irish, sketched and coloured upon the wall, in his full ecclesiastical costume of a Roman Catholic Bishop. The day was oppressively hot, and our party, myself included, had been so pestered by gnats, midges, and most abominable horse-flies, which stung in a manner that no mosquitoes or gallinippers on the Mississippi could have surpassed, that I was fully convinced, by painful experience, of the falsehood both

of the tradition and the ballad, which inform us that the saint

"Banished all the varmint"

from his dearly beloved Erin. Mr. Spillane, however, would not admit that the flies *always* bit travellers so unmercifully; but accounted for their virulence by explaining that the poor peasantry having scarcely any blood left since the failure of the potato, the flies were so reduced in circumstances as to be glad to get a bite out of a full-blooded Sassenach.

The echoes in the Gap are very fine and distinct; and our guide being provided with a bugle (in his youth he was bugler to a militia regiment), gratified us occasionally by a tune. Carrantual took it up on one side, and repeated it note for note, and then threw it upon the Purple Mountain. The Purple Mountain breathed it back more softly, and passed it on to all the nameless hills in the vicinity, till the sounds died away in the dim distance. The effect was exceedingly beautiful. A tatterdemalion who had been crouched under a rock came into view after the bugler had ceased, and prepared to give us another specimen of the powers of the echo. He had a little brass cannon which he fired on our approach, and immediately all the mountains were alive with the sounds; hill thundered to hill, mountain peak to mountain peak, gorge to gorge, and rock to rock, until it seemed as if contending armies were battling in the clouds, and venting all the rage of their artillery around us. I longed for a storm, that I might have heard

"From crag to crag
Leap the live thunder,"

and have been impressed still more strongly than I was with the presence of the sublime. We satisfied the ragged man of artillery for his expenditure of time and gunpowder in our service, and passed on, turning occasionally to look back at the grandeur we had come through, and admiring not only the remote landscapes, but the grotesque rocks and black lakes immediately around or beneath us. One of these lakes is very dark and gloomy. The peasantry say that no fish can live in it, partly on account of its extreme coldness, and partly because St. Patrick banished into it the last of the "sarpints" that infested Ireland, and keeps him there alive chained to the deep and jagged rocks at the bottom.

The walk over the hill brought us to Geraghmene, a beautiful cottage at the head of the Upper Lake. We found our boat, that had been despatched from the Victoria, in waiting to receive us; and, after a short delay, proceeded on our homeward journey, through the Upper, Middle, and Lower Lakes. The Upper Lake is, perhaps the most beautiful of the three—although the charms of each are so many and so varied, that it is very difficult to accord the palm of superiority over her lovely sisters to any one of these watery graces. After the fatigues of the Gap of Dunloe, the tourist appreciates the luxury of rest, and enjoys, sitting at his ease, the delicious progress of the boat through the placid waters. The hills are clothed with verdure—the islands reflect their shadows in the lake—a heron occasionally wings its graceful flight overhead—and the soft notes of the bugle die away amid the woody recesses of

the hills. Every change in the landscape is but a variety of loveliness. The first halting-place is at the base of a magnificent hill, wooded to the very top, and called the Eagle's Nest. At this spot the lake is narrowed to a river, and is, in fact, a stream connecting the Upper with the Middle or Torc Lake. The echo here is one of the most famous of all the echoes of the lakes; and any traveller who, being in too great a hurry to get to the end of his journey might refuse to linger here for a while, would be set down, in the estimation of boatmen, guides, and whiskey-girls, as utterly deficient in respect for Killarney, and in natural good sense and taste.

A mile beyond the Eagle's Nest is the old Weir Bridge, of two arches; one only of which is practicable for boats, and the passage is not at all times either safe or pleasant. The current by which the Upper Lake discharges its surplus waters into the Torc Lake, is exceedingly rapid, and it is customary for the tourist to disembark here while the boatmen shoot the rapids. There was no danger on the day of our visit, and we shot down in great style and great comfort, and shortly afterwards arrived at the beautiful island of Dinis, the property of Mr. Herbert, M.P. This gentleman has erected a very picturesque and snug cottage upon the shore, embowered amid trees, where travellers who bring their luncheon or dinner with them from the hotels, can be accommodated with chairs and tables, and a cook, who will cook salmon and potatoes, and supply hot water for whiskey-punch, for a small gratuity. From this point to Glena Bay is a delightful sail to another beautiful little cottage erected for the same purpose by the Earl of Kenmare. We are

now in the large, or Lower Lake, and within an hour's sail of the Victoria. The traveller who loves legends and traditions may now sup full of them. They all relate to the O'Donoghue; but I have neither time nor inclination to detail the hundredth part of them. No one knows when the O'Donoghue flourished; but all the peasantry believe in his continued existence; that he dwells in a beautiful country under the waters; and that every year, on the 1st of May, clad in complete armour, he rides over the lake on a horse shod with silver, to the sound of fairy music; and that good luck will always attend the son or daughter of earth who catches a glimpse of him.

July 30.

The longer I remain at Killarney, the more lovely its mountains and valleys, its placid lakes and its rushing waterfalls, appear. The weather, too, is highly favourable for viewing the scenery under all its aspects. One day, in a clear and cloudless atmosphere, the outlines of the hills stood sharply out against the deep blue sky, and the lakes lay bright as sheets of burnished gold. On the day following came wind and rain. The high peaks of Carrantual and his sublime brothers of the "Reeks" shrouded themselves in the driving mists. The wind curled the broad bosom of the lake into foam-crested waves; and the clouds that for one half-hour poured down the rain in torrents, opened in the next to admit the sunshine into that magnificent landscape. The rainbow spanned Carrantual and the Purple Mountain: then, melting away into the heavy clouds upon which it was reflected, allowed the whole of the glorious panorama to

glitter in the full blaze of a midsummer sun. The effects were constantly changing and constantly beautiful. The alternations of the colouring, from the deepest dun in which lakes and mountains were enwrapped at one moment, to the grey, brown, purple, green, and gold, which girt them about with beauty in the next, were especially delightful to behold, to study, and to admire. And not only the grander, but the smaller features of the scenery are beautiful at Killarney. Under the splendid yew trees, hollies, and arbutuses of lovely Innisfallen, or amid the still more umbrageous foliage of Mucross, it is impossible to walk a step without discovering a new beauty in the landscape. Innisfallen alone offers almost every variety that can charm the eye and fill the imagination of the lover of nature. Those who delight in the shade of thick woods, and take pleasure in the undergrowth of ivy, honeysuckle, fern, and countless wild flowers, may indulge here at sweet leisure. The lover of the pastoral glade, or the smooth-shaven lawn, sloping down to the water, may at short distance find the scenery he admires; while he who delights most in rock, in mountain, and in torrent, can, from the same little island, gaze undisturbed upon many of the grandeurs, and some of the sublimities, of nature.

It was with regret that we took our places in the car that plies from Killarney to Glengariff, and bade a last adieu, as we thought, to the beauties of the lakes. Our adieu was premature, and our regret unnecessary. From Killarney to Glengariff, a distance of forty miles, the road passes through scenery unsurpassed for beauty in any

portion of the kingdom. For one-third of the distance, the lakes and mountains of Killarney continue in sight, and the tourist is enabled to acquire a still more intimate knowledge of them, in all their lovely variations, than he can obtain even by sailing or rowing about the lakes, or by coming down upon them from the heights of Dunloe or Mangerton. After passing Cloghreen, Mucross, and the splendid Torc Cascade (the music of whose rushing waters swells audibly upon the ear above the din of the car), the road winds round the shore of the Middle or Torc Lake; having the lake on the right hand, and on the left the Torc Mountain, clothed with the richest vegetation, and lifting his steep sides to a height of 1760 feet. It then passes the connecting link of river between the Upper and the Middle Lakes, affording a fine view of the "Eagle's Nest," the "Purple Mountain," and, high above them all, "Macgillicuddy's Reeks" and "Carrantual." The road is a continual ascent all the way from Cloghreen; and, after passing the beautiful waterfall of Derricunnihy (beautiful, though inferior to the Torc cascade), reaches a point at which all travellers should halt for a while to survey the landscape around them, above them, and beneath them. This is the police barrack, or constabulary station. Standing here, or at any other point higher up the hill, a magnificent view is obtained, including the whole of the lakes, the Gap of Dunloe, and Macgillicuddy's Reeks. Beyond this point, although Carrantual remains in sight the most conspicuous object in the landscape, there is little more to be seen of the Lakes of Killarney. Here the traveller usually takes his last look, and prepares himself for new

scenery, as well worthy of his admiration as anything that he leaves behind him.

A ride of ten miles will bring him to the beautifully situated and picturesque town of Kenmare. The road descends gradually from the heights to the sea level. Kenmare is built at the head of an arm of the sea, and, together with a large portion of the surrounding country, is principally, if not entirely, the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne. His lordship is spoken of as a most excellent landlord. Although he does not often visit his tenantry, the town bears evidence that a man of wealth, who cares for the well-being of his people, is fulfilling among them—by himself or by deputy—the important social duties that are attached to the possession of large domains. The suspension-bridge across the Sound is one of the greatest ornaments, as well as conveniences, of the town. The foundation-stone was laid, in 1838, by the Marquis of Lansdowne. The entire cost of the erection was about £6000, of which one-half was contributed by his lordship, and the other half by the Board of Works.

From Kenmare to Glengariff is a distance of seventeen miles. Were it thrice seventeen, the tourist who loves the wild, the rugged, and the majestic scenery of the mountains would think it short. The road has been recently completed, under the superintendence of the Board of Works. It attains a height from Kenmare of 1009 feet above the level of the sea, with a gradual ascent of about 150 feet in a mile. It passes through two tunnels—a rather unusual circumstance on any roads except railroads. One of them is 200 yards in length; and passing through it on the open car, the tourist will obtain

at either end a view of the hilly country which will make him wish that tunnels on common roads were somewhat more frequent. After passing the larger tunnel, which stands on the confines of Kerry, the road enters the county of Cork, and winds amid the rugged mountains of Glengariff to the sea at the head of Bantry Bay. The characteristics of Glengariff are wildness and sublimity. The name, which signifies in Gaelic the rough or rugged glen, has been well bestowed, and aptly describes it. Hitherto, this unrivalled scenery has been comparatively little known, though better worth a visit than many scores of places that are oftener praised. It is about three miles in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth, walled on each side by stupendous precipices. Through it in summer rolls a stream, which in winter takes to itself the voice of many waters, and rushes foaming into the sea. The vegetation upon its banks is profuse; but it requires a residence of some days at Glengariff to make the adequate acquaintanceship of this little river and all the loveliness and grandeur that surround it. From the inn at Glengariff—which stands upon the shore of the Bay of Bantry—a different, but equally magnificent, prospect is obtained. The bay, famous as the place where the French dropped anchor in their projected invasion of Ireland upwards of fifty years ago, stretches its broad, deep waters, studded with islands, towards the Atlantic Ocean. He who would see its beauties in their full extent, should take boat, as we did, on a fine summer evening, and be rowed across to Bantry. The distance is but nine miles, and the scenery is magnificent. The picturesque island of Garnish,

crowned with a fort and a martello tower, erected shortly after the French invasion, is for a while the most conspicuous object, but, as the boat proceeds on its course, the island and the fort dwindle into insignificance against the dark background of the Glengariff mountains. As these seem to recede, the low island of Whiddy appears in front, with its solitary ruin of the ancient castle of the O'Sullivans: and the eye may range across the noble bay and drink its fill of beauty from the towering summit of Dade, or "Hungry Hill," 2100 feet high, to the thickly-wooded cove that leads to, and hides the town of Bantry.

Bantry is small but full of bustle. The Earl of Bantry is the leading and best known proprietor of the district; his residence stands finely upon the shores of the bay, and is open, with its extensive domains, to the inspection of visitors. The inhabitants carry on the fishing trade to some extent. The morning after our arrival we found the quay full of activity and life. Several herring-boats had come in with large takes. One of them had captured upwards of eight thousand fish during the night, and the other boats, of which there were seven or eight, had been rewarded with takes but slightly less abundant. They were disposed of at sevenpence the hundred; and conveyed for sale in donkey-panniers into the interior of the country, as far as Killarney and Mill-street. I was somewhat surprised to learn, that, although the take of herring and haddock, as well as whiting, soles, flounders, and turbot, is very extensive, there is not a single establishment in the place or neighbourhood for fish-curing. This is a source of wealth for Ireland which has yet to be developed; and which a capitalist, knowing the business,

might turn to good account, both for himself and the people. In this, as in many other ways, there is a fine field for the introduction of capital into this long-neglected but naturally rich and productive country.

From Bantry to Cork our route lay through Skibbereen, and scores of other miserable, dilapidated, unroofed, and squalid villages, absolutely teeming and pullulating with wretched human life, from the most helpless old age to equally helpless infancy. What famine began and plague assisted law drove to pitiless conclusions. Mr. James Mahony, one of the able artists of the *Illustrated London News*, who could wield the pen as well as the pencil, wrote in a letter which we received at Killarney, with a series of painful but most interesting sketches, afterwards published:—"The public records, my own eyes, a piercing wail of woe throughout the land—all testify to the vast extent of the evictions at the present time. Sixteen thousand and odd persons unhoused in the Union of Kilrush before the month of June in the present year; 71,130 holdings done away in Ireland, and nearly as many houses destroyed, in 1848; 254,000 holdings of more than one acre and less than five acres, put an end to between 1841 and 1848; six-tenths, in fact, of the lowest class of tenantry driven from their now roofless or annihilated cabins and houses, makes up the general description of that desolation of which Tullig and Moveen are examples. The ruin is great and complete. The blow that effected it was irresistible. It came in the guise of charity and benevolence; it assumed the character of the last and best friend of the peasantry, and it has struck them to the heart. They are prostrate and helpless. The once

frolicsome people—even the saucy beggars—have disappeared, and given place to wan and haggard objects, who are so resigned to their doom, that they no longer expect relief. One beholds only shrunken frames scarcely covered with flesh—crawling skeletons, who appear to have risen from their graves, and are ready to return frightened to that abode. They have little other covering than that which nature has bestowed on the human body; and, now that the only hand from which they expected help is turned against them, even hope is departed, and they are filled with despair. Than the present Earl of Carlisle there is not a more humane or kinder-hearted nobleman; he is of high honour and unsullied reputation; yet the poor-law he was mainly the means of establishing for Ireland, with the best intentions, has been one of the chief causes of the people being at this time turned out of their homes, and forced to burrow in holes, and share, till they are discovered, the ditches and the bogs with otters and snipes. The instant the poor-law was passed, and property made responsible for poverty, the whole of the landowners, who had before been careless about the people, and often allowed them to plant themselves on untenanted spots, or divide their tenancies—delighted to get the promise of a little additional rent—immediately became deeply interested in keeping down the number of the people. Before they had rates to pay, they cared nothing for the poor; but the law and their self-interest have compelled them to care, and made them extirpators. Nothing less than some general desire like that of cupidity falling in with an enactment, and justified by a theory—nothing less than

a passion which works silently in all, and safely under the sanction of a law—could have effected such wide-spread destruction. Even humanity was enlisted by the Poor-law on the side of extirpation. As long as there was no legal provision for the poor, a landlord had some repugnance to drive them from every shelter; but the instant the law took them under its protection, and forced the landowner to pay a rate to provide for them, repugnance ceased: they had a legal home, however inefficient, to go to; and evictions began. Even the growth of toleration seems to have worked to the same end. Till the Roman Catholics were emancipated, they were all—rich and poor, priests and peasants—united by a common bond; and Protestant landlords beginning evictions on a great scale, would have roused against them the whole Catholic nation, so that eviction would have been taken up as a religious question, as well as a question of the poor, prior to 1829. Subsequent to that time—with a Whig administration, with all offices open to Catholics—no religious feelings could mingle with the matter: eviction became a pure question of interest; and while the priests look now, perhaps, as much to the Government as to their flocks for support, Catholic landlords are not behind Protestant landlords in clearing their estates. English notions and English habits, without any reference to the causes of English greatness—which are not to be found in a Poor-law and farms of a particular size—impressed law-makers and the landlords of Ireland with a strong desire to enlarge and consolidate farms, and clear them of the squatters and sub-tenants, who had formerly been permitted, if not encouraged. With a Poor-law, that desire

could be safely acted on, and so it supplies a temptation and the means to carry eviction extensively into effect."

Before leaving Killarney Mr. Ingram provided himself with a large bag of copper money, which he supplemented by a fresh supply at Bantry, for the purpose of distribution among the starving people on our way. He threw it out in handfuls as our carriage passed through the miserable villages, and did, as I told him, much more harm than good, by his indiscriminate and somewhat contemptuous bounty. It was not, however, until we reached Cashel, on our way to Dublin, that he became alarmed at the results of his unwise charity. When we stopped at the door of the principal inn of that town, the manner in which he threw his pence about, from the vehicle, very speedily attracted a crowd that could not have numbered less than seven or eight hundred people. To our excited imagination they seemed as if they were ten thousand—roaring, howling, yelling—gesticulating, treading each other to the ground in frantic and selfish excitement to clutch the poor prize of a penny; men fighting with women, and women fighting with men; and children of both sexes fighting with both to obtain possession of the paltry coin, and ready to murder each other, if it were necessary, rather than that the coveted prize should fall into the hands of another. So mad a multitude I never saw before or since, and was so greatly apprehensive that some of the poor, decrepit, and helpless people, the old and the very young, would be trodden to death by their stronger competitors in the fearful and selfish rush, and that Mr. Ingram and myself might have to stand our trial at the bar of justice for the man-

slaughter that we might cause—that I entreated him, for pity's sake, to bestow no more such largesses upon the famishing crowd, at least in that rough manner, but deposit such money as he wished to spend in the relief of the awful destitution before us, in the hands of the parish priest, or the local magistrate, for orderly distribution. He was as much alarmed as I was, and, like "Fear," in Collins' Ode to the Passions, "back recoiled at the sound himself had made," and resolved that he would never again play on so dangerous a string. Fortunately no serious injury was done to any one, but I could not help thinking that my friend's generosity was scarcely a virtue under the circumstances. I told him so. He agreed in my verdict, and left a check in the hands of the landlord of the inn, to relieve the distresses of the most aged and most destitute of the people of Cashel, in a quieter and more legitimate manner than the tossing of pence amid the multitude.

On the following morning we visited the famous "Rock" of Cashel, around which clusters the old historical but greatly decayed city, so celebrated in the traditions and history of Ireland. The rock stands in solitary abruptness in the rich plain of Tipperary, and commands extensive views over a district that is among the most fertile, and that ought to be among the most prosperous and contented of the country. But it has long been notorious for the murder of landlords, and for the sympathy of the peasantry with the murderers. While I was examining the old cathedral on the rock, the seat of an archbishop of the Protestant church, in a province where the proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants

is said to be thirty-six to one, and the site of the residence of the kings of Munster in a long past age, my companion got into conversation with a man who was sauntering upon the rock, smoking the national dudheen. He was clad in the costume of the peasantry—the long swallow-tailed coat; the knee breeches, unfastened at the knee, and exposing a portion of the leg above the dark stockings; the heavy brogue, and the battered old hat, familiar to all who have ever travelled in Ireland. The man at first was not much inclined to talk, but a shilling opened his heart, and loosened his tongue; and when I had seen all of the cathedral that I desired, and had rejoined Mr. Ingram, I found him and the Irishman deep in a discussion on the state of the country, the misery of the people, and the cruel conduct of some of the landlords. "In the year '46," said the man, "there were at one time not as many sound potatoes in all the beautiful county of Tipperary, as there were childer—to say nothing of their fathers and mothers—and wasn't that a hard time for the likes of us, your honour, when, if we couldn't get potatoes, we couldn't get anything at all? My eldest brother, with a sore heart, left Tipperary, as if the curse of God was upon it, and went away to Ohio, in America. Good luck went along with him, the brave boy; and he has been able to send me a pound now and then, more nor once nor twice nor ten times either, and has promised, if the Lord preserves him, to send me as much next month as will pay my passage to Cincinnati, where he is doing well, your honour."

Being asked about the evictions and the murder of landlords and landlords' agents, he grew more reticent.

"But isn't it hard, your honour, if a man takes a mountain farm—waste land, your honour!—at five shillings an acre, and pays his rent to the day, and pays it for five or six years, working and slaving, and putting his whole heart and soul into the business—to say nothing of the manure for the cow and the pigs—until he makes it worth a pound or thirty shillings an acre, that he should be turned out—evicted as they call it, and be damned to them—without a penny returned to him for all his work?"

"And does this often happen?"

"As often as the sun rises, and the poor boy who has improved the land is turned out upon the moor without a shilling or a roof; to die, if it plazes him, with his wife and childer, or to beg potatoes from his neighbours, who have no potatoes to give him."

"And you think such a landlord deserves to be shot?"

"He deserves to be tried by the laws of his counthry, as if he was a thief and a murderer. But as the law of his country won't try him, the country tries him, and, by the Lord! does him justice."

"Here's my friend," said Mr. Ingram, pointing to me, "if he were your landlord, and evicted you in the manner you talk of, would you shoot him?"

"No, your honour, I wouldn't shoot him! but somebody would!"

"But what somebody?"

"I can't tell you, your honour, but when the right thing's to be done, the right man's to be found to do it. It isn't Tipperary boys as shoots Tipperary landlords. A man comes from the Moon to do it, and every body

knows him, and every body doesn't know him. We're sorely put upon, your honour; and if the law won't help us to justice, we endeavour to help ourselves. But there's none of that in America. God's blessings be upon it! A poor man can have his bit of land there—all his own—and no landlord to ask rent or to meddle with him. And I hope to be there soon, though it is hard to leave the dear ould land. But never mind. The day may come when America—God's everlasting blessing watch over it!—will take Ireland into the Union; and in that day England will not be able to take it out again."

The Queen, in her Irish visit, did not, and was not permitted, to see the miseries of the country, or to travel far into the interior, where the awful desolation would of necessity have obtruded itself upon her eyes, and those of her thoughtful and philosophic husband. Her Majesty steamed from Osborne to Cork, from Cork to Dublin, and from Dublin to Belfast; and was never once upon the rail, on the lines of which facts would have stared her in the face that would have vividly impressed her mind with the sorrows that she and her ministers and her Parliament were impotent to remove, and of which Death or America was the only possible alleviator. Death played a great, and perhaps a beneficent part, in the remedy for long ages of misgovernment on the part of the upper, and of recklessness on the part of the lower classes; but the part played by America was wholly beneficial. She received into her rich and ample bosom hundreds of thousands, and ultimately millions of people, who, if they had been permitted to stay at home,

with the certainty of a day's wage for a day's work, might have made the strength and glory of an Empire, of which they had become the weakness and the shame.

For at least ten days or a fortnight before her Majesty's arrival at Cove, the citizens of Cork, Dublin, and Belfast were up and stirring to do her honour. The "beautiful city of Cork," as its people call it (with a pardonable pride, and with an epithet well deserved), was especially busy, inasmuch as it had been arranged that her Majesty's first landing upon Irish ground should be within its precincts. As the village of Dunleary, near Dublin, had been named Kingstown in honour of George IV., it was suggested by some of the people of Cork, that Cove, the town that commands their magnificent harbour, should be named Queenstown, in honour of her Majesty. Some, with a more refined and graceful sense of a compliment, suggested that, if the name were altered at all, the town of Cove should henceforth be called "VICTORIA." These, however, were but the slightest of the many indications of a desire to show loyalty and affection which escaped from the warm-hearted people of Cork. Such a stir was never known in that "beautiful" city since it was founded; and for a short period previous to and during the Queen's visit, the old prophecy of the Corkonians seemed on the point of being realised:—

> "Limerick *was*, Dublin *is*, but Cork *will be*,
> The greatest city of the three."

In Dublin, the bustle was even more superbly restless. Its wide and splendid streets teemed with a busy population, whose only thought and sole subject of conversation

was the Queen's visit. For once, at least, Dublin looked as much like the veritable capital of a great and prosperous kingdom as the most ardent Repealer could desire. Equipages of all descriptions—but little inferior in brilliancy to any that grace Hyde Park in the height of the London season—rolled through Sackville Street, Dame Street, Dawson Street, Merrion Square, and St. Stephen's Green. Architects, builders, gas-fitters, carpenters, painters, decorators, and others, found abundant occupation in making preparations for the forthcoming ceremonial and its after festivities. Portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert appeared in the print shops to the almost total exclusion of other prints; whilst, for those who were too poor to indulge in the expensive luxury of line engravings, medals in commemoration of the visit were struck, and met a ready sale. Public buildings, and private dwellings also, put on a new face of cleanliness in anticipation of the blaze of light with which Dublin was to illuminate herself. Shops were newly painted and decorated; and the old city, even in its remotest recesses, washed and adorned itself in honour of the occasion. There was never such scrubbing, and rubbing, and beautifying—such running to and fro of busy men—and such a rapid currency of coin in Dublin, within the memory of that venerable *myth*, "the oldest inhabitant."

Even the statue of William III., in College Green, that permanent suggestor of strife and bitterness to the contending factions of Catholic and Protestant, received a new coat of paint for the occasion, and glittered in the warm sunshine as splendidly as the most devoted lover of

his "pious and immortal memory" could desire. Commodious platforms, commanding a view of the procession, were erected before the gates of Trinity College, the Post Office, the Bank of Ireland, the Nelson Column, and various other public buildings. Triumphal arches were raised and adorned long before the Queen had left Osborne; and the line of procession looked like a fair many days before her arrival in the harbour of Cove.

The whole population felt the impetus. The shopkeepers put forth their richest display of goods. The Killarney arbutus, the tabinets or poplins, the fine linens and damasks, and all the few articles that may in Ireland be considered as of native manufacture, were displayed to the greatest advantage in the windows to captivate the attention of strangers, especially of those who were expected to pour into Dublin from rich England laden with golden sovereigns, and having nothing to do but to spend them. The price of lodgings went up at an enormous rate; and seats at the windows of those housekeepers who were fortunate enough to be located in the line of procession, were offered for sums, which, if obtained, would have gone far towards paying the whole annual rental of the speculators. If all the gold of California had been expected in Dublin, prices could not have risen much higher.

The most respectable hotels, such as Morrison's and others, did not make any advances upon their usual prices, but others not quite so well attended and prosperous, put an import duty upon strangers, which, in some instances, was high enough to amount to a prohibition. The price of labour went up: carpenters (and gas-fitters

more especially) were at a high premium. For once in the history of Ireland, the supply of labour was not equal to the demand. The streets swarmed with people. Dame Street and Sackville Street were almost as crowded as Cheapside and Cornhill; and not even the Boulevards of Paris, in those halcyon days before revolutions and *émeutes* had saddened the hearts of its citizens, by exiling their best customers and draining their pockets, looked more cheerful than the wide-streeted and beautiful city of Dublin.

There was, it is true, an under-current of ill-feeling. The Lord Mayor issued a proclamation, which the malcontents termed an *ukase*, calling upon all classes of the inhabitants to illuminate; but, as the proclamation was, after a few days, superseded by another, merely requesting all who could afford to show their loyalty in that way to do so, and exonerating from the imputation of disloyalty all who might be too poor to spend money in tallow or gas, the dissatisfaction gradually subsided.

The preparations made for the illumination showed that Dublin had her heart in the business; and, notwithstanding an occasional growl from a Young Irelander, satisfaction with the present, and bright anticipations for the future, were the orders of the day in Dublin for a full week before her Majesty's arrival. The shopkeeping interest is usually keen, and the shopkeepers of Dublin had the common sense to put politics in abeyance, and to leave the jangle of party for occasions less unsuitable. There was in the capital, and some parts of the country, an inclination at first to thrust the distresses of the country prominently before her Majesty in addresses

from the corporations and public bodies. And, on the part of the Young Irelanders, there was an inclination to insist that the cordiality of the Queen's welcome should depend upon the pardon of the men recently convicted of rebellion against her authority; but, as time wore on, and public opinion manifested itself, these subjects of contention were allowed to drop. It was felt that although the distresses of Ireland were great and manifold, they were not to be remedied by howling over them, or by putting on a face of sorrow, especially upon the occasion of a visit undertaken with the patriotic motive, amongst many others equally laudable and good, of aiding the trade of the country by causing an expenditure of money. It was also felt that any thrusting forward of the names of men who had rendered themselves amenable to the laws was likely to defeat its purpose; and that they were not the true friends of the exiles, who vociferated about a pardon for them—rendering mercy impossible by the audacity with which it was demanded. Ultimately, therefore, these subjects ceased to occupy attention, and Dublin, on the morning, when it was announced that the Queen had safely reached the harbour of Cove, contained a population almost unanimous in the desire to make her welcome in her Irish capital superior, in its cordiality, to any that she had ever received in any portion of her dominions.

The counties of Ireland were as enthusiastic as the cities; and most, if not the whole, of them were convened in public meetings of the freeholders and inhabitants, to vote addresses of congratulation to her Majesty and the Prince. The most influential noblemen, land-

owners, clergy, and professional men of each district attended; and the addresses, without a single exception that ever came to the knowledge of the public, were as enthusiastically agreed to. All these documents breathed the same spirit of loyalty and affection, and were supported either by the personal presence and speeches of the leading clergymen, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, or by letters explaining their absence, and heartily concurring in the object of the meetings.

THE GREAT IRISH EXODUS.

AUTHENTIC history records no such rush of an affrighted people from the land that gave them birth as that which took place in the years 1847, 1848, 1849, and 1850, in consequence of the failure of the potato crops in Ireland, and the pestilence that succeeded it. Having seen and studied the misery of Ireland in 1849, in Ireland itself, when the British Government, sorely bewildered, but full of benevolence, was doing its utmost to alleviate the awful misery which it could not remove, and which it was most unjustly and ungratefully accused of having caused, as recorded in the last chapter, I was curious, when at Liverpool, of observing the *modus operandi* by which the panic-stricken people were conveyed from the Old World to the New. The rush had somewhat slackened in 1850, but was still impetuous enough to form a curious episode in the history both of Ireland and of the United States. In that year, at Liverpool, the swarming multitudes who embarked at that port for New York, Boston, Quebec, and other transatlantic cities, were principally Irish of the most destitute classes. The Waterloo Dock was at that time, as now, the principal station of the American sailing vessels that conveyed these affrighted multitudes to the

New World; for the rivalry of great steam-packet companies had not then taken such dimensions as to compete with fast sailing ships for the cheap custom of the poor emigrants.

A description of the departure of one or two of these vessels, and of the scenes on board, both in the dock and in the Mersey, as well as an account of conversations held at various times with all classes of emigrants, may serve to convey an idea of the busy and interesting scene of that time—the departure of a large emigrant ship with a full complement of passengers. It was a beautiful morning when I proceeded to witness the departure of the *Star of the West*, a fine new ship, then on her first voyage, and registering 1,200 tons. The scene in the dock at half-past eight in the morning was busy and animated in the extreme. All the cargo was on board, consisting principally of iron rails, the exportation of which to America was then largely on the increase. The greater part of the passengers was also on board; but every minute until half-past nine there was a fresh arrival of emigrants and their luggage. In consequence of the regulations, both of the British and American Governments, it was to be presumed that the living freight of the *Star of the West* was in good condition, and duly certified to be unlikely to become chargeable to the city of New York. It must be confessed, however, that they did not present a very favourable specimen of the human race. Destitution and suffering, long-continued, possibly for generations, had done their work upon the greater number of them. It was not alone their personal uncleanliness and their wretched attire, but the haggard,

sallow, and prematurely aged expression of their faces, that conveyed the idea of degradation and deterioration. The retreating forehead—the small sunken nose—the projecting jaws—the protruding teeth—and the listless, vacant look, were common amongst both old and young, and forcibly recalled the description of the Irish of the southern and western districts, made by Mr. Gavan Duffy, himself an Irishman, and not disposed, it may be presumed, to exaggerate to the disadvantage of his countrymen. "I saw," said he, "in the streets of Galway, crowds of creatures more debased than the Yahoos of Swift; creatures having only a distant and hideous resemblance to human beings; grey-headed old men, whose faces had hardened into a settled leer of mendicancy, simious and semi-human; and women filthier and more frightful than the harpies." There were many such Irish people as these on board the *Star of the West* on the morning of her departure; and the general appearance of the majority to whom such a description would not apply, was weakly and care-worn, bespeaking extreme poverty, neglect and apathy. There was one family of Germans on board—a father and mother, and four grown-up and two younger children—whose appearance was in striking contrast with that of the Irish. The man was from Bavaria—a tall, well-formed, strapping "kerl" full fed and ruddy, and looking as if he could do no ordinary duty in felling the primeval forests of the Far West, and converting the wilderness into a garden. There were also two or three English families on board—the men easily recognizable by the smock-frock of the English peasantry, and the women by their superior neat-

ness of attire. With these few exceptions the passengers were all Irish. The whole number of passengers was 385, of whom about 360 were Irish.

As the hour of departure drew near, the scene in the dock, on the quay, and on board, became more and more animated. The morning sun shone brightly—the sky was without a cloud—a forest of masts from all the surrounding docks pointed their delicate traceries against the deep blue of the heavens, and the star-spangled banner of the United States flapped to the fresh breeze. Another emigrant ship in the same dock, whose turn to be towed out was before ours, began to move slowly from her berth. This vessel was the *Queen of the West*. Like our own, she was filled as full as she could hold with Irish emigrants. It was an interesting scene as she moved slowly past us, to observe her decks crammed with passengers, her flags streaming to the wind, and to hear the sailors raising their peculiar and joyous chant as they trod in a circle at the windlass. As soon as she passed through the dock gates it was our turn to move, but all our passengers were not on board. Until the very last moment, they kept arriving by twos and threes, with their luggage on their backs. Here might be seen a strong fellow carrying a chest or a barrel, and a whole assemblage of tin cans and cooking utensils; and there a woman with a child in one arm and her goods and chattels in the other. When the planks and gangways were removed, at least fifty of our emigrants had not arrived, and many of them had to toss their luggage on board from the quay, and to clamber on to the ship, as she passed through the dock-gates. The men contrived to jump on

board with comparative ease; but by the belated women, of whom there were nearly a score, the feat was not accomplished without much screaming and hesitation. One valiant fellow, who had been drinking overmuch with his friends on shore, made an attempt to leap aboard as the vessel was clearing the dock-gates, but miscalculating the distance he fell into the water. There was a general rush of people to the side of the ship, and a screaming among the women, but fortunately there was a boat alongside which rescued the man in less than a minute, and placed him on deck dripping wet, and considerably more sober than when he fell into the water.

We had not quite cleared the dock when another incident occurred. The cook had failed to keep his promise to be on board before the ship's departure, and the captain was informed that he had expressed his determination to remain in Liverpool. This was an annoying circumstance to occur at the last moment. The steward, it also appeared, had made a similar determination; he was a coloured man, and had come on board to tender to the captain the wages he had received in advance, and to state that he was too unwell to undertake a voyage across the Atlantic. Hearing some altercation on the quarter-deck, the passengers turned their eyes in that direction, where the steward was seen tendering the money, and declaring loudly, that he would not go back to America. "You cannot hang me for it," he said to the captain, "and I will not go." The captain, who displayed much equanimity, insisted, that as the steward was on board he would keep him there, and take him out to America, whether he liked it or not. The steward, who certainly

looked ill, was of another mind; and, springing to the side of the vessel, jumped overboard into the dock before a hand could be raised to prevent him. He swam like a fish, and reached in safety another vessel at the distance of about fifty yards. This was provoking, but there was no redress, unless the captain chose to delay his voyage until he could arrest the man in Liverpool and bring the case before the stipendiary magistrate. In the meantime the steward was out of reach, and the captain had no other resource than to leave his ship in the Mersey and return to Liverpool for another cook and steward, to be picked up at an hour's notice.

We were towed towards New Brighton by a steam-tug for the distance of three or four miles, during which the scene in the steerage below was as animated, though scarcely so cheerful, as the scene on deck. The steerage was somewhat dark, but in the uncertain light a picture presented itself full of strange "effects." The floor was strewed with luggage, rendering it a matter of difficulty to walk—bundles, trunks, cases, chests, barrels, loaves of bread, sides of bacon, and tin cooking utensils, seemed to be piled together in hopeless and inextricable confusion, whilst amidst them all scrambled or crawled a multitude of young children. All the berths were occupied. Some of the passengers seemed as if they had resolved to go to sleep even at that early period of the voyage. Some were eating their breakfasts in their berths, and some were making use of barrel-heads and trunks for tables and chairs, and regaling themselves with bread and coffee. Here and there a man might be seen shaving himself, in the dim and uncertain light; while at other

parts of the ample steerage, families were busily looking after their worldly goods, and establishing a demarcation between their own property and that of their neighbours. In some of the berths women were sitting up conversing; and in others children were singing, hallooing, and shouting, as if the excitement of the scene were to them a joy indeed. There was a constant rushing to and fro, a frequent stumbling over chests and barrels, and a Babel of tongues. All was life, bustle, and confusion; but what seemed most singular, there was nothing like sorrow or regret at leaving England. There was not a wet eye on board—there had been no fond leave-takings, no farewells to England, no pangs of parting. Possibly there was no necessity for any. To ninety-nine out of every hundred of these emigrants "the old country" had been in all probability an unkind mother, a country of sorrow and distress, associated only with remembrances of poverty and suffering. I must confess that I expected to see something like the expression of a regret that the shores of old England would soon fade from their view for ever—something like melancholy at the thought that never more were they to revisit the shores of Europe; but nothing of the kind occurred. All was noise, hurry, and animation. They had made up their minds for a long journey; hope was before them, and nothing was behind them but the remembrance of misery. It was possible also that the leave-takings had taken place in Ireland, and that whatever sorrow they felt had been shown before their arrival in England. As soon as the steam-tug had drawn us about five miles down the Mersey, we dropped anchor, and disembarrassed ourselves of what

the mate called the whole "fraternity" of orange girls, and other merchants of small wares, who had until that time accompanied us, to ply their trade among the emigrants. What with orange girls, cap merchants, and dealers in Everton-toffee, ribbons, laces, pocket-mirrors, gingerbread nuts, sweetmeats, &c., there must have been nearly forty interlopers to be sent back to Liverpool. The steam-tug took charge of them all, as well as of the captain, who had to return in search of a cook and steward—and the *Star of the West* was left to the crew and passengers, and about half a dozen visitors.

The steam-tug had no sooner taken her departure than all the passengers were summoned on deck, that their names might be read over, their tickets produced, and a search made in the steerage, and in every hole and corner of the ship, for "stow-aways." The practice of "stowing away" had, it appeared, very much increased; and although the strictest search was invariably made before the emigrant ships left the Mersey, a voyage was seldom completed without the discovery, when out in the Atlantic, of two or three of these unfortunates. In one voyage the captain of the *Star of the West*, then commanding the *Montezuma*, was favoured with the company of no less than ten stow-aways of both sexes, who had secreted themselves about the ship, until it was far out at sea, and had then presented themselves before him, without money or luggage. The manner in which the stow-aways contrive to elude the vigilance of the crew is surprising. They sometimes have accomplices among the steerage passengers, and sometimes have no other reliance than their own patience and impudence. In the first case,

they are brought on board in barrels, or in large chests, with air-holes bored in them, and placed among the luggage until the dreaded ceremony of the roll-call and production of the tickets is over, when they emerge from their hiding-places, and are fed during the voyage by the charity of those who are in their secret. In the instances where they have no friend on board they hide themselves in the hold, or about the steerage, in every unlikely corner they can find, and when starved into the necessity of avowing what they have done, boldly show themselves and claim their food. It is a puzzling matter how to deal with them. A captain can neither return with them nor throw them overboard, nor can he starve them to death by refusing them as much meal and water as will keep them alive till they reach New York; and if he punishes them by imprisonment they reconcile themselves to it, well knowing that after all they must be landed in America, and that the object they had in view will be accomplished. So great is their misery at home, and so exalted are their hopes of doing better in America, that they are contented to run all possible risks of the punishment or hardship that may be inflicted upon them on board. The practice, however, has other dangers than these, and cases have occurred in which the unhappy "stow-aways" have been suffocated in the chests or barrels in which they have been concealed. But such cases are comparatively rare, and the worst fate that usually befalls the stow-away is the degradation of being compelled to perform all the dirty work of the ship. Sometimes a miserable wight is compelled to walk the deck in the bitter cold for a certain number of hours, without any

protection from the weather; but it is seldom that a captain resorts to such useless and vindictive cruelty.

One captain, however, was so annoyed by the constant appearance of stow-aways in his vessel, in spite of all the precautions he adopted, that he resolved to tar and feather, in American backwood or "Lynch" fashion, the first he found. He was as good as his word, and sent a wretched stow-away back in the steam-tug to Liverpool in this painful plight. The man complained to Mr. Rushton, the stipendiary magistrate, and the captain, aware that he had broken the law, and was liable to punishment for it, has not since returned to Liverpool. But, notwithstanding all the severity that is sometimes shown, and the fatal accidents that occur to the unhappy people who stow themselves away, the practice continues. A stow-away was lately discovered, almost dead, in a barrel of salt. A woman was taken out of a chest, after the vessel had been twenty-four hours at sea, with her limbs so cramped and benumbed, and so weak and exhausted as to be unable to stand up for a fortnight. On one occasion when a large cask was being hoisted over the side of an emigrant vessel, the top of the cask gave way, and a man fell out, head-foremost into the dock, whence he was rescued with some difficulty. When a captain or any of the crew suspects a box or barrel to contain a stow-away, and he does not like to break it open, he resorts to the expedient of placing it on end, so that the stow-away, if one be concealed, must be made to stand on his head. This discipline, after a few minutes, seldom fails to make the wretched prisoner disclose himself, and call for mercy. It is generally extreme poverty that causes men,

women, and children, to subject themselves to this danger; but cases have occurred in which the "stow-away" had money. A few weeks before the departure of the *Star of the West*, a stow-away was detected, before the ship left the Mersey, and sent ashore. He stated before the magistrate that he had paid a sovereign to a man-catcher (a touter for emigrant ships, who received a fee from the shipowners for every emigrant he brought to the office) for concealing him and taking him on board in a trunk. The statement was ascertained to be correct, and a warrant issued for the apprehension of the man-catcher. A remarkably stout man, six feet high, who had stowed himself away in a chest, was pointed out to me in the streets. The vessel in which he was concealed, the *John R. Skiddy*, was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, and he made his way back to Liverpool with the other passengers. How so bulky an individual could have crammed himself into a chest, was difficult to imagine.

It was some time before the whole of our 385 passengers could be got together on the quarter-deck; but as soon as the matter was accomplished, and a rope drawn across, and men stationed at the gangways to prevent any access to the lower parts of the vessel, the search for stow-aways was commenced. The officer appointed by the agents and owners for the purpose, accompanied by the mate and a certain number of the crew, and by a few visitors, proceeded to the steerage, carrying lights, and armed with long sticks to poke under the berths, and to sound the depths of obscure and difficult corners, and with hammers to thump the bedding in the berths. Not a cranny in the *Star of the West* was left

unsearched on this occasion; beds were unrolled, and mattresses hammered and shaken, lest men and women should be hidden amongst them. The long sticks [which some captains use with prongs at the end] were thrust under every berth, and into every nook of the vessel; suspicious-looking barrels were shaken, rolled about, or turned upside down; all trunks large enough to contain man, woman, or child, were subjected to the most jealous and persevering scrutiny, and turned upon end, back again, upside down, and in every way, to make a human being, if inside, manifest his presence by his shouts for release. No corner or hole was considered too small or unlikely to be searched; but this time the search was made in vain. No stow-aways were discovered, and we discontinued the scrutiny, not without a remark from one of the sailors—That, notwithstanding all the vigilance that had been exercised, some of the "creatures" would show themselves as soon as the ship was out at sea.

This ceremony over, the next ceremony, equally important—which was that of the "roll-call"—was commenced. Taking his stand upon the rail of the quarter-deck, that he might overlook the crowd, the clerk of the agents produced a list of the passengers, and began to call over their names. The first upon the list were Patrick Hoolaghan, his wife, Bridget Hoolaghan, and a family of seven children. The Hoolaghans, after some little difficulty, were all found; and, room being made for them, they passed to the gangway, produced their tickets, and were then ushered to the steerage, free to their berths and to all the privileges of the passage. The next was Bernard M'Dermott and a family of six. Not

making his appearance with proper speed, the man on the rail raised a loud shout for "Barney," and made a touching appeal to his justice not to keep the ship waiting. Barney turned up in due time, and proved to be an utter Irishman—in face, voice, gesture, and attire—and skipped triumphantly down the gangway with his ticket in his hand, followed by the whole of the younger generation of the M'Dermotts. The next were Philip Smith, his wife, and eight children—a congregation of Smiths whose name and numbers excited a shout of laughter among the passengers. A request was made by some one in the crowd that if there were any more Smiths on the list their names might be called out at once, so that the whole tribe might be done with. The man on the rail was condescending enough to comply, and five other families of Smiths were duly called and as duly made their appearance amid the laughter and jeers of the assemblage. Patrick Boyle was next in order. Patrick, it appeared, was rather deaf, and did not answer to his name—

"Paddy Bile,
Come here awhile,"

shouted the man on the rail. The rhyme had no effect, and it was begun to be surmised that Paddy was not on board, when he was led forward by the collar by a fellow-passenger, as if he had been a culprit who had been caught in the act of picking a pocket. He looked nothing abashed or angry at the treatment, and after fumbling in his breast, in his coat, and in his waistcoat pocket, produced the proper receipt for his passage money; and was ushered down the gangway amid expressions from every

side that were far from complimentary to his beauty or his sagacity. "Joseph Brown" was told to "come down." "William Jones" was asked to "show his bones," and various other rhymes were perpetrated upon the names of the laggards, to the great amusement of all the people on deck. The whole ceremony lasted for upwards of an hour and a half, and offered nothing remarkable but the discovery of an attempted fraud on the part of a very old couple of Irish people. In procuring their ticket they had represented their son, who was to accompany them, as under twelve years of age, and had only paid half price for him. The boy of twelve years of age, on being compelled to show himself, turned out to be a strapping young man of eighteen or nineteen. "You must pay full price," said the man on the rail, "or I shall be under the necessity of taking 'this little boy' ashore with me, and of allowing you to go to New York without him." The old woman began to weep and lament, and expressed her determination not to be parted from her child. The old man thrust his hands into his pockets and said nothing. "Come, pay the money," said the agent. "I have not a penny in the world, nor so much as a brass farthing," replied the old man, "so you must just put us all ashore." "Get up their luggage and send them ashore," was the order given—but the old man said they need not trouble themselves, they had no luggage, nothing but the clothes they stood up in, and tin cans for their day's allowance of water. The old woman all this time was weeping bitterly, and clinging fast hold to her son, whose breast heaved violently, although he neither shed a tear nor spoke a word. It

afterwards appeared, from the old man's statement, that he had a son in a situation in New York, and some of the passengers came forward and offered to be security that the son in New York would pay the amount of his defalcation. After considerable discussion, it was agreed that if they would pay 10*s*. down, the lad should be permitted to cross the Atlantic, and the sum was speedily raised by subscription among the passengers. This ended the roll-call.

This ceremony had scarcely concluded when a small boat from the town came alongside. It contained the coloured steward, who had jumped overboard in the Waterloo Dock. He still wore his wet boots and trousers, but had obtained a dry shirt and jacket; he shook as if he had the ague, and his teeth chattered audibly. The two boatmen had him prisoner, and entreated very earnestly that the mate, who leaned over the side of the vessel to see what was the matter, would relieve them of their charge. They said the captain had met him in the town, and put him in their boat, with orders to take him out to the ship. They had been obliged to hold him forcibly down all the way for fear of his jumping overboard and being drowned. The mate remonstrated with the steward on his folly, and asked him to come on board peaceably, without making "such an ass of himself." The steward peremptorily declined. "If you force me on board, you will murder me," he said, "for I swear, by heaven, I will jump overboard at the first opportunity." "Nonsense," said the mate; "I must do my duty. Lift him up." "Take care, I beg of you," said the steward, crying like a child; "I am a ruined man. I am ruptured

already, and I ought to go to the hospital. Do not commit murder by forcing me on board. I know you are only doing your duty; but don't, don't, don't murder me." He made a desperate attempt to break from the two boatmen, who held him by the arms, and to leap overboard, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be retained in his seat. The mate descended into the boat, amid the earnest entreaties of all the passengers that he would let the poor man return to Liverpool. It soon became evident to the mate that the steward was in earnest, and that there was no possibility of getting him into the ship, unless by tying his arms and legs and lifting him up like a bale of goods, and that the desperation of the man was such, that even if on board, it would be necessary to place him under restraint, to prevent his laying violent hands upon himself. It was clear that such a steward would be of no use on board. After a long parley, during which the moans and prayers of the steward that they would not be guilty of taking his life by forcing him on board were painful to hear, the mate gave up the contest as hopeless, and the boat returned towards Liverpool. There was now no necessity for holding him down, and the sick man stood up in the boat, and waved his cap to bid farewell to the ship, and to his late companions.

The visitors shortly afterwards quitted the *Star of the West*, with the clerk of the agents, and returned to Liverpool in a small boat. The vessel remained at anchor awaiting the return of her captain, with a new cook and steward. On the following morning, when I walked along the noble esplanade of the Prince's Dock, and looked

towards the place where I left her, she was not to be seen. She had proceeded out to sea with a favourable wind.

The ceremonies of the search for "stow-aways" and the roll-call occupied too much of my attention in my visit to the *Star of the West* to permit me to make inquiries among the emigrants themselves as to their ideas of the New World, their prospects in it, and their reasons for preferring the United States to the British colonies. But in subsequent visits to other vessels that sailed within the succeeding five or six weeks, more especially the *West Point*, the *New World*, the *Isaac Webb*, Captain Cropper, and the *Yorkshire*, Captain Shearman, I took occasion to enter more fully into this part of the subject. The *West Point* sailed with nearly 400 emigrants, of whom about 60 were Welsh and English, and the remainder Irish, of the same class as those which sailed in the *Star of the West*. The *Isaac Webb*, a splendid new vessel, with a double steerage, took out no less than 780 souls, of whom, as usual, the large majority were Irish. The second-class cabins on board of this ship were exclusively occupied by English emigrants, the price of a berth varying from £6 to £7, while the price paid by the Irish in the steerage ranged at about £4. The *New World* took out about 450 emigrants, as nearly as I could ascertain, more than three-fourths of whom were Irish. The *Yorkshire* left the Waterloo Dock with nearly 400, but as she had room for many more, she lay in the Mersey for four-and-twenty hours, and ultimately sailed with a full complement. The second-class passengers, as indeed was the case in all the vessels that I visited, were English farm-labourers, small farmers,

and respectable mechanics, while the steerage was invariably occupied by the Irish. Occasionally a few English, Welsh, and Scotch were to be found among the steerage passengers; but, generally speaking, the Irish had the steerage to themselves.

On going down into the steerage of the *Isaac Webb*, on the day originally fixed for her departure, a characteristic scene presented itself. Just under the hatchway, though not within view of the people on deck, two young men were seated, each upon a barrel, vehemently engaged in fiddling, for the amusement of a crowd of about seventy emigrants, composed of men and women of all ages, and of attentive and delighted children who had gathered around them. These young men were emigrants, and not straggling fiddlers, picking up a livelihood in this manner. They were dressed in the ordinary garb of the Irish peasantry, patched and ragged enough, and were fiddling to the people for love, not money. After a time a space was cleared between decks—the emigrants, young and old, sat down upon their boxes or barrels, or upon the edges of their berths, while the children formed a ring at a little distance. An Irish reel was then got up. A ruddy-cheeked young woman, with all the beauty peculiar to the people of the south of Ireland in their youth, but which privation and suffering do not permit to adorn them until the prime of their womanhood, accepted the hand of an Irish gallant of about forty years of age, in a very ragged long-tailed coat; while another damsel, not so good looking, but brisk and cheerful, granted a similar favour to an Irish lad about her own age; and the reel began. What the exhibition wanted in elegance, it made

up for in vigorous joyousness. The four danced as if dancing were a business to be gone into with all the mind, with all the soul, and with all the strength, and kept at it till mortal limbs could endure it no longer without a reviving period of repose. As soon as they were thoroughly exhausted, another party of four, including an old dame who looked nearly sixty, stepped into their vacant places, the whole assemblage at this time amounting to upwards of a hundred spectators, looking on with delighted gravity. The children were in ecstacies, and many of them kept time with their feet and hands to the music of the fiddlers. When this party, like the previous one, was tired out with the exertion, a very decently-dressed middle-aged man, with a good black coat and trousers, and a clean neck-cloth, stepped forward and claimed the privilege of dancing a jig with a comely-looking woman who was nursing her child. No sooner said than done. His fair partner handed the child to a woman who sat next to her, and was up and ready in an instant. The man danced with a vigour that I never saw surpassed; and as I admired his evident satisfaction with the exercise, a young lad standing beside me volunteered the information that the dancer had originally been the manager of a large mill in the North of Ireland, and well to do in the world. He danced until his partner could dance no longer, and kept up the jig by himself for fully ten minutes after she had slid back to her seat to resume possession of her child. A loud burst of applause greeted him when he sat down, and the fiddlers took a rest and refreshed themselves with cakes and oranges. After an interval of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the dance was recom-

menced, and I left the group in the full enjoyment of their pastime. I was afterwards assured by the captain that such scenes were of common occurrence; and that very often the bagpipes, instead of the violin, was the instrument that set the feet of his passengers in motion. The ex-manager of the mill, who seemed a person of considerable education and experience, although so much reduced as to be compelled by hard fortune to emigrate in the steerage with the poorest classes of his countrymen, said he had brought a flute with him to make music for his fellow-travellers on their voyage, and thought that between him and the two violinists they might manage to amuse the people pretty well, and make the time pass agreeably on the Atlantic.

The scene when the *Isaac Webb*—crowded with passengers both above and below—passed through the dock gates was lively and peculiar. As usual, although the vessel was two days beyond the time of sailing, a great number of her passengers had delayed coming on board until the moment. A considerable portion of those who had already placed their luggage on board, and who preferred to stroll about the town, or sit drinking in the beer-shops, to lingering in the dark steerage, were also among the absentees—and their sole chance of getting on board was at the dock gates, where the passage was not many inches wider than the deck of the vessel. At the critical moment, donkey-carts laden with luggage drove up—and the rush of those belated to get on board with their goods and chattels, was tremendous. Thick as flies upon a honey pot, they might be seen clambering over the side of the vessel, threading their difficult way among

ropes and cordage. Here and there a woman becoming entangled, with her drapery sadly discomposed, and her legs still more sadly exposed to the loiterers on shore, might be heard imploring aid from the sailors or passengers above. Men might be seen, impeded with luggage, and hurling small casks and boxes on to the deck, and climbing after them with hot haste. Many a package, containing property of value to these poor people, missed its mark and fell into the dock, whence it was rescued, and handed up by a man in a small boat, who followed in the wake of the mighty ship. Ultimately the whole of the passengers got safely on board—although it is difficult to say how they managed it, amid the uproar, turmoil, confusion, and pressing of one over another, that occurred within the few minutes that the ship lay between the walls of the dock-gate. It was as difficult to get out of her as to get in, but several visitors took this opportunity of leaving her, and I among the number. When, at last, the ship cleared the gate, and floated right out into the Mersey, her full proportions became disentangled from the maze of shipping in which she had been formerly involved, and she seemed indeed to be a *Leviathan*. The spectators on shore took off their hats and cheered lustily, and the cheer was repeated by the whole body of emigrants on deck, who raised a shout that, I supposed, must have been heard at a long distance, even in the noisy and busy thoroughfares of Liverpool.

The departures of the *West Point*, the *New World*, and the *Yorkshire* were equally characteristic. The wind and weather being highly favourable on the day appointed for the sailing of the *West Point*, I proceeded twenty miles

to sea in that vessel. We were nominally towed out by a "tug," but as soon as the broad sails of the *West Point* were spread to the propitious wind, the sailing vessel outstripped the steam-boat and we tugged the "tug." In conversation with the passengers during the short but agreeable sail of twenty miles, I found that very many of them were going out to join friends and relatives in the United States who had preceded them years before, and who had forwarded them money to pay their passage. Some few were going to remain in the state of New York; but by far the greater proportion were bound for Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri. Very few of them seemed to know whether Canada was, or was not, a British possession; and not one of the Irish to whom I put the question had ever heard of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, or New Brunswick. One respectable-looking lad, of about twenty, said he had five pounds in his pocket. He knew no person in America, but as he had heard of the state of Ohio, and that land was cheap, and labour well paid, he was going hither to try his fortune. He was not, he said, afraid of hard work, and had no fear but that he should get on. The English emigrants in the second-class cabins knew all about Canada and the British North American possessions, but thought the United States preferable to either of them. "Besides," said one sturdy man from Lincolnshire, "we don't know what's to happen in Canada. It won't always belong to England, and there may be a 'rumpus.' It's all right in the States, and that's the place for my money."

These emigrants were not always so destitute and miserable as they looked. The Irish emigrant, with the

passion for hoarding which is so common among his countrymen, often hides money in his rags, and tells a piteous tale of utter destitution in order to get a passage at a cheaper rate. The shameless beggary, which is perhaps the greatest vice of the lower classes of Irish, does not always forsake them, even when they have determined to bid farewell to the old country; and I was several times accosted by men and women on board emigrant ships in dock, and asked for contributions to help them when they got to New York. "Sure, yer honor, and may the Lord spare you to long life;—I've paid my last farden for my passage," said a sturdy Irishwoman with a child in her arms, whom I saw on the quarter-deck of the *Isaac Webb*, in the Waterloo Dock; "and when I get to New York I shall have to beg in the strates, unless yer honor will take pity on me." I asked her to show me her ticket. She said her husband had it; and her husband, a wretched-looking old man, making his appearance and repeating the same story, I pressed him to show me the document. He did so at last, and I saw that he had paid upwards of £17 for the passage of himself and wife, and his family of five children. "And do you mean to say that you have no money left?" I inquired of him. "Not one blessed penny," said the man: "No, nor a fardin," said the woman, "and God knows what'll become of us." "Do you know nobody in New York?" I next inquired. "Not a living sowle, yer honor." "Have you no luggage?" "Not a stick, or a stitch, but the clothes we wear." As I did not believe the story, I declined to give them anything. The *Isaac Webb* was detained two days beyond her advertised time

of sailing, and all the emigrants, as usual, had liberty to pass to and from the ship to the streets, as caprice or convenience dictated. On the following day, I saw this sturdy woman and her husband entering the Waterloo Dock gates with a donkey-cart, tolerably well piled with boxes, bedding, and cooking utensils. I watched them on board the *Isaac Webb*, and when they were down in the steerage—where it was not very light, and I judged they would not recognise me—I asked the woman, who was busily assorting her bedding, whether that was her luggage? She replied that it was. "You told me yesterday, when you were begging, that you had no luggage." "Sure it's a hard world, yer honour, and we're poor people—God help us."

An incident of a kind not very dissimilar occurred on board of another American liner, the *West Point*. When the passenger roll was called over, it was found that one man, from the county Tipperary, had only paid an instalment upon his passage-money, and that the sum of 25*s*. each for three persons, or £3 15*s*., was still due from him. On being called upon to pay the difference, he asserted vehemently that he had been told in the broker's-office that there was no more to pay, and that to ask him for more was to attempt a robbery. The clerk coolly insisted on the money, and showed him the tickets of other passengers to prove the correctness of the charge. The man then changed his tone, and declared that he had not a single farthing left in the world, and that it was quite impossible he could pay any more. "Then you and your family will be put on shore," said the clerk, "and lose the money you have already paid." The

intending emigrant swore lustily at the injustice, and declared that, if put ashore, he would "get an act of Parliament" to put an end to such a system of robbery. The clerk, however, was obdurate; and the man disappeared, muttering as he went that he would have his "act of Parliament" to punish the broker, the clerk, and the captain. He returned in a few minutes from below; and, without saying a word of what had happened, and looking as unconcerned as a stranger, coolly presented a £5 note, and asked for the change.

It was gratifying to learn—though some of the emigrants were disappointed in America, and returned home after seeing no more of it than the crowded streets of New York—that ninety or ninety-five per cent. of them, did well in due time both in the United States and Canada. From enquiries made on the subject, I learned that the Irish in America sent home small sums by almost every packet that reached Liverpool, to be transmitted through the various emigration agents and others, to their relatives in Ireland. These sums were principally intended to pay their passage to America, the land of promise—but, to the senders of this money, a land of realities. In the course of the year these remittances amounted to a very considerable sum. Few, however, know the aggregate amount. I had occasion, when in Ireland, when visiting a large union workhouse, containing between 2,000 and 3,000 inmates, to enquire if many such sums found their way to the paupers in that establishment, and I was informed that from six to eight persons weekly on an average were enabled to leave the workhouse by this means, and to pay their passage to America.

The captain of one American liner informed me of another highly gratifying fact, of which he was personally cognizant. Several years previously, among the emigrants on board of his ship were two well-behaved Irish girls, who were going to New York to try their fortunes as domestic servants. Being pleased with their testimonials of good conduct, he took them into his own family, where they had for many years remained. From time to time they entrusted him with small sums, sufficient to convey from Liverpool to the United States no less than thirteen persons, including their father, mother, brothers and sisters, and cousins to the third and fourth remove. Such instances were by no means uncommon. From returns furnished by five well-known agency houses in Liverpool it appeared that a large amount of money was transmitted to them from New York, in small sums varying from £2 or £3 to £10 and £20, and seldom exceeding the last-named sum—the whole of it intended for persons in Great Britain and Ireland, but principally in Ireland, to enable them to emigrate to the United States. The first house, having the smallest business in this way, received between the 1st of January, 1849, and the 6th of March, 1850—or a little more than fourteen months—the sum of £6,425 13*s.* 6*d.*, for transmission to Ireland. The number of drafts was 1,934, or an average of £3 6*s.* 5½*d.* each. The second house received, in the same period of fourteen months, the sum of £24,658 12*s.* 1*d.*, in 6,198 drafts, or an average of £3 19*s.* 4¾*d.* each, all for Ireland, and exclusive of drafts payable in Liverpool, and in other parts of England. The third house received in the same way,

from the 1st of January, 1849, to the 1st of January, 1850, the sum of £53,279 1*s.* 3*d.*, in 13,425 drafts, or an average of £3 19*s.* 4½*d.* The fourth house received in the year 1848 the sum of £51,628; and in the year 1849, ending the 1st of January, 1850, the sum of £72,628, or an increase over the former year of £21,000. The fifth house received, from the 1st of January, 1849, to the 1st of January, 1850, the sum of £162,167 10*s.* 3*d.* in the same way, principally for transmission to Ireland. From the house of Baring Brothers & Co., which was supposed on competent authority to do a business still larger than the whole of the five mentioned, no return was received, but it was generally stated that their average receipts of this kind amounted annually to nearly half a million. The figures told an affecting story, and were in the highest degree creditable to the character of the Irish in the United States. I could not help reflecting, when I remembered these facts, and looked upon the swarms of ragged, destitute, dirty, squalid Irishmen awaiting in the streets of Liverpool the sailing of the ships that were to convey them to America, that, however deplorable their present condition, they too, in the course of time, would, in all probability prosper in the new world, and not only elevate themselves far above the miseries of their former state, but help thousands of their friends and relatives to follow them into comfort and independence.

THE LAST YEARS OF THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

In the olden times, when newspapers were overburdened with taxation, that brought but little to the national revenue, but which very effectually repressed the circulation of news and political opinion, it was a more costly and hazardous enterprise to establish a daily journal than it is now, though even in our day, when the State has removed its heavy hand, the field is so fully occupied that rivalry with any of the existing favourites cannot be wisely attempted by any one unprepared to risk a hundred thousand pounds in the venture. The public, in the days of our fathers and grandfathers, did not read half so much as they read now, and cared less for opinions than for facts; and when a journal was fairly alive and able to pay its way, its growth was almost as slow as that of a tree. But once firmly rooted—as the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* were thirty years ago—it was as difficult to kill a great journal as to give it birth. Yet the unfortunate *Morning Chronicle*, that, under the administration of Messrs. Easthope, M'Gillivray, and Duncan, showed no symptoms of weakness or decay, inflicted upon itself in the year 1846 a blow from which it never recovered. Alarmed by the establishment of the *Daily News*, under the auspices

of Mr. Charles Dickens, and the powerful moneyed friends by whom he was supported, a paper which was started in avowed opposition to the *Chronicle;* alarmed also by the secession of some of the best writers and critics, who had been allured from their allegiance to the good old journal by the handsomer salaries, greatly in excess of what they had hitherto enjoyed, or that were previously known in connection with the London press—Sir John Easthope and his partners took what proved to be an unwise determination. The price of the *Chronicle,* like that of the *Times,* and all the other morning and evening journals of the metropolis, was fivepence per copy, and it was proposed to publish the *Daily News* at twopence. To meet this competition, and in the hope of increasing its circulation by the lowering of its price, the *Chronicle,* in spite of the warnings of the late Mr. W. Smith, the experienced senior partner in the greatest newspaper house in the world, resolved to reduce the price of the *Chronicle* to fourpence. This was, in the first place, a confession of weakness, and, in the second, it was a most inadequate concession to the rivalry of cheapness. To have reduced the price to twopence might have been an act of successful strategy, but to retain the *Chronicle* at a price double that of its young competitor, was simply to sacrifice one penny per day on every copy sold. The daily circulation of the *Chronicle* was reputed to be about 9,000; and to strike off nine thousand pence per diem from its revenues was to sacrifice £225 per week, or about £13,000 per annum. The reduction was not attended with any perceptible addition to the number of its subscribers, while the diminution in price was such as to convert its former large profit

into a small one, if not into a loss. The *Chronicle* never recovered from this blow, and did for itself what no rivals or enemies could ever have accomplished. At the same time it made bad worse, by retrenching its expenses, dismissing some of its most powerful writers, and lagging behind the newspaper enterprise of the time, when it ought to have braved rivalry by well-judged expenditure. The inevitable result was not long in declaring itself. The *Chronicle* lost prestige, not so much by the superiority of its rival as by its own confession of want of faith in its destiny. It very shortly afterwards passed into the hands of a new set of politicians, composed of men who, unlike the old proprietors, had little faith in Lord Palmerston, the rising genius of the Whig party, or of that coalition of Whigs and more advanced Liberals that at the time were known as Whig Radicals, but much faith in the Duke of Newcastle (then Lord Lincoln), the Earl of Aberdeen, and Mr. Gladstone, who all at that time steered a middle course between Liberalism and Toryism, and who might have been justly called Liberal Conservatives.

The new proprietors of the *Chronicle* were not very anxious to disclose their names to the public, but they could not conceal that of the editor, John Douglas Cook, a hard-headed Aberdonian, once a reporter on the parliamentary staff of the *Times*, who, if he did not wield the pen of a very ready writer, had much political knowledge, a judicial head, and a capacity for government, which enabled him to bring under control, and compel to homogeneity, the sometimes conflicting views and opinions of his editorial assistants, so that their work,

when presented to the public, should exhibit the impress of one leading and governing mind, and one consistent and self-sustained idea, whether in questions of politics, literature, or art. The financial and business management was entrusted to Mr. W. F. Delane, who had been long connected with the *Times*, and had lately seceded from that journal. Under this gentleman, though neither money nor enterprise was wanting, it was up-hill work for some time with the *Chronicle*. Yet it seemed, nevertheless, in the year 1850, that the fine old newspaper, the Nestor of the London press, always consistent, always brave, and always liberal, would not only regain its lost political influence, but increase it. Some time towards the close of the year 1849, a grand enterprise was suggested to the managers by Mr. Henry Mayhew, no less than an exhaustive enquiry into the condition of the poor, and of the labourers and handicraftsmen of the British Isles and of the whole of the nations of Europe. The scheme was vast, and costly; but nothing daunted by the difficulties that lay in the way of its successful execution, the new proprietors of the *Chronicle* resolved to undertake it. No enterprise of such magnitude had ever before been attempted by a newspaper, although it has subsequently been dwarfed by the joint enterprise of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* in sending the gallant Mr. Stanley, at the head of a little army of explorers, to discover the sources of the Nile, and lay bare the hidden secrets of the heart of Africa. Mr. Mayhew commenced his work by a comprehensive enquiry into the condition of the workers and the destitute classes in London, in which unwieldy metropolis there were said to

arise every morning one hundred thousand persons, young and old, male and female, adults and infants, who knew not how to procure the sustenance of the day. Mr. Mayhew divided his great subject into those "who can work, and do work;" "those who can work and are willing to work, but who can get no work to do;" and those "who will not work, unless upon compulsion of the workhouse and the prison, and who prefer the to them easier and pleasanter life of tramps, beggars, vagabonds, and thieves." As his work proceeded many curious and invaluable revelations of the inner life of the miserable, the vicious, and the degraded, as well of the hard and all but hopeless struggles and sufferings of the virtuous poor, were brought into the blaze of a critical publicity. It was, in one sense, as if a mighty microscope were applied to the festers, social sores, and diseases of humanity; and in another, as if some unparalleled photographic apparatus was brought to portray fresh from the life the very minds, rather than the bodies, of the people. While Mr. Mayhew reserved for himself the extended field of the metropolis—more than sufficient to occupy the time and energies of a philosophic mind, and an untiring hand for the best part of a life-time—coadjutors were found necessary to assist in other departments of the work, and were easily procured. Mr. Angus B. Reach undertook some of the large towns and chief centres of industry in England, and was afterwards dispatched to the wine-producing districts of France to describe the condition of the vintagers, and all who were occupied in the cultivation of the grape. He republished these letters in an interesting volume entitled "Claret

and Olives," which is now out of print, and rarely to be met with. Mr. Alexander Mackay, author of a book of travel in America, in three volumes, entitled "The Western World," which is equal in many respects to the far better known work of M. De Tocqueville on "American Democracy," and who had twice visited the United States in the service of the *Morning Chronicle*, investigated the condition of the rural population in various parts of England, but had to leave his work unfinished to undertake a mission to India, on behalf of a body of Manchester manufacturers, to report on the causes which prevented or impeded the cultivation of cotton in that region. Mr. Shirley Brooks took up the work that he had left unfinished, and described the avocations and the people of some of the Midland Districts, agricultural as well as manufacturing. His labours were varied by a lengthened sojourn in the Southern grain-producing provinces of European Russia. These Russian sketches were of greater interest at the time than they would be now, for the politicians of 1850 were doubtful whether Russia could supply this country with as much corn from Odessa as the public had been led to suppose. On the earnest solicitations of Mr. Delane and Mr. Cook, I undertook, though not on the regular staff of my old journal, to enquire into the condition of the people in the two important towns of Liverpool and Birmingham. Two of the subjects which engaged particular attention at Liverpool, and the publication of which excited more than usual notice, both in Great Britain and America, deserve a passing record. The first was the discovery of that singular sect the Mormons, of whom and whose practices the public now

knows so much, and of which it then knew nothing. The second afforded a curious example of the power of the London press to remedy an evil which the local and provincial press was generally unable to remove, and sometimes unwilling even to discuss.

In such a port as Liverpool, from whence the main streams of the great flood of British emigration flows, and have long continued to flow to the United States and Canada, the emigration question, as part of a still larger subject, was certain to attract the early attention of any one, deputed by a great London newspaper, to investigate the condition of the poor. But there was one rill that helped to swell the emigrational river, that trickled at its own wanton will, unknown and unnoticed, or if occasionally noticed, despised as of no account, that by mere accident attracted my attention as the representative of the *Morning Chronicle*. On calling at the office of a great firm, by the agency of whose vessels—not at that time steamers, but fast-sailing packets, now almost entirely superseded—many thousands of people were conveyed across the Atlantic, I was informed that on the following day a party of Mormons were to take their departure for New Orleans. On expressing my wish to go on board and see the party off, the agent expressed his surprise that I should have any curiosity with regard to the proceedings of such "obscure and worthless fanatics," and thought that the public and the readers of the *Morning Chronicle* would not care to know anything about them. My opinion was different, and it was arranged that one of the clerks of the firm should accompany me on board the following day, and introduce

me to the captain. This was done, and the captain in his turn introduced me to some of the principal Mormons, who were elders of the congregation, and had charge of the passengers. I learned from one of them that so far back as 1840 the disciples of Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, and four years before the murder of that singular impostor, by the enraged mob of the city of Nauvoo, where he had founded his temple and avowed the principles of polygamy, he had established some sort of emigrational agency in Liverpool, having correspondents in all the great centres of industry in England and Scotland. During the year 1849 about 2,500 emigrants from Wales, the North of England, and Glasgow, had sailed from Liverpool for New Orleans, to join the Latter Day Saints, as the Mormons called themselves, in Salt Lake City, in the territory of Utah, where these semi-Mahometan, semi-Judaic Christians had established themselves on their expulsion from Nauvoo, and that since 1840 the total emigration in connection with the sect had amounted to about 14,000 souls. The English Mormon agents, not alarmed at publicity, but, on the contrary, courting it, with a hope of increasing the volume of emigration to the territory of the new prophet, Brigham Young, who, after a troubled and uncertain interregnum, had succeeded the murdered Joseph Smith as chief magistrate and pope of the polygamy community, placed at my disposal a whole barrow-load of tracts, magazines and periodicals, published by the Mormons both in England and America. By the aid of these I was enabled, in a series of three letters in the *Morning Chronicle*, to place before the public, for the first time, a

true and impartial history of the origin and progress of the new supersition, or imposture, which had its birth in the brain of the ignorant, but nevertheless clever and ambitious Joseph Smith. The letters excited very great attention. The information conveyed was not only new to the British public, but surprising; and, being afterwards supplemented by a large accession of fresh and authentic materials, was republished in April, 1852. This volume first made the religious world acquainted with the so-called religion which had taken root in the New World, and was drawing from Great Britain many stalwart men, to parody in America the part of the Hebrew patriarchs, and aspire to be, like Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the progenitors of another chosen people, by means of polygamy, and to settle their descendants in the possession of a new Canaan in the heart of America.

The second subject of inquiry, which proved to be as unexpectedly important to the people of Liverpool as it was to the rest of the empire, related to the local government and management of the noble docks of that great emporium. Nearly half a century previous to this time a great fire had broken out in the Goree warehouses, a large and valuable pile of buildings on the banks of the Mersey, which destroyed property valued at nearly £330,000. The warehouses had cost £44,500 to erect, and contained at the time of the conflagration, bonded grain of the estimated value of £120,000; sugar of £60,000; coffee of £8,500; cotton of £30,000; and miscellaneous articles amounting to £60,000. The ruins continued to emit smoke and occasional flashes of flame for nearly three months; and before the great alarm which the conflagration

caused had entirely subsided, the public fears for the safety of the shipping in the port was again excited by a fire which broke out on board of a lighter in one of the most crowded of the docks. This fire was speedily extinguished, and though it did but little damage, the alarm it caused so acted upon the minds of the Liverpool people—the merchants, the directors of insurance offices, the owners of warehouses, and others—as to make all parties yield their assent, without due thought and enquiry, to a provision introduced into a subsequent Dock Act, that neither fire nor light should in future be allowed on board of any vessel in the docks of Liverpool. For nearly forty-eight years the Act had been in operation, during all which time it had inflicted much discomfort and hardship upon the sea-going population that frequented the port, inasmuch as the officers and crews of ships in the Mersey, in the long, cold, and dark nights of winter, were driven to seek the warmth and accommodation on shore that they could not procure on board of their own ships. The American captains from New Orleans, New York, and other transatlantic cities, were loud in their complaints, and declared, publicly and privately, that they would rather enter any port in the world than Liverpool, because in all other ports, London included, they could find the comforts of home in their own vessels. I was invited to dine with half-a-dozen New York captains—who had their head-quarters at the Waterloo Hotel—in the hope that they could persuade me to institute a thorough investigation of the operation of this oppressive bye-law, and place the results before the London public—and, consequently, before the public

of the whole empire. I gladly accepted the invitation. The local press, I was informed, had for years, and from time to time, published letters of complaint on the subject, but wholly without effect. Efforts had been made, but in vain, to have the subject discussed in Parliament. The members for Liverpool either would not meddle with it for fear of offending their most influential constituents, or were of opinion that the prohibition was just and necessary; and the persons more immediately aggrieved had not succeeded in inducing any member for any other place to take up the question. The New York captains thought there might be a chance of obtaining a hearing from the dock authorities if a great London journal, like the *Morning Chronicle*, would go fully into the matter—take evidence and publish it—and appeal to the good sense of the nation, on what they considered, though it might at first glance appear to be of purely local importance, an affair of national interest. I undertook the task, constituted myself a court of enquiry, and found no lack of witnesses, ready and anxious to give important evidence.

I found that the prohibitory enactment had many friends and supporters, who contended on its behalf that if Liverpool were singular in this respect it was only a proof that the docks of Liverpool were better regulated than any other docks in the world; and that the danger of fire was in reality so great that it was much better to inflict a little temporary hardship upon the sailors and officers, than by abolishing or relaxing the law, endanger the existence of millions' worth of property. The captains alleged, on the other hand, that the prohibition

was so cruel and oppressive as in many cases to defeat itself; that lights were used secretly, and therefore dangerously; that the expense of boarding the captains, officers, and men on shore, amounted to a heavy and unjustifiable tax both upon the foreign and the coasting trade; and that, worse than all, the regulation had the direct effect of sending the sailors into public-houses, gin-shops, low dancing-houses, and brothels, in search of such common comforts as light and warmth, of which they were cruelly and unnecessarily deprived; that they were thereby demoralized and rendered unfit for their work, and that very often valuable ships on leaving Liverpool were lost on account of the inability of the men to perform their duty after a course of two or three weeks' revelry among the debaucheries and depravities of the town.

The evidence proved to be of a very startling character, and more than corroborated all the preliminary statements of the aggrieved captains. It filled altogether about twelve columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, and excited so much sensation when reproduced in the principal local journals, and reprinted as a pamphlet at the expense of the American captains for gratuitous distribution to every householder in the town, that the Dock Trustees had no alternative but to reconsider their previous legislation on the subject, with a view to the relief of the maritime population. Though it was conclusively proved that great injury was done to the health and morals of the seamen, that trade was improperly taxed, that a greater number of vessels caught fire, and were lost on leaving Liverpool, and in a much greater propor-

tion than in London or any other port in the world; and that all these evils, and many others, were clearly traceable to the operation of the obnoxious bye-law, it was possible that all these representations of evil, and all these proofs of it, might have continued to be unavailing to produce a remedy except for one little but highly important fact. There was one dock in Liverpool over which the Liverpool dock authorities had no control, a private dock, constructed by the famous Duke of Bridgewater, and at that time the property of his heir and representative, the Earl of Ellesmere. This was called the Duke's Dock, and such frequent mention was made of it by the witnesses who voluntarily came before me, that I resolved to make inspection of it. I found it to be a narrow dock with abundance of quay room, and that it contained on the day of my visit twenty-four "flats" or barges, and two schooners, that had reached Liverpool by canal. I saw from the smoke that there were fires on board every one of these vessels. The quays were covered with cotton bales, bound for Manchester, with barrels of tar and oil, and with kegs of naphtha, and other inflammable spirits. One flat particularly engaged attention. It was so heavily laden with cotton, that unable to stow the cargo otherwise, the crew had piled the bales to a height above the chimney, and the smoke seemed to be issuing from the cotton. The dockmaster, to whom I spoke on the subject, said there was no danger. No accident had ever occurred in that dock so long as he remembered it, or that he had ever heard of. "What was more," he added, "the Duke's Dock is the principal gunpowder dock in Liverpool, and independently of the

powder which is shipped and unshipped on the quays in large quantities, no dock had such inflammable matter entering it and leaving it as the Duke's—and yet there never had been an accident from fire." This evidence proved to be irresistible. The local journals made the most of it. Public opinion was fairly aroused to demand the concession claimed. The dock authorities, after animated discussions, yielded the points in dispute, and permitted fires and lights on board of all the ships in the docks, with only such restrictions as to time as were enforced in London, Southampton, and other ports.

The sequel of this story will be best told in the two following letters from a gentleman, a member of the Society of Friends, who took much interest in the question on the grounds of humanity and philanthropy, and who acted as honorary secretary to a committee that charged itself with the presentation of a memorial, in remembrance of the victory that had been won.

"BEECHLEY, near Liverpool,
"9 mo. 2, 1850.

"MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

"I send thee by this post a copy of the *Liverpool Chronicle*, containing important proceedings by our Dock Committee, and a good article on Fires and Lights. The subject, I think, is now about settled.

"The American captains feel how much they are indebted to thee for the rapid progress of this cause, and have expressed repeatedly their wish to make thee some little return: and if thou would accept of a present, either in the form of a gold snuff-box, a bank note, or in

whichever way would be most agreeable to thyself, I am sure it would be affording them a gratification, and I shall be only too happy to carry out their wishes.

"Captain Knight has gone to sea: Captain Shearman goes to-morrow. He dined with me yesterday, and wished, that if I had an opportunity, I would tell thee, that if thou ever wished to visit the United States, so long as he and Knight sailed, they should esteem it a privilege to give thee a free passage in their ships out and home.

"I remain,

"Thine very sincerely,

"CHARLES WILSON."

"BEECHLEY, Liverpool,
"1 mo. 30, 1851.

"MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,

"It is with real pleasure that I sit down to inform thee that the testimonial from the American captains is at length completed, and will be sent off to London on Saturday night next. Till then it remains on view in Mr. Mayer's window, to give the worthy captains and all who have taken an interest in the Fire and Light question an opportunity of seeing so well merited and, I may say, popular a tribute.

"As a pleasing incident, I may mention that as soon as Mr. Mayer was aware of the object of the testimonial, he expressed his wish to be allowed to contribute towards it, by producing as handsome an one as the subscriptions would allow, free from all charge, except the cost of material and workmanship, saying that the introduction

of Fires and Lights on ship-board would tend so greatly to the comfort of the sailor and to the morality of the town.

"Hoping that thou mayst live long, and with every happiness, to enjoy this mark of appreciated services in a good cause, I remain, with sincere regards,

"Thy sincere friend,

"CHARLES WILSON."

It only remains to add that the testimonial consisted of four very handsome silver candlesticks, with a complimentary inscription.

Though the inquiry into the condition of the masses of the people in all parts of the country was carried on with great spirit and energy by the *Morning Chronicle* and its numerous correspondents; and though vast quantities of valuable information were thus communicated to the world, it was generally understood that the circulation of the paper was not in consequence increased to the extent which the proprietors anticipated. But they did not lose courage, or bate a jot of heart and hope in their great enterprise. But a circumstance occurred which brought it to a premature conclusion. The gentleman who had the largest pecuniary interest in the *Chronicle*, as well as the greatest confidence in the political cause which it represented, and the greatest sympathy with the social questions which it had undertaken to discuss, unexpectedly died. His executors, in the absence of any instructions in his will, decided that his estate could no longer contribute to the working expenses of his favourite journal, and that it was their

duty to his family to sell his interest in it.—A purchaser with the requisite means and courage to sacrifice large sums annually, with the hope of eventual profit and reward was not easily to be found. Ultimately, the copyright of the *Chronicle* was sold to a person unskilled in newspaper management, who damaged its character by selling its columns for a subsidy from a foreign potentate. From his possession, after a short and not very brilliant struggle to keep it standing on this rotten foundation, it passed into the hands of a speculative American, who knew little or nothing of English politics or English feeling. He speedily discovered the mistake that he had made. Under his manipulation the *Chronicle* went rapidly down in character, and in sale; and passed finally into a still lower depth of degradation, in which it expired of inanition and mismanagement in 1864, in the ninety-sixth year of its age.

But "even in its ashes live its wonted fires." One of the old proprietors, who had carried it on with so much spirit in the days of its "Labour and Poor Commission," resolved, after the *Chronicle* had been sold to the acceptor of foreign subsidies, to establish a weekly journal, and to employ in conducting it its late editor, Mr. Douglas Cook, and the principal members of its editorial staff. That weekly journal still exists, as a vigorous offshoot of the old *Morning Chronicle*, and it is known far and wide as the *Saturday Review*—a power in the world, both of politics and literature.

THE NATIONAL MELODIES OF ENGLAND.

In 1851, immediately after the close of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, which rendered that year so memorable in the peaceful history of the world, Mr. Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, was desirous of introducing some new feature into the management of that popular journal, and of issuing a series of illustrated supplements on some subject unconnected with the news and politics of the time, and which might recommend it more especially to ladies and to families. He mentioned his idea to Mr. George Hogarth, the musical critic of that journal, who had formerly, and for many years, held the same office for the *Morning Chronicle*, but who had seceded from the *Chronicle* to join the *Daily News* on its establishment by his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Dickens. Mr. Hogarth mentioned the matter to me, and said he had suggested to Mr. Ingram that he should do for the National Music of England what his, Mr. Hogarth's, father-in-law, Mr. George Thomson, of Edinburgh, had, in conjunction with Robert Burns, done for the National Music of Scotland; and what Thomas Moore and Sir John Stevenson had done for the Melodies of Ireland. He was deputed

he said, to ask if I would undertake the editorship, and write a part, or all of the songs, which were to extend to the number of one hundred; and if I approved of Sir Henry Bishop as the editor and arranger of the melodies that were to be rescued from oblivion. The idea was particularly welcome. It had been a dream of my youth that this task would some day or other fall to my lot; and I thought not only that the choice of Sir Henry Bishop as the musical director of the enterprise, was particularly appropriate and fortunate, but that the medium of publication—a journal of such wide popularity and fame as the *Illustrated London News*—was the very best that could have offered. The terms were speedily arranged; and Sir Henry Bishop, though advanced in years, set to work with all the zeal and enthusiasm of youth, to hunt up melodies worthy of revival. He was Professor of Music at the University of Oxford, and knew the musical as well as other manuscript treasures of the Bodleian Library, which he set himself to ransack for our mutual purpose, and in which he made many valuable discoveries. The enterprise was duly announced to the readers of the *Illustrated London News* and the public towards the end of December, 1851, in the following article, setting forth the full scope, purpose, and reason of the design:—

"It has been frequently affirmed of late years, that the English, whatever they may be at present, were formerly not a musical people. It has been loudly asserted by many, who claim to be the exponents, if not the leaders, of public opinion, that we have not, and never had, any national music. 'The music of England!' said the

Emperor Napoleon to a lady at St. Helena, "it is execrable! They have only one good melody." And he named a Scotch air, 'Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,' as the sole example of English music which he considered endurable. But all this is a misconception. England has as much music as her neighbours—perhaps more. English music is peculiar: it is not simply a music of imitation, but of originality; racy, and of the soil. There was a time when the English were pre-eminently a musical people—when singing was considered a necessary part of the education of a gentleman—when music was taught at every public school—when apprentices and workmen, in almost every kind of handicraft, studied singing as an accomplishment, as the German work-people do at this day—and when the phrase 'merry England' expressed a reality, and not a mere fiction of romance-writers. Some hundreds of the fine melodies that delighted our ancestors in the days of Elizabeth still remain amongst us. Some of them linger in remote country districts, some are still more extensively known, while many only exist in scarce books or manuscripts, and are known to none but musical antiquaries.

"Several causes have operated to consign these beautiful and peculiarly characteristic melodies to neglect, and to banish them from the circles of the educated and refined. To borrow a phrase already employed in reference to this subject, 'it has been the misfortune of English music to have been married, in too many instances, not to immortal, but to immoral verse.' The manners of our forefathers were rougher and coarser than those of the present time. Our ancestors were not so nice in their

language as their descendants are; and they wedded many of their most exquisite melodies to poetry which did not offend the fastidious in their day, but which in ours exclude them from the family hearth. Other songs, again, less offensive than these, are tolerated rather than approved of upon the stage. Among scores of others, we would instance Shakspeare's song, 'When daisies pied,' as one of this class, which cannot be suffered in the drawing-room, and of which, for this reason, the beautiful music is lost to a large circle who would otherwise appreciate and enjoy it. A third class of songs are objectionable, not for their immorality or their indecorum, but for their vulgarity; a fourth, and even larger class, are obsolete in their allusions, and not easily made intelligible in the present day; a fifth class are devoted to the sensual, and in many instances brutal, pleasures of the table, now happily disaccordant with the improved and improving manners of society; while a sixth class, more numerous than all, are deficient in heart and reality, being mere echoes of school learning, without foundation in truth. The Lesbias and Chloes of English song originated in the college exercises of boys, and not in the heart-feelings of men. Our forefathers seldom sang of wine without introducing Bacchus, whom they degraded into a Silenus; of war without Mars; or of love without allusion to, or celebration of, Venus and Cupid. If a stranger to our literature and our religion should judge of us by the lyrical effusions of a past age, he would almost be justified in considering us a nation, not of Christians, but of Pagans.

"In consequence of these causes, and perhaps of many

more, the fine old music of England has gradually fallen into neglect or disrepute, and the people are not generally aware of the existence of such a treasure of melody as really belongs to them. Scotland, which suffered under the operation of similar circumstances affecting the poetry of her old songs, has been more fortunate in the rescue of her national music from oblivion. Allan Ramsay and his coadjutors began the work, which was afterwards continued to better purpose by Robert Burns and the late Mr. George Thomson, assisted in the musical department by Haydn and Beethoven, who arranged the greater portion of the melodies; and the music of Scotland, not superior to that of England, has in consequence become celebrated throughout the world. The same good offices were equally well performed for the music of Ireland by Mr. Thomas Moore and Sir John Stevenson, with a result which has charmed the social circle in every part of the empire, and will continue to do so as long as taste, feeling, and refinement, and a love of the arts, exist amongst us. But both Scotland and Ireland, as is now well known, were indebted to the genius of the English for many melodies which they claim as theirs. In support of this assertion, it is sufficient to quote only the names of a few songs, such as 'The girl I left behind me,' 'My lodging is on the cold ground,' and 'John, come kiss me now,' which are unquestionably English, although naturalised in one or other of the two divisions of the kingdom which have claimed an exclusive right to them. 'John Anderson my jo,' and some other melodies now naturalised in Scotland, were originally cathedral chants common to both countries; while many

celebrated Scottish airs, such as 'Auld Robin Gray,'* 'Within a mile of Edinburgh town,'† 'Mary's Dream,' and others, were composed by Englishmen in imitation of the Scottish manner. That no one has attempted to do justice to the music of England, and perform for it what has been done for the music of Scotland and Ireland, has long been a matter of surprise; and it has seemed to the gentlemen whose names appear in connection with the present enterprise, that the time has at length arrived when this great work should be undertaken.

"Their object may be described, in a few words, as that of restoring the music of England to the place in the popular heart which it never would have lost, had the morality and graces of the poetry been equal to the beauty of the melodies; to rescue fine music from desecration; to produce new songs to the old tunes, which, whatever may be their deficiencies in other respects, shall not offend decency and decorum, or do violence to the opinions and sentiments of the present age; which shall not pander to coarse bacchanalian excess, or make a jest of womanly virtue; which shall not call the blush to the cheeks of youthful modesty; which shall uniformly make song the handmaid of innocence, and administer to the harmless pleasures of the social circle. The author of the new songs to the old favourite tunes, while he feels that he

* The original Scottish tune of the affecting ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," is no longer sung—having been superseded by one much more beautiful and appropriate, in successful imitation of the Scottish style, by the Rev. Mr. Leaves, a clergyman of Bath.

† This song was written by the famous Tom D'Urfey. The music was composed at a later period by the father of Theodore Hook, the novelist, for the entertainments at Vauxhall Gardens.

may possibly fail in reaching those higher excellences of the poetic art to which he would fain aspire, has so much faith in himself as to be convinced that he will not fail in another and far more important portion of the task. His songs, whatever their literary demerits may be, shall at least be inoffensive. If they raise no enthusiasm by their beauty, they shall excite no condemnation on the part of those who would make literature in every department the ally of religion and virtue."

The work thus heralded was received by the critics of the daily and weekly press with cordial approval, and prognostications of success. It was illustrated as it proceeded by many beautiful designs from the pencils of Mr. (now Sir John) Gilbert, Mr. Birket Foster, Mr. George Thomas, who died too soon for the fame that seemed awaiting him, Mr. William Harvey, one of the finest draughtsmen of his day, and illustrator of Knight's Shakspeare, Mr. George Dodgson, Mr. Kenny Meadows, Mr. O. Clayton, Mr. Samuel Read, and others. During its progress many hundreds of letters were written by Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. W. T. Moncrieff, and others, in relation to the early history and paternity of the English melodies, of which the origin was either wholly unknown, or but partially suspected. As a contribution to the history of English music and of its literature, a work which has yet to be written, I select some of the most interesting and important of these letters: Mr. Moncrieff was the author of the once celebrated farce of "Tom and Jerry," that took the town by storm, in the days "when George the Third was king," and the Prince Regent reigned in his father's name, in all the plenitude of his second-hand

glory. Mr. Moncrieff was at this time old and blind, afflicted with *gutta serena*, a pensioner, and inhabitant of the Charter House, in which he was very lonely and unhappy, and which, in all his correspondence, he persistently called the "Monkery." He was particularly interested in the work, and having a very retentive memory, he dictated to an amanuensis many valuable particulars of old and popular songs with which he had become familiar in a varied and extensive course of reading.

The first number of the Songs and Melodies appeared early in December, 1851, and was warmly hailed by the press, and especially by the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Sun*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Literary Gazette*. The *Chronicle* went into the subject *con amore*, and after a few introductory remarks on the subject of the brilliant series of supplements which the *Illustrated London News* had presented to its readers during the progress of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, went on to say: "The first number of this new and great undertaking is before us. It contains five songs, arranged respectively to the airs of 'When Daisies Pied,' 'The Vicar of Bray,' 'Sally in our Alley,' 'Packington's Pound,' and 'Fair Sally loved a Bonnie Seaman.' The songs are first printed entire, then accompanied by the music, and adorned each by two fanciful illustrations—a pictorial echo, if we may so speak, of the main sentiment of the ditty—and a vignette catching up and developing one of the subsidiary thoughts introduced. These illustrations are remarkably graceful wood engravings, done with the most perfect finish and delicacy, and in almost every instance very happily reflecting the sentiment and feeling of the poetry. Of Sir Henry

Bishop's arrangements it would be superfluous to speak. They are simple, perfectly characteristic, and in entire keeping with the flowing ease of ballad music. The songs with which the work opens are pleasingly varied in tone and sentiment, and are all perfectly graceful and appropriate to the music. 'The Cuckoo' is a merry, rural lay, fresh and hearty, with a characteristic touch of quaintness. 'The Wintry Winds,' to the air of the 'Vicar of Bray,' is a stirring ditty for snug fire-sides in roaring weather. 'The Boatman'—a tender little snatch, half legend, half-sentiment—is a most happy exchange for the vulgar detestability of its prototype, 'Sally in our Alley.' 'The Light of Love,' set to the dancing air of 'Packington's Pound,' possesses not a little of the 'John Anderson my jo' feeling, very sparklingly versified. 'Of Lowly Birth, but Regal Beauty,' to the air of 'Fair Sally,' we hardly think up to the mark of the other four songs. It aims somewhat at the style of a better Dibdinism, but Dibdinism altogether is a school which had much better be left undisturbedly to die out.

"In the introduction Mr. Mackay modestly, but firmly, states his reasons for substituting words of his own for so many well-known and long-established English ditties.

* * * * * *

"It will be no doubt urged upon the other side that, inapplicable as many old songs are to modern feelings and sympathies, still they are established, and for ever bound up with the original airs—that they are frequently historic—that they often mark an epoch of manners or a phase of national belief—and that the 'Down among the Dead Men,' or the 'Vicar of Bray,' although the one refers

only to old-world politics and deep drinking, and the other is but locally satiric, and written for an age and not for all time, will nevertheless, with all their faults, ever retain a firmer popular hold than less strongly coloured and characteristic modern productions. To some extent, there is truth in this view. But while we would be the last to wish for the dismissal into absolute oblivion of even coarse or vulgar songs, so long as they are illustrative of a former period and former manners, there can be no doubt that modernised words are more suitable for general use. It is one thing to have the old ditties in our books, and another for our wives and daughters to have them on their pianofortes."

While the scheme was yet in embryo, Sir Henry Bishop laid the proposed foundation of his work in the following letter and enclosure :—

"Cambridge Street,
"Hyde Park,
"June 23rd, 1851.

"My dear Sir,

"I intend myself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Ingram this day; and should I find him at the office (in the Strand), will hope to make the basis of an arrangement with him by which we may commence our labours without delay.

"I enclose a slight list of songs, etc., the greater part of which would be available for our purpose to commence with. In making that selection, I have had that object in view which I conceive to be all-important—namely, the necessity of bringing forward beautiful, and, many of them, excellent melodies, the words of which are not at

present suitable for *female* lips, but which can be made made so *de nuovo*, through the aid of your genius. For it appears to me that, although in some instances the words of the songs may not be objectionable, still they are not such as a lady could sing; the melodies, therefore, are to *them* but as a 'sealed book.'

"In looking into 'authorities,' I find a vast field for us to glean from. There are many of the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh Melodies, the words of which have not hitherto been rendered unobjectionable by modern poets, —and which, even if they have been, might have new versions,—and many English melodies from the earlier part of the seventeenth century to almost the present time.

"Hoping very shortly for an opportunity of seeing you on the subject of a work which I conceive likely to be so interesting not only to ourselves, but to the public of the United Kingdom,

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"HENRY R. BISHOP."

LIST OF SONGS.

FROM THE "BEGGAR'S OPERA."

"Virgins are like the fair flower."—*Purcell.*
"Can love be controlled by advice."
"If the heart of a man."
"The first time at the looking glass."
"I'm like a skiff on the ocean tossed."
"Come, sweet lass."
"When my hero in court appears.

By Wm. Shield.

"The heaving of the lead."
"The Thorn."
"The Plough Boy."
"The Streamlet."
"When William at Eve."
"I've kissed and I've prattled."

By Jackson, of Exeter.

"When first this humble roof I knew."
"Encompassed in an angel's frame."
"The heavy hours are almost past."

By Dr. Arne.

"When daisies pied."
"Gentle youth, ah, tell me why."

By Charles Dibdin.

"I locked up all my treasure."
"Admiral Benbow."
"The Mid Watch."

"Wapping old Stairs."—*Percy.*

By Hook.

"The Lass of Richmond Hill."
"Tarry awhile with me, my love."

"Little thinks the townsman's wife."—*Dr. Arnold.*

"The Mansion of Peace."—*Webbe.*

"My lodging is on the cold ground."—(*Old English*).

"O, had I been by Fate decreed."—*Howard.*

"O, how shall I in language weak."—*Carey.*

"The Rose of the Valley."—*Reeve.*

By Purcell.

"Two daughters of this aged stream."
"Ah, how happy are we."

"In love should there meet a fond pair."—*Barnard.*

"My native land."—*Storace.*

"Hope, thou nurse of young desire."—*Weldon.*

My earliest literary friend, John Black, the once-renowned Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and then living in retirement in Kent partly on a small annuity purchased by the sale of his extensive library, to which allusion has already been made, and partly on the bounty of Mr. Walter Coulson, a friend, and former *collaborateur* of the press, who had prospered greatly in a better profession, wrote me on the occasion the following encouraging letter. At this period of his life he read nothing but Greek—a fact which explains the comments on Greek poetry with which his epistle is enriched :—

"Birling, Town Malling,
"June 25th, 1852.

"My dear Sir,

"I received yesterday the 3rd Number of your Songs, addressed to me by yourself. The task on which you have entered is one of great difficulty, but judging from the specimens I have seen, I have no doubt you will execute it with success. You are not new in this department of Poetry. I think I have heard during the last half dozen years your song of 'There's a good time coming,' oftener sung by the *people*, than I have ever heard any one song sung during the course of my life. Your friend, Tom Campbell, affected to be annoyed when his *Wounded Hussar* superseded every other ballad in the streets of Edinburgh something more than fifty years ago; but I suspect you have no such dread of excessive popularity. I see you avoid the *concetti* of

Moore, in which I think you are right. Your song of 'Notice to Quit' is much more truly Anacreontic than anything of his. By the bye, it is astonishing how extensively the Scotch song writers have borrowed from the Greek anthology. Campbell thought the coincidence of the Scotch and Greek arose from identity of taste; but there is more in it than that. The 'Baloo my Babe' is almost a paraphrase of the verses in Simonides, in which the mother of Perseus addresses her infant.

"The Scotch and Danes and Swedes, who may be said to use almost the same language, have a great advantage over the English in Lyrical Poetry. Independently of their beautiful simplicity, their languages are peculiarly vocal. The Italian is hardly more vocal than the Swedish, which has the advantage of a simplicity that no language of which the roots are not obvious to the people can possibly have. You will be glad to know that I have not had an hour's illness since I came here. The situation is fine, the scenery good, and I have that mixture of reading and exercise which is most conducive to health. I am now in my sixty-ninth year; the other day I walked to Stroud, seven miles, in the morning; walked about all day in London, lost the train which suits the omnibus, so that I had to walk seven miles after half-past nine, in a dreadful night of wind and rain. I suffered no inconvenience from it: so that you see I am sturdy for an old man.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN BLACK.

"Postscript.—I know nothing of the *Chronicle*, and never see it.

"Charles Mackay, Esq."

Very shortly after the appearance of the first number, Mr. Moncrieff wrote as follows :—

"Dec. 20th, 1851.

"My dear Sir,

"It was by the merest chance that I heard you were about to do that for English Music, which Burns had done for the Scotch and Moore for the Irish. I lost no time in sending for the first number of the English Songs, and at the risk of appearing obtrusive, cannot refrain from expressing to you the high gratification I have received. The subject is one that has been a passion with me from boyhood. It was a common practice with me some five-and-forty years since, previously to going to any party, to write some verses for my own private singing to any vulgar tune that might happen to be a favourite with me. They were mostly amatorial (*sic*), and did not breathe the noble sentiment, the pure morality, the exalted feeling so distinguishable in your 'I lay in sorrow deep distressed.' I should think there are few persons living who are so intimately acquainted with the Melodies of England as I am. I would at one time have gone anywhere to have caught hold of a common melody, one perhaps that had never been committed to music,—but let me not make assertions without giving some proof. In the comic songs I wrote for the late Charles Mathews—'Short stages,' 'Life of a Collegian,' 'The Theatrical Coachman,' etc., I ever selected the Air from some before then unvocalized dance tunes, knowing I could get nothing composed that would answer my purpose half so well. Then I delighted to press into the

service of the stage, the often beautiful tune of some tabooed 'Chanson d'Amour,' as in 'Giovanni in London,' 'I gave her kisses,' etc.

"With regard to the trifles I wrote for myself, and with which I used to mystify my friends, I will give you one or two examples, though I am well aware it must be at my own expense, and that I must be laughed at; but then I was but a boy, and love is ever the strongest passion in the very youthful heart. I will have mercy on you; I will only give you one song complete, and a verse of another: the first I wrote to the air of 'Heigho says Rowley;' it ran thus :—

"I'll raise my love a summer bower in some sweet dingle,
I'll twine it around with many a flower,
And meet her there in the evening hour,
When the dew-drops, new drops, bright that are glist'ning.
Where lilies and moonbeams mingle."

But on second thoughts I won't inflict the remainder of this stuff on you. Take the first verse of another to the air of 'The Bold Dragoon: '—

"This little cup I would not change for cups of golden store,
For oh, 'tis made from that broad beech that stands at Norah's door,
Which when the haze was all on blaze,
And summer's suns were fiercely glowing,
With friendly shade, relieved the maid,
Joy, freshness, gladness, all bestowing,—
While she so sweetly was on its yielding bark impressing,
My name, with soft shame, her ardent flame expressing."—
Etc., etc.

But enough of this nonsense.

"Go on, my dear sir; delight and serve every lover of

English Music, and immortalize yourself, as you most assuredly will. I shall look forward to your future supplements with the greatest eagerness, promising myself a world of satisfaction and gratification. Pray accept the compliments of the season; they do not promise to be very cold ones this year, and

"Believe me that I am very gratefully,

"And truly your much obliged and devotedadmirer in every way,

"William T. Moncrieff.

"Charles Mackay, Esq."

Sir Henry Bishop so greatly admired the music of Dr. Arne to Shakspeare's song, "The Cuckoo," introduced in "Love's Labour Lost," and commencing with the words "When daisies pied and snowdrops pale," that he strongly urged me to write another song to the same melody. I was not unreasonably apprehensive of adverse criticism, and of the accusation of temerity or something worse that might be brought against me if I dared to meddle with anything which the genius of the Great Bard had made immortal, and I long refused to entertain the idea. "But Shakspeare died more than a hundred years before Arne composed the air," argued Sir Henry; "and we have to do with Arne, not Shakspeare; Shakspeare's song is detestable, Arne's music is glorious, and I really cannot see any sufficient reason why the melody is not to be as open to you and me as any other we may select. I want to introduce the song into the society of ladies, and what true lady can sing:—

> "The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
> Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
> Cuckoo! cuckoo! oh, word of fear,
> Unpleasing to a married ear!"

In such lines I can see neither poetry nor decency. And, more than all, I do not believe that Shakspeare wrote them."

Agreeing with Sir Henry as regards the beauty of Dr. Arne's air, and the undesirability of omitting it from our collection, I ultimately adopted his suggestion, and sent my version of 'The Cuckoo' to him—a song that was wholly descriptive of the sights and sounds and innocent pleasures of the spring. He acknowledged the receipt of it in the following letter:—

"13, Cambridge Street,
"Hyde Park,
"Sept. 4, 1851.

"My dear Sir,

"'The Cuckoo' song will do extremely well. I think that no apology whatever is due from you to the Shakspearian public for the alteration of a song, which no decent female ever ought to have sung. It is rather the public that should enter on record an humble apology for having during so many years listened patiently to such indecency.

"Yours very faithfully,

"Henry R. Bishop.

"Charles Mackay, Esq."

"The Cuckoo," commencing as Shakspeare's song commenced, with the words "The daisies pied," but

departing entirely from the model, after this initiatory phrase, led off the series, accompanied by the following note from Sir Henry's pen :—

"'When Daisies pied' forms part of a collection of songs by Thomas Augustine Arne, published for the author, and, as the title-page informs us, 'sold at his house, No. 17, in Craven Buildings, Drury Lane.' A copy of the grant of George II. to Mr. Arne, of a 'Royal Privilege and Licence' solely to print and publish these songs for the term of fourteen years, is prefixed to the collection, and is dated the 29th of January, 1740. It is proof of the intrinsic merit of this melody, that its popularity has endured for more than a century, although the indelicacy of the original words has banished it from the drawing-room. It will continue to be admired by all who appreciate the style of graceful simplicity of Dr. Arne's excellent compositions, and of our national music in general."

Among the songs selected as peculiarly English, as well as beautitul, and therefore admirably suited for our purpose, was one which Sir Henry found in an old music-book, which he transcribed and forwarded to me. In reference to this he wrote :—

"I regret very much to find that the air turns out to be the march in 'Scipio,' by Handel. What are we to do in the dilemma? I hardly know. I have looked through all the melodies I possess in the hope of meeting with an English air as good as Handel's, that will suit the poetry you have written for it; but there is not one! We must, however, talk the matter over. It is quite clear that Handel had our fine old English tunes before

him when he wrote in this country, particularly those of Purcell, on whom, as has been repeatedly asserted, he formed his style. Bird's air, 'Fortune my Foe,' must have been familiar to him when he wrote this very march in 'Scipio;' and he candidly confessed that he never cared whom he pillaged, if the thing were worth taking."

The air was ultimately included in the collection, on the ground, strongly supported by Sir Henry, that if not written by an Englishman, it was composed for an English opera, in avowed imitation of the English manner.

Another air which he and I were most desirous of introducing into the series was the beautiful one in the opera of "Midas," of which the poetry commencing—

"Pray Goody, please to moderate
The rancour of your tongue,"

seemed unworthy of the music. As it was produced in an English opera, Sir Henry came to the conclusion that it was the work of an English composer, and as such clearly within the scope of our design. A new song had been written to the air, and the music arranged and in the printer's hands, when Sir Henry was informed by a letter from Mr. Moncrieff that the air was French, and the composition of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Upon this supposed discovery, he wrote:—

"Cambridge Street,
"Jan. 27, 1852.

"My dear Sir,

"The 'Pray Goody' matter is indeed vexa-

tious. It will never do to print it unless we make it clear that it is *not* Rousseau's. I have suspected it might be his, but when I consulted his 'Devin du Village,' I found it was *not* in that opera. The 'Devin du Village' was Rousseau's only opera, or interlude, as it is called, and was produced about 1751, and in 1780 he published six *new* airs for that piece. The opera was translated by Dr. Burney, and brought out at Drury Lane in 1766, under the title of 'The Cunning Man.' That opera I can procure. Surely Burney would not have admitted 'Pray Goody,' if he had found it Rousseau's piece! But whether he did or not we shall see.

"The only other vocal music that Rousseau published is a Collection of his detached Songs. The book is entitled 'Les Consolations des Misères de ma Vie.' I have seen it, but no 'Pray Goody' does it contain.

"It is very strange there does not appear any record when 'Midas' was first produced, nor by whom the music was selected and arranged.

"Believe me

"Yours ever faithfully,

"HENRY R. BISHOP.

"Charles Mackay, Esq."

He again wrote on the same subject on the 9th of February:—"She is a very mysterious Dame, this 'Goody;' but I will not let her rest." Three days afterwards he wrote:—"With regard to 'Goody,' I have the 'six airs nouveaux' in the 'Devin du Village;' but there also the *wretch* does not make her appearance. There

is now only one chance for her (or us), and that is in the airs deposited in the British Museum. I will consult them, but I strongly suspect they will only turn out to be the same as in his 'Consolations de ma Vie.' The oddity of the matter is what grounds Mr. Moncrieff, or any one, can have taken for assuming that 'Goody' was one of Rousseau's Trumpets ('Rousseau's Strumpets'). Determined to trace the matter, if possible, he reported progress about a fortnight later. "I have consulted the Collection of Songs by Rousseau in the British Museum, but there is no 'Pray Goody' among them. There are two sets of these Chansons—one containing twenty-eight, and the other six. I also looked over a very extensive collection of French music,—but no 'Pray Goody' in it; I take it that the air cannot be found to be French; and I maintain that it is English."

Mr. Moncrieff having sent me several letters with reference to 'Pray Goody,' which I forwarded to Sir Henry, he responded as follows:—

"Cambridge Street,
"Hyde Park,
"March 3rd, 1852.

"My dear Sir,

"I am much gratified by Mr. Moncrieff's interesting letters; and have no doubt whatever that we have now got on the right 'track' of 'Pray Goody.' That melody I will prove to be the composition of *Dr. Burney!* 'Midas' was produced in 1761 in Dublin. It was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in 1764. The edition of it (of that year) with which we have been favoured by Mr. Moncrieff states that 'Pray Goody' was written to a

'tune in "Queen Mab."' One account of that piece informs me that in 1752 Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Burney composed the music for three pieces at Drury Lane Theatre—namely, the tragedy of 'Alfred,' the burletta of 'Robin Hood,' and *Woodward's Pantomime* of 'Queen Mab.' (This accords precisely with Mr. Moncrieff's account.) 'The success of the *latter* was remarkable; it was taught to all young ladies, set to all barrel-organs, and played at all familiar music parties. Nevertheless the young composer preserved a strict *incognito*, which his daughter, Madame D'Arblay, accounts for by supposing that, as he was still under articles to Dr. Arne (who was his musical preceptor), he was "disfranchised from the liberty of publishing in his own name." From this thraldom he was emancipated by Fulke Greville, Esq., who proposed terms to Dr. Arne for the release of his pupil, which were accepted.' Other accounts state that "Queen Mab," a pantomime (composed by Burney), ran sixty nights the first season, and was revived almost every winter for near *thirty years* after. The date here given is 1750. Again, it is stated that he produced the 'musical drama' of 'Queen Mab' in the winter of 1749–50. I am in possession of three songs in 'Queen Mab,' published by T. Oswald, in St. Martin's Lane; but they have neither any date or name of the composer; nor is 'Pray Goody' one of them. I do not find 'Queen Mab' in any of my catalogues, and it will be desirable for me to ascertain whether it is in the British Museum—though it will be merely from curiosity, for I feel not the slightest doubt that we have now got at the 'birth, parentage,' &c., of

'Pray Goody,' and that the true sire of the old wretch who has caused us such a hunt is Dr. Burney.

"Believe me,

"Ever yours faithfully,

"HENRY R. BISHOP.

"Charles Mackay, Esq."

A few days afterwards, still harping on the same string, he wrote :—

"March 26.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I spent the morning of yesterday at the British Museum in another hunt after some copy of the tune of 'Pray Goody.' I have not yet found it, but think that I shall very shortly 'unkennel the fox.' I was at the Museum on Monday also, and examined Madame D'Arblay's memoirs of Dr. Burney. Her account of 'Queen Mab' makes it perfectly clear that her father composed the '*whole*' of the music for that piece. I am now consulting at the Museum the *nine* volumes of English Songs of the eighteenth century which Burney left to that institution. These volumes contain in *each* about two hundred Songs, but I could not get through more than two of the volumes yesterday. Some of the Songs are from 'Robin Hood,' and printed (by *Oswald*) without the name of the composer; but the Doctor has himself *written* on them, 'Composed by Charles Burney.' It will be strange if in such a collection he has not preserved some of the songs in 'Midas,' and even the music in 'Queen Mab,' if any of it was set to *words* in his time !—*nous verrons*.

"Yours respectfully,

"HENRY R. BISHOP."

A few days afterwards, still on the trail or scent of the as yet undiscovered "Pray Goody," he wrote :—

"I have again searched the British Museum for a copy of 'Queen Mab,' but at present cannot meet with it. I have seen Burney's Collection of Play Bills, and find it stated (in MS.) that 'Queen Mab' was produced for the first time, December 16th, 1750; and that Woodward was the 'Harlequin' in that piece. The other characters appear to have been pantomimists: not singers. The name of the composer of the music is not stated. The *General Advertiser* of that year says that it was an extremely successful piece; and there can be no doubt that 'Pray Goody' was originally a pantomime *tune*—which the first edition of 'Midas' states it to have been —viz., 'a *tune* in "Queen Mab."' I was in hopes to have got at the music from Dr. Burney's grandson, the Rev. Mr. D'Arblay, but I learn that he died about fifteen years ago. I have several engines at work to discover a copy of the music of 'Queen Mab,' which must have been printed, and I do not despair of getting at it.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"Henry R. Bishop."

Sir Henry's pertinacity and industry were ultimately rewarded with success; and he traced the air unmistakeably to the first edition of "Midas," printed in London in 1764, where it is expressly stated that the air of "Pray Goody" "is a tune in 'Queen Mab.'" He embodied most of the particulars given in these private letters, in a note which was appended to the song when published in the *Illustrated London News*. In this he traced all

the great popularity of Dr. Burney's air to the revival of "Midas" at Covent Garden Theatre in 1812, and the exquisite manner in which "Pray Goody" was sung by the then celebrated vocalist Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Moncrieff was as pleased with the discovery as Sir Henry Bishop, and wrote as follows:—

"The Monkery,
"March, 1852.

"My dear Sir,

"'*Ex fumo dare lucem.*' I am glad you are able to cast such a light, to many an electrical light, on a matter so much in the dark, as was the question of the birthplace and parentage of 'Pray Goody.' It is singular enough that unknowingly I should have kept pointing to the composer by referring you to Burney's collection of Play-Bills in the British Museum. I return Sir Henry's most interesting letter, and thank you for the very great treat afforded in its perusal. He appears, in it, in quite a new character. We have all heard of Thomas Britton, the musical small coal man. Sir Henry is a Briton of another sort; not only a musical great man—*the* composer of his age, but a man of deep research, curious investigation, great reading, and general knowledge. As there is nothing like securing a friend at court, if the R.A. of Music should institute a berth for a detective musical policeman, to look into all cases of false keys and notes, would you speak a word in my favour to Sir Henry? Depend upon it some of the rogues should squeal in the high notes of the gamut for their depredations, &c., &c."

"Yours ever,
"W. T. Moncrieff."

Another melody that gave us some trouble was the "Harmonious Blacksmith," which on the faith of a tradition that Handel (or, more properly, Händel) took down the notes from the singing of a blacksmith when working at his anvil in the smithy of some unknown or unmentioned English village, Sir Henry hoped might prove to be an English tune. He urged me to write a song to the air, but I had a misgiving—I know not how it arose—that it was French, and therefore not available. On this subject he wrote, under date of the 12th of April, 1852—"I do not believe that Handel had any hand in the composition of the air, and am of opinion that he merely put some variations to it, in his 'Set of Lessons.' This, however, I will enquire into. The poor Blacksmith was buried at Whitchurch, near Edgware. A tombstone was put up in the churchyard to his memory. I have seen it, and there is something in it, relative to the tune which Handel adopted, but I forget the exact purport of it." He wrote again on the 27th of April, after having made researches:—"The 'Harmonious Blacksmith' is decidedly *not* by Handel, but whether it is English, or composed by another German, I have yet to ascertain. I got at some history of the tune while I was in Birmingham. My opinion is that it is English. Handel heard Powell the Blacksmith sing it. As for the anvil part of the story, I think *that* is nothing but nonsense."

Sir Henry proved to be wrong in the conjecture that this soft, pastoral, and beautiful air was English, though he was quite right in the supposition that strokes on the anvil—with the imitation of which many performers in the present day destroy it—were wholly alien to its character

and spirit. The air proved to be French, and was accordingly excluded from our series. It first appeared in a collection of French "chansons," published so early as 1565, to the poetry of Clement Marot, the celebrated French chansonnier, who died twenty years previously. The verses commenced:—

"Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été
Et plus ne saurais jamais l'être,
Mon beau printemps et mon été
Ont fait le saut par la fenêtre."

The air appears to have acquired the name of "The Harmonious Blacksmith" without the concurrence or knowledge of Handel, and in a singular and roundabout manner. The circumstances have been well explained by Mr. W. Chappell—in a letter to Mr. Ella, of the *Musical Record*. He says, under date of the 26th of May, 1865, that "one Linten of Bath, who had been a smith before he turned to fiddle-dealing and music-selling, was the first who published the lesson from Handel's '*suite de pièces*' under the name of the 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' in the early part of the present century. From his devotion to music Linten had acquired the nickname of the "Harmonious Blacksmith," of which he was not a little proud. When he began to sell music he transferred his own popular designation to the printed copy of the air by the performance of which he had principally obtained fame. . . . The story of Handel's having composed the air, and that it was suggested to him by hearing the strokes upon an anvil in a blacksmith's shop, which shop he is supposed to have been passing on his road to Canons, is due to

the imagination of the late Richard Clark, one of the gentlemen of her Majesty's Chapels Royal. Seeing that the title of 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' had been generally adopted by publishers, he did not stop to enquire whether it was new or old, or even whether it were Handel's or not. He imagined the strokes upon the anvil, and actually printed the air with those imaginary beats of the hammer under it. Having found that the Blacksmith's shop nearest to Canons was at Edgware, he at once fixed upon its former tenant as the man by whom Handel had been inspired. He bought his old anvil, and collected subscriptions to erect a stone to his memory."

Thus do errors grow. The only part that Handel had in this exquisite piece of music was to produce the variations upon the old French tune, of which—like a first-rate musician as he was—he saw all the capabilities. It is to be hoped that for the future, the performers—male or female—who favour the family circle or the larger public with the execution of this graceful melody, and its equally graceful variations, will omit the hammer thumps, and play the piece as Handel meant it—acting upon the advice of Hamlet to the players, "to use all gently, and acquire and beget a temperance that may give it (the air) smoothness;" remarking that it may offend a true lover of music "to the soul to hear a robus tious" executant—tear his gentle "piece to tatters—to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings!"

There was still another tune of which the previous undiscovered history was as curious then as it is now—the world-renowned air of "Yankee Doodle," which the

Americans have made their own. Mr. Moncrieff took more than usual pains to trace it to its origin, and sent the results of his investigations in the following letter:—

"The Monkery,
"March 23, 1852.

"My dear Sir,

"Among my other peculiarities is that of religiously keeping my word. I said you should hear from me to-day relative to 'Yankee Doodle.' I perform my promise, but let me first very sincerely hope that you got pleasantly home on Saturday, when you did me the honour to call at the Monkery, where I so often, to use the words of poor Moore,

'Feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Where lights are dead, and odour shed,
And all but me departed!'

And now for 'Yankee Doodle!' It will, I think, be impossible to name who composed it, as it was originally a drum and fife tune, played for the troops to march to in some one of our regiments, similar to the tune known as the 'Rogue's March,' to which one Jack Cousins, a clever vagabond, wrote for his own singing at a sort of Cock and Hen Club—a Free-and-Easy, called the Court of Comus, in the early part of the present century—the comic song, 'Oh, Poor Robinson Crusoe,' which was introduced by 'Jerry Sneak' Russell into the 'Mayor of Garratt,' and which led the way to the 'Tight Little Island,' 'Abraham Newland,' &c. These drum and fife tunes were usually composed by the master of the band

or drum-majors, who were often clever musicians. The air now known as 'Yankee Doodle' was one of these. Before further mooting the subject, which has been somewhat lengthily discussed in 'Notes and Queries,' Vols. 4 and 5, it should be premised that the word 'Yankee' comes from the manner in which the Indians in America pronounced the word English, speaking of the Colonists. As the Colonists in general were a very queer lot, 'rum ones to look at, but good ones to go,' their nigger slaves in derision used to call them Yankee Doodles—from a nigger song adapted by them to the drum and fife tune, which was commonly played by the British regiments in America, of which four lines were :—

'Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a wooden pony,
Stuck a feather in his tail,
And called him Macaroni!'

During the attacks upon the French outposts in America in 1755 General Shirley and General Jackson led the force directed against the enemy lying at Niagara and Fontenac. The ragged regiment of native Americans that then flocked in to encounter them presented so motley an appearance that, by way of derision, the British played the lively tune now known as 'Yankee Doodle' when marching to attack them. Lord Percy, in 1775, caused his band to play 'Yankee Doodle' in derision of the Americans, which air, it appears from the Earl of Carlisle's Lecture on his Travels in America, is the same now used by the Americans as their national tune. That the niggers used to call their American masters Yankee

Doodles can be proved by a song which Sir Henry will find in the British Museum, G. 310—163. The Catalogue gives the conjectural date of 1775. The song is entitled 'Yankee Doodle, or the Nigger's Farewell to America;' the words and music by T. L. One verse may serve as a specimen of the whole:—

'Now farewell, my Massa, my Massa adieu;
More blame or more stripes will me ne'er take from you,
Or will me come hither—or thither me go,
Or help make you rich by de sweat of my brow,
Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle! dandy, I vow,
Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle! bow! wow! wow!'

"No liberal-minded American will venture to contend that the air is native, but freely admit its English origin. By the bye, play the second part of 'Yankee Doodle' in andante time, and then tell me if it must not have been suggested originally by some old Highland bagpipe march.

"I have the honour to be,
"Your very obliged and obedient servant,
"William T. Moncrieff.

"Charles Mackay, Esq."

It should be observed that the stanza above quoted cannot be sung to the air, now known as "Yankee Doodle," but appears, by the repetition of the words "Bow! wow! wow!" at the close, to have been adapted to an old and well-known tune called "The Duke of Norfolk," of which the last stanza ends with "Now! now! now!" though the word "Yankee" in America is solely applicable to the people

of the six small States of New England, and is considered as a term of opprobrium in New York, Pennsylvania, and, in fact, in all the States of the Union, and more especially in the South, where "Yankee" and "Mean Cuss" were held before the great Civil War to be synonymous. The tune remains a great popular favourite, and has been adapted to scores of patriotic songs of more or less poetical merit. The air was held by Sir Henry Bishop and myself to have been so thoroughly identified with America, that though we had with Mr. Moncrieff no doubt of its English origin, we determined not to include it in our collection.

Sir Henry Bishop very greatly admired an air, which has been vulgarised, as far as beautiful music ever can be vulgarised, by its association with the nursery rhyme, "Sing a song of Sixpence," and by the coarse allusions in "Taffy was a Welshman," a song which is sung to the same air. Played slowly and gracefully to a foreigner unaware of the silly and objectionable words, by which it has been, to some extent, demoralised—the air always excites admiration—and of itself deserves all the admiration that has been bestowed upon it. I had an idea that the air was Scotch, but knowing how greatly pleased Mr. Moncrieff would be, if asked to help us in discovering its origin, I wrote to him on the subject. He replied after a few days, under date of July 14:—"It is a purely old English air, and is of some antiquity. Becoming popular, it was changed from *andante* to *allegretto* time, and taken into the service of the nursery. It was then made the vehicle for national reproach. At the commencement of the seventeenth century the popular prejudice ran very strongly against

the Welsh. A figure of a Welshman, stuffed with straw, was always paraded through the streets of London on the first of March, and then burnt. The tune has since wholly dropped out of popular favour. Early in the present century there was a song sung to it in the streets, beginning:

'Don't you know the muffin man,
O don't you know his name.
And don't you know the muffin man
That lives in Drury Lane.'

"To find out the composer of this fine melody is impossible. A man might as well try

'To call up him who left untold
The story of Cambuscan bold.'"

Mr. Moncrieff returned to the subject two days afterwards, and said—"Since I last wrote to you I have stumbled on the following note on 'Sing a song of Sixpence,' written at least some five and twenty years ago. Where the supposition comes from—for it can only be a matter of supposition and tradition—I know not. It is, at all events, ingenious; and if there be nothing to confirm it there can be nothing to controvert it. The note runs thus: 'These lines are political, and were written in the time of the Commonwealth to a popular melody at that time very current. They were introduced into the nursery by the Cavalier party, to keep alive, and kindle even in the cradle, the loyalty of the children. The pocket full of rye is a correct allusion to the fugitive monarch, who made his escape from Horsham, very near Rye, after the battle

of Worcester. The blackbirds, who were so ignominiously cooked up, were, of course, the Roundhead regicides, forming, indeed, a very 'dainty dish,' when cut up, 'to set before a king.' You can have no idea of the pleasure this sort of thing, the hunting up of old songs and tunes gives me."

When the Stuarts succeeded to the throne of England their court and followers brought many Scottish tunes along with them, and this appears to have been one of the number. It is doubtless as old as Mr. Moncrieff represented, and is known in Scotland as "Calder Fair." A version of it, which by no means does justice to the lovely air, appears in the posthumously published songs of Lady Nairne—a lady who for a long period charmed the Scottish people with songs that rank in fame with those of Burns, and were very often attributed to him, but who never allowed the secret of their authorship to escape. Sir Henry Bishop restored the air to its pristine beauty; he writes to me on the occasion: "Your song to 'Taffy was a Welshman' goes extremely well, and I have no doubt it will prove a success. It is a capital song, and in my opinion there could not have been a better tune for it." It was published in the *Illustrated London News*, under the title of the "Only Shilling," with a statement that it was English, as Mr. Moncrieff alleged, and as I was led on his and Sir Henry Bishop's authority to believe. We were more fortunate in escaping error in another song, "The Blue Bells of Scotland." This is almost invariably spoken of as a Scottish air; but Sir Henry Bishop found reason to suspect that it was English, and urged me to write new words to it, to dispossess, if possible, the old

song of Mrs. Jordan. He was induced to form this opinion by receiving from Mr. E. Fitzgerald, of Woodbridge, in Sussex, a manuscript copy of what purported to be an "old Sussex tune" to a song commencing "Oh I have been a forester this many a long day." Three or four bars of the melody were almost identical with the second part of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," but as the remainder bore no resemblance to that popular favourite, and the whole tune was so beautiful as to be well worth preserving, I so far complied with Sir Henry's wish as to write "The Magic Harp" to Mr. Fitzgerald's kind contribution to our work. Sir Henry wrote, under date of the 22d of October, 1852, "I am strongly of opinion that when Mrs. Jordan composed 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' she founded her air upon that rescued from oblivion for us by Mr. Fitzgerald, or rather that she originally intended to sing it to that tune, but finding some parts of it too high for her voice, which was of very limited compass, she altered them, and the air became that of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland.' She sang it in 1804 (or 1802) just after the Battle of Alexandria, and I do not believe that a copy of it can be found in books of Scottish song previous to that date. Mrs. Jordan's alterations being supposed to constitute a copyright, the air was during a certain period published only by her permission, each of the numerous copies that were sold having her seal affixed to it, bearing the name of 'Dora.'" Mr. Moncrieff wrote on the same subject, enclosing an extract from "Notes and Queries:"—"I have a copy of the original 'Blue Bells of Scotland,' purporting to be composed and sung by Mrs. Jordan, and bearing the publisher's name, B.

Burchall, 140, New Bond Street. It bears no date, but from other sources I find that it may be correctly assigned to the year 1801. The words, which are very nonsensical, relate to the Marquis of Huntley's departure from Holland with the British forces, under the command of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie in 1799." To this Mr. Moncrieff added—"I have ever thought 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' a very beautiful air, but was not before aware that it was English. I should like you to write some new words to it." This, however, I declined to do, partly because I did not believe that the air was English, or that Mrs. Jordan composed it, and partly because I was of opinion "that it was in reality Scotch, and that the old words, indifferent as they were as poetry, were, in other respects, unobjectionable, and too firmly rooted in popular favour to be displaced.

Sir Henry Bishop directed my attention to an air which had long been popular, entitled, "The Thorn,"—commencing, "From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested, A sprig her fair breast to adorn." This air, he said, was composed by William Shield for his friend Incledon; by whom it was sung in an entertainment called "Variety," and was afterwards introduced into several operatic dramas, such as "Rosina," &c. The original words of "The Thorn" are remarkably insipid and uninteresting; and its long-continued popularity must therefore be ascribed to Shield's music, and the simple yet expressive manner in which it was sung. "Braham," he added, "also sang it. In the first edition, signed by Shield himself, and also in the second edition, rather to my surprise, it is stated that the words

are by Robert Burns! I had supposed them to be by a Mr. Rannie; but my recollection was of thirty years ago, and I must not wonder that I was not quite correct." In a subsequent letter he wrote that he was right in considering that the entertainment of "Variety" was by Rannie—the author also of Shield's celebrated song, "The Port Captain;" and that the name of Burns was improperly placed upon the title page of "The Thorn" by the publisher for the sake of attracting attention, the name of Burns being then (1802) popular in England, six years after his death.

Another of Shield's melodies which Sir Henry rearranged was "The streamlet that flowed round her cot," which he described as a graceful and flowing melody, from the opera of "The Woodman," first performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1791. It is related, he added, in Dr. Bushby's "Concert Room Anecdotes," that Shield received one thousand guineas from Messrs. Longman and Broderip for this opera. However worthy of such a recompense, this must have been an enormous sum to be paid for an English opera in those days. The only parallel instance that has come to my knowledge is that of "The English Fleet," for the music of which opera (in 1802) Mr. Braham received the same amount. Dr. Arne, in 1762, sold the copyright of "Artaxerxes" for sixty guineas, which was in his time reckoned "a ruinous sum for such a property;" and Charles Dibdin declared that for the entire copyright of his operatic after-piece entitled "The Padlock" (which was first produced in 1768, and of which, in the course of a few years, it has been computed that more than ten thousand copies were

sold), he received only forty-five pounds. Shield, therefore, was peculiarly fortunate in having to compose his opera of "The Woodman" at a period when dramatic music was better remunerated than it had previously been; while the great and richly-deserved reputation he had gained may in some degree have influenced Messrs. Longman in making so liberal a purchase of his work. The opera itself contains several charming pieces of a pastoral character, and in Shield's best style, among which may be instanced the glees, "For all thy boons below," "What is love?" "Hard is the task," and "Hark! the bugle's sylvan strain." It was immediately after the production of "The Woodman," that Shield visited Italy, in company with Mr. Ritson, to whom the world is indebted for the restoration of many excellent specimens of British lyric poetry. Shield's avowed object in undertaking this journey was to improve himself, not in composition, but in singing,—and we are told that for this purpose he received lessons from the best masters at Rome every day during his two months' residence in that city. Shield had already begun to introduce some Italian *bravura* songs into his operas (there is one of them in "The Woodman," by Sacchini); but though his more recent works possess a few further evidences of his "leaning" towards foreign graces in his composition, he never forsook that pure and simple style of English melody by means of which he had first raised the unassuming temple of his fame. "The Streamlet" was composed for his friend and pupil Incledon, by whom it was sung with extraordinary success,—a success almost equal to that of his later song, "The Thorn."

Among the older tunes which it was thought absolutely necessary to revive for the acquaintance of the ladies of the nineteenth century, were two which he particularly admired. The first was the fine Royalist or Cavalier air of the days of the Commonwealth—"The King shall enjoy his own again." "This tune," he wrote, "seems to have been adapted to the words of a great number of songs, that were altered from the original, or written to suit the various political circumstances of the times in which they were produced, from the days of the Cavaliers and Roundheads down to the period of 1716, when it was used in connection with 'An excellent new ballad, called "Illustrious George shall come,"' another new song entitled 'Since Hanover is come,' and again, 'A Song for the 28th of May, the birthday of our glorious sovereign King George.'" In the course of its long career of service the air itself underwent many alterations. The version which, through the kindness of a friend, he adopted for our collection, he thought to be the latest, and declared to be decidedly the best. A small quarto volume in the British Museum, inscribed "Elizabeth Rogers, her Virginall Book," contains what is no doubt the original tune to which the old song was written. "There is no proof," he added, "that the tune was more ancient than the middle of the seventeenth century."

His second favourite was a much older air, entitled "Fortune my foe," contained in Queen Elizabeth's Virginall Book in the British Museum, and which appears to have been exceedingly popular in the days of Shakspeare. The old ballad of "Titus Andronicus," on which was founded the play of the same name, was sung to this

bold air—that is capable both of a martial and mournful reading, and is equally good in both. This tune is mentioned not only by Shakspeare in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," but, according to Mr. Chappell, by Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other dramatists of the period, and by Burton in the "Anatomie of Melancholy." One cause of its popularity was the familiarity of the people with it, in consequence of its being usually employed by the street ballad-singers, in the doleful ditties composed on the execution of extraordinary criminals. Sir Henry preferred the martial to the melancholy version of the air, and adapted it to a patriotic song, entitled "The glory of the flag."

Among other songs in Queen Elizabeth's Virginall Book which we adopted was "The Carman's Whistle," arranged with variations by William Bird, and also contained in a manuscript collection of Bird's compositions for the virginal, called "Lady Nevill's Music Book,"—a thick folio, the music of which is neatly written by John Baldwine, "a singing-man at Windsor." "The carman in the time of Elizabeth," wrote Sir Henry, "may have 'whistled as he went for want of thought,' but there is no reason to agree in the supposition which has been set forth, that his class in particular possessed musical abilities. Shakspeare, indeed, in his play of 'Henry the Fourth,' Part II., makes Falstaff say of Justice Shallow, that 'he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the *carmen whistle*, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights;' and Taylor the Water Poet says, 'If the carman's horse be melancholy or dull with hard

and heavy labour, then will he, like a kinde piper, whistle him a fit of mirth, to any tune above Eela (E *la*) to belowe Gammoth' (Gamm' *ut*). It is possible that these tunes, the one that is entitled 'The Carman's Whistle' may have been an especial favourite. Though it has been vulgarised by its introduction to the modern stage, and often sung by one dramatic clodhopper, with a whistling accompaniment by another, the air is susceptible of a light and graceful rendering, and will, in my opinion, fit well with the new poetry, 'The Swallow and the Robin,' which it has inspired you to write."

In a letter undated—a very unusual omission with Sir Henry—he wrote:—"I have just been playing over a beautiful air, entitled 'The Soldier's Farewell to Manchester,' which it would be a sin and a shame not to include in our collection. You may judge of the unworthy doggrel of the song or ballad to which it has been cruelly mated by the first stanza:—

> 'In coming down to Manchester to gain my liberty,
> I saw one of the prettiest girls that ever I did see,
> I saw one of the prettiest girls that ever my eyes did see,
> At the Angel Inn in Manchester, there lives the girl for me.'

"I think it was either John Wesley or the Rev. Rowland Hill—I am not certain which—who said, when adapting some popular melodies for his chapel, that he did not see why the Devil should have all the best tunes. For my part, I don't see why all our most beautiful airs should be left to be vulgarised by the scum of the populace." He shortly afterwards hunted up some particulars respecting the composer; and wrote:—

"'Farewell, Manchester,' was composed in the early part of the last century by the Rev. William Felton, prebendary of Hereford. It was commonly called 'Felton's Gavot,' and is said to have been performed as a march when Charles Stuart's army quitted Manchester in the year 1745. At about that period some words were written to it, entitled 'A Song made on the Peace,' and beginning 'Fill, fill, fill the glass;' a printed copy of which, with the music, is now in the British Museum. Felton was also the composer of several organ and harpsichord concertos, which were formerly much admired; and 'Felton's Ground,' a musical composition so called, was in such high repute as to be introduced into an Italian opera brought out in London, 1762."

Sir Henry was not aware that Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayley, the author of many hundreds of songs that were popular in the second and third decades of the present century (familiarly known as Butterfly Bailey, from one particularly egregious composition, "I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower"), had already endeavoured to revive "Felton's Gavot" from the desecration into which it had fallen. For that purpose he had written a song—"Give that wreath to me"—of which the first stanza has been preserved in Mr. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time." Sir Henry, when informed of the circumstance, came to the same conclusion as myself—that as he had not been warned off a particular air, with which we desired to enrich our series, by the fact that the words to which it was usually sung were Shakspeare's, we were not to be warned off another and still more beautiful melody, because Mr. Haynes Bayley had taken a

fancy to it. "Farewell, Manchester," was, therefore, introduced into our Collection, where it appeared under the title of the "Eolian Harp."

Another particularly pleasing air—susceptible, like so many of the best melodies of all nations, both of a martial and a pathetic interpretation—was one entitled "Joan's placket's (petticoat's) torn," of which none of the ancient words have been recovered, even by Mr. Chappell. Its beauty recommended it to Colley Cibber, who wrote a song, entitled "When I followed a lass that was froward and shy," afterwards introduced by Bickerstaff, in the once favourite operetta of "Love in a Village." There is a tradition recorded by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, in his "Family History of England," that the tune, turned into a slow march, was played at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringhay Castle. Mr. Chappell says that as "Joan's Placket" is evidently a trumpet tune, it is possible, though he seems to think not probable, "that it may have been played outside the castle that day." The air was included in our series under the new title of "The Return Home," with a pastoral and graceful rather than a martial treatment by the composer.

The once highly popular and lovely English air known under the name of "Balance a Straw" could not be omitted from a collection claiming to skim the cream of English music, and was highly recommended to my notice by Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. Moncrieff, and by a dozen or more friends and anonymous correspondents. Sir Henry Bishop traced it no further back than 1758, when it appeared in a collection of songs, all purporting to be the

composition of Mr. Oswald, at that time a composer and music publisher, living in St. Martin's Church-yard, Charing Cross, to some verses commencing with the words, "From the man whom I love though my heart I disguise." How it obtained the title of "Balance a Straw" has not been explained, though there is a tradition that it was a tune played on the chimes in the church tower of some assize town, and that some barrister, or judge, or more likely some wily litigant, much aggrieved by the law and the hair-splitting of lawyers, connecting the air in his mind with the opening of the assizes and the wordy warfare of opposing counsel, called it by the name by which it is now best known. The air is easy, flowing, and pastoral, and was utilized in our enterprise by association with a new song, entitled "The Green Lanes of England," under which new name it became exceedingly popular.

Sir Henry, who put his whole heart into a work that he believed would be a national one, wrote as follows on the 5th of April:—

"My dear Sir,

"I cannot resist sending you an extract from a letter of an acquaintance of mine, a clergyman, the vicar of a parish in the north of England. Some of his remarks may be of service to us; at all events, they prove that he is interested in our work. Indeed I had a letter some time ago from another clergyman at Leeds, full of praise of our labours, and of anxious expectation for the remainder of the songs. The vicar says—'Let me thank you for placing before me in a pleasing form many great

favourites. I learned that exquisite air, "Polly Oliver," in a public-house at Culham, while waiting, for a post-chaise, thirty years ago. It was sung by a peasant. I wish you had repeated the first two lines. One of the most characteristic airs in Chappell's collection, flowing, but full of arch humour, is No. 90, "The Friar in the Well." I sent Chappell some words for it some time ago, which he said he would use in another edition. You may judge from them, what, as I think, ought to be the style of them. Mr. —— and I have employed "As on a summer's day," using both the major and minor tunes. I hope you will give us that beautiful air, "O Polly, you might have toyed," and the "Girls we leave behind us," though Moore has so beautifully Hibernicised it in "As slow our ship." I introduced in a lecture once "Phillida flouts me," and "Love will find out the way." Both proved very effective. The latter is now quite a favourite in this part. I have not been able to hit off anything for "Light o' Love;" I hope your coadjutor may be more successful. If you can get one single hint out of this infliction, you will perhaps pardon one who bores all his friends on this subject, but who is, dear Sir Henry,

"'yours, etc., etc., ——

"'P.S.—"The Snow fell fast" is an arrangement of No. 26 in Chappell by a sister of mine. You may do what you like with any of these things. But don't mention my name.'

"The vicar has sent me the songs he alludes to:—'As on a Summer's day.' It is arranged by an organist of Newcastle, but not printed.

"I am quite certain that a very powerful interest has been created by these songs all over the kingdom, and that interest will be greatly increased as the work proceeds. I got through five more volumes of Burney's collection of songs on Saturday at the British Museum.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"HENRY R. BISHOP."

Some of the hints of the reverend gentleman were taken; but I decided not to meddle with the air of the "Lass I left behind me," first, because I believed it to be Irish; second, because Moore's "As slow our ship her foaming track," had pre-occupied the field even if it were English, and could not be surpassed or fairly rivalled by any new attempt that might be made to supersede it; and last of all, that any such attempt would certainly prove a failure.

The exquisite air alluded to by the reverend gentleman as "Polly Oliver" was adopted into our series under the title of "Derwentwater." The song was supposed to be a lament of the unfortunate Countess of that title while her husband lay in captivity in the Tower awaiting trial for participation in the Rebellion of 1745. For this offence, which he shared with some of the noblest blood of Great Britain, he afterwards suffered death on Tower Hill, while his innocent descendants were punished for an act in which they had no part, by the confiscation of his estates for the benefit of Greenwich Hospital. "Polly Oliver," or "Pretty Polly Oliver," or "Polly Oliver's Ramble," had previously been considered a comic song, and was written by some ballad-maker of an early day, in celebration of the

freak of a young woman, who had donned male attire, and enlisted as a soldier in the same regiment with her lover. It began—

> "As pretty Polly Oliver lay waking in bed,
> This comical thought came into her head,
> Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove,
> I'll list for a soldier and follow my love."

The air was popular in the early part of the eighteenth century, and was adapted to many political and other parodies, as well as to a love song by Lord Cantelupe, entitled "Fair Hebe"—

> "Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design,
> To escape from her charms and to drown love in wine,
> I tried it, but found when I came to depart,
> The wine in my head, but still love in my heart."

Remembering the brilliant success achieved by Thomas Moore with the comic song—

> "Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are tight roving blades,
> And all their delight is in pretty young maids,"

which, by an alteration in the time, he converted into the plaintive and pathetic "Meeting of the Waters," or "The Vale of Avoca," Sir Henry and I were emboldened to try a similar experiment with "Pretty Polly Oliver." The result justified our expectations: the new song became one of the most popular of the series, and was introduced by Sir Henry with great approval and favour at all the musical lectures, illustrated with songs by male and female vocalists, which, during many months, he was engaged in delivering in various parts of the country. Sir Henry

wrote, with reference to a once well-known air, to which he was partial:

"I think we should attempt to revive the sprightly tune of 'Peg à Ramsay,' well known in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. Shakspeare, in his play of 'Twelfth Night,' alludes to 'Peg à Ramsay;' and in after-times the tune was adapted to songs of various description, among which may be enumerated D'Urfey's whimsical ditty, printed in 1660, commencing thus—

'O London is a fine Town,
And a gallant City,
'Tis govern'd by a scarlet Gown,
Come listen to my ditty!
This City has a Mayor,
And this Mayor is a Lord,
He governeth the Citizens
All by his own accord.'"
&c., &c.

The tune was introduced in "The Beggar's Opera," 1727, to the words, "Our Polly is a Sad Slut," but with a few alterations—according, at least, to the copy of D'Urfey's "dittie" in Dr. Burney's collection of English songs in the British Museum. It is also in Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, 1730, adapted to a song called "The Masquerade Garland." This advice was taken, and the air was included in the *Illustrated London News*' series to a song entitled "When I recall what Love has done." Sir Henry wrote a second part to it, and appended the following note:—"There are sufficient grounds for believing, that though several of our old tunes consisted of no more than one part or period (in some instances

terminating in the dominant, etc., of the key-note—a proof of their ancient derivation), many others which appear to have been thus limited were originally of a greater length; but that from a variety of causes—such as an air, when traditional, being imperfectly remembered, or the first part of it exclusively being quoted by musical historians, and likewise employed for different sets of words—the subsequent portions or 'second parts' of those tunes are lost to us perhaps for ever. The attempt to repair any such loss, and to supply the deficiency with suitable music, will no doubt be considered presumptuous. That attempt, nevertheless, has been made; and for the composition of a second part to the tune of 'Peg à Ramsay,' I alone am responsible."

Mr. Albert Schloss, once a German publisher in good repute in Berners Street, Oxford Street, who, when he fell upon evil days, was kindly employed, for the sake of "auld lang syne," by Mr. Charles Dickens, his friend in prosperous times, forwarded to Sir Henry a German reprint, which had accidentally come into his possession. Sir Henry wrote upon the occasion:—

"Cambridge Street,
"Hyde Park,
"May 18th, 1852.

"My dear Sir,

"The fame of our 'Melodies,' brought from oblivion by your poetry, seems to have travelled into Germany. A number, containing three of the songs, has just been put into my hands, published at Darmstadt; and I should imagine from the appearance

of it, that the whole work is in course of publication as fast as it is brought out here. What authority they have for doing this I cannot tell, nor whether there is any international law existing with that part of Germany. The songs are very neatly printed, and Herr Staudigl (who is delighted, he says, in singing them) tells me that your words are beautifully translated into the German. Your name, of course, appears—mine also. The three songs in the number I have are 'I lay in sorrow,' 'If his heart never throbbed,' and 'The barley and the hop.'

"It is stated on the title-page that the work is sold for the benefit of the distressed people of the Odenwälder.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"HENRY R. BISHOP."

While the songs were in course of publication, congratulatory letters poured in upon us from all sides, both at home and abroad. But in other respects they were not a success. Many subscribers to the *Illustrated London News* complained that they occupied the space which ought to have been devoted to the news of the day, or, better still, to a novel or a series of short tales and essays. Musical amateurs also complained that the page of the *Illustrated London News* was too large to place upon the piano-forte, or for a vocalist to hold in the hand while singing from the music; that the fabric of the paper was too limp, and would not stand straight without bending over or folding down; and recommended that for the future they should all be printed on the ordinary music paper of the music shops, so as to be

separate altogether from the newspaper. Many members of the music trade were hostile to a mode of publication so different from and so greatly calculated to rival or to prejudice their own; while another and very numerous class of people insisted that new music was better than old; that the old tunes were dying, and deserved to die, and that it was a vain attempt to revive them. Another and very forcible objection was made to the effect that, beautiful as many of the airs undoubtedly were, when played on the piano-forte their compass was so great that no lady could sing them, though their great-grandmothers might have done so.* Another, and, as it appeared, a final objection, was that Sir Henry Bishop's accompaniments were much too simple and much too old-fashioned to please the taste of the day; that in the desire not to overload the ancient melodies by meretricious ornament and needless elaboration, he had gone to the other extreme, and left them bare, fit only for the voice, and not for the piano-forte. Perhaps all these objections, taken singly or in the aggregate, would not have

* This subject was mentioned in after years to the late eminent and highly esteemed Dr. James Copland, the author of the "Cyclopædia of Medicine." He declared the objection to be well founded, and added, that the beautiful Scottish melodies sung in his youthful days by his fair countrywomen of all ranks of life were rarely sung by the ladies of the nineteenth century, for the simple reason that their compass was too great. On being asked to explain why the compass of the voice had so greatly diminished in modern times, he stated emphatically, that the cause was over indulgence in tobacco by the fathers, which affected their offspring, both male and female. "Tobacco smoking," he said, "soothes, but it also dulls the action of the brain, and when indulged in to the undue extent now so common in society, tends to enfeeble the nervous powers of the new generation, to limit the gamut of the voice, and generally to impair vitality and virility."

prevented the accomplishment of the design of the projectors; but Sir Henry Bishop died before the work was completed—in 1855—and the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News* declined to engage a new composer to complete the half-accomplished series. So my long-cherished project came to an inglorious collapse, and it is left to some one, possibly yet unborn, to rescue the ancient music of England from oblivion, and to place its songs where they ought to stand—on the same level with those of Scotland and Ireland.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON AT KNEBWORTH.

It was my good fortune to enjoy during many years the friendship of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—afterwards Lord Lytton—a man who stood in need of no title of nobility to adorn a name that his genius had rendered illustrious. When I first became acquainted with him, in 1854, he suffered, as he did until the close of his life, the infirmity of deafness, which deprived him more or less of the society he was so highly qualified to adorn, and which partially excluded him from the arena of public debate and parliamentary life, in which it was his ambition to distinguish himself. He displayed a keen interest in all the events and opinions of his time—in literature, in art, in politics, and in the speculations of philosophy—though he never seemed to take kindly to the discussion of any of the scientific questions that exercised the intellect of some of the bravest thinkers of the age. Though Fate and Fortune had made him a *grand seigneur*, he was pre-eminently a scholar and a man of letters; and though possibly proud of the baronetcy, and afterwards of the coronet, which he had reconquered out of the past by political service, he was evidently

prouder of the due recognition by the public of his literary abilities, to which partially, though not mainly, he owed his rank. Though he had gone through trouble, disappointment, chagrin, and sorrow, enough to make an inferior nature cynical, there was not an atom of cynicism in his large mind; and although he was, above all things, a man of genius, he was endowed by nature with so copious a fund of common sense, that his genius never led him wrong, or afforded, by the abnormal display of it, any pretext for shallow fools to assert from his example, that a man of genius was of necessity one who could not take care of himself, or manage his own affairs with as much prudence as a baker, a cheesemonger, or a carpenter. He once told me that he sometimes found it expedient to curb the impulses of his generosity or extravagance—he did not know which to call it—by a rush into the opposite extreme of parsimony. "I have," said he, "some of the blood of Elwes, the miser, in my veins; and my ancestor occasionally asserts the mastery over me. But I don't allow him to possess me wholly, but only to qualify my natural disposition by a dash of Elwesian avarice. Not that I love money unwisely; but I most certainly respect it, as Lord Bacon respected Knowledge, and for the same reason—because it is POWER:—power to be independent—power to please yourself, and power to be of service to other people."

"How well," I replied, "your feeling has been expressed by Robert Burns in his sage poem, addressed 'To a Young Friend,' worthy to rank with the advice of Polonius to his son, in 'Hamlet:'—

'To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour.
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.'"

"Fine poetry," he replied, "and sound common sense. I wish I could read Burns without a glossary; but I can't; the more's the pity!"

It was his undoubted possession of the hardest common sense, in addition to gifts of imagination and fancy, that often made me wonder, in my frequent intercourse with him, whether he really believed as much as he seemed to do in the phenomena or tricks of Spiritualism, which always formed a favourite subject of discourse whenever he could procure a sympathetic listener. It happened that I also was a student of what was at first called Animal Magnetism and Mesmerism, secondly, Clairvoyance, and, thirdly, Spiritualism; and that in compiling the "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions," I had been obliged to go through many scores, if not hundreds, of volumes in French, German, and English, that treated of Haunted Houses, Ghosts, Witches, Dreams, Predictions, Alchemy, Rosicrusianism, and other kindred topics. Sir Edward had also read much on these subjects, and gathered many hints for his novels from them, as will be obvious to all who remember the weird and wild romance of "Zanoni," and that, if possible, still wilder and more extravagant, entitled "A Strange Story." I had also attended, with critical

attention, and a desire to grasp the truth, many exhibitions of "Spiritualism," and had aided very powerfully, through the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, not only in expelling from London an impostor of the name of Alexis, who flashed upon the town, under the auspices of Dr. Elliotson, in 1844, but in exposing the false pretensions of other media, or mediums, male and female, who had gained notoriety and money by the display of their "Spiritual" charlatanery.

Thus, in talking upon these subjects, we both spoke, as it were, like experts. He very soon discovered that I believed to a certain extent in the physical phenomena of Animal Magnetism, and that I utterly disbelieved in the alleged phenomena of Clairvoyance and Spiritualism. He, on the contrary, appeared to have faith in the truth of the manifestations, and though admitting that Clairvoyance and Spiritualism might be traded in by impostors, as Religion might, he was inclined to accept as a fact that departed spirits were permitted to revisit the earth, and make their presence known to mankind by some magnetic, electrical, or other agency, which, within our limited sphere of knowledge, it was impossible to explain. I could recount as many conversations that passed between us upon these subjects as would fill a volume—he supporting, I denouncing, the pretensions, or, as I called them, the delusions and the impostures of the Spiritualists; but I refrain, and merely record my conviction that in reality, after long study and investigation, Sir Edward Lytton became an unbeliever also, and had only toyed with Spiritualism in the interest of his art as a novelist,

in order that he might thereby fathom, or attempt to fathom, some of the depths of that deepest of deep seas—the human character; and turn his knowledge, or, maybe, his half-knowledge, to account in some new and more marvellous novel than he had ever before produced.

In my frequent visits to Knebworth I was always impressed with the industry with which he must have wrought, to write so much, and yet always to be at leisure, or willing to be idle, after one o'clock in the day. Nobody considers, he said, "How much writing may be done between the hours of ten and one if the mind be steadily fixed upon the work. The task ceases to be a task if performed regularly, without fatigue, and three hours' work per diem are but three hours' play to a man of letters, who is in good health and spirits. When the mind is at ease, the subject clearly laid down, and the heart of the writer in his work, a volume a month, an amount that might frighten a beginner even to think of, is mere recreation. I never allow literature to monopolise my mind. I devote to it a certain amount of time, no less and no more, and thoroughly appreciate the value of regularity and continuity."

This conversation occurred in the library of Knebworth, and I ventured to remark, that in such a cheerful room, with such a show of books, and with freedom from interruption during the three hours a day for which he stipulated, any author whose heart was in his business could get pleasantly through a vast amount of labour.

"I cannot write so well in the library as in another and more favourite place," he replied. "It always seems

as if there were some disturbing influence in this fine room. Take a stroll with me and I will show you my favourite study."

It was a fine afternoon, on a bright day of June when we started for the stroll to which he had invited me. We walked for a considerable distance to the shore of an artificial lake in Knebworth Park, on which there stood, what I imagined to be, a boat-house. And a boat-house it was. There was a small boat drawn up on one side of it, and on the other, where there was ample room, and near a small window, stood a chair and common deal table, with a pewter inkstand upon it. Pulling open the drawer of the table he shewed me a good supply of paper, pens, and a blotting book. "This is my favourite study," he said. "I can write more freely here than in the grand library which you so much admire. It is all a matter of habit, and I'll tell you how the habit grew. When I was a boy I was very ambitious to write tragedies, comedies, histories, novels, and even epic poems; and wrote an immense deal of trash in all these branches of literature. My mother took it into her head that the occupation of so much time in writing, combined with the consequent want of exercise, would be injurious to my health, and positively prohibited me from writing in the library. I then had recourse to my bed-room, but was in due time banished from that also, and deprived of pen and ink. But the ruling passion was strong within me, and, with the usual perversity of human nature, the more imperatively I was forbidden to write, the more impatiently I indulged myself in the prohibited joy. I took refuge in the boat-house, and used to remain in it for hours, unsus-

pected and uninterrupted, writing with a lead-pencil, and using the seat of the boat for my writing-table. My good mother had not the slightest idea of my filial disobedience, and fondly imagined, I dare say, that I was rowing, or taking other wholesome exercise that she deemed essential for me. It is true I sometimes rowed on the lake for half an hour or so, 'to make believe,' as the children say: but for one half-hour of rowing I generally contrived to have six half-hours of writing. In those days I learned to love the quiet seclusion of the boat-house; and the love grew upon me, and has continued to this day. I can, of course, write elsewhere. I do, and must, for the boat-house is a summer-house at best; but I write better here than anywhere else; and am always glad in the fine warm weather to shut myself up in it, and write a novel, or, better still, a poem."

The words "better still—a poem," revealed a trait in Sir Edward's character, which was no secret to those who were in his intimacy. Though proud of his great reputation as a novelist, it was a dearer delight to his mind to be considered a poet. In 1842 he wrote to his friend Laman Blanchard, who had praised his poems in the *Examiner*, of which he was at the time sub-editor:—"The coldest stoic is stoned for indifference to opinion by the approval of those whom he himself approves; and I am sincerely proud and glad that what I had called poetry has pleased a poet." In a letter to the same friend a year afterwards he said—"After all, I suspect that art is wasted upon prose fiction. . . . But art once written in verse has its fair chance of final justice." Sir Edward, when editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, soon

after the death of Sir Walter Scott, expressed the opinion that Sir Walter was greater as a poet than as a novelist. For this literary judgment he was accused of an unworthy jealousy of a brother artist. But looked at in the light of his subsequently recorded opinions, especially as conveyed in the letter to Mr. Laman Blanchard, the belief must be considered to have been unfeigned and genuine, and to have expressed his real sentiments as to the superiority of all poetry to prose. A proof of the great pleasure which the author of "Pelham," and a score of better novels, felt when he was lauded by the critics as the author of "King Arthur," a not very brilliant or extraordinary poem, was afforded within my experience. A gentleman well known to me was employed by the *Morning Post* to write a review of Sir Edward's collected poems. He was personally unknown to the author, had never seen him, and was wholly unaware of the famous novelist's ambition to be considered a poet first of all, and a novelist afterwards. But he wrote a review in which he exalted the poetic faculty displayed by the author of "Pelham," and deplored that he had given so much of his time to prose and so little to poetry, in which he was eminently qualified to excel. Sir Edward is reported to have read the article at breakfast, to have forthwith ordered his carriage, and to have driven direct to the office of the *Morning Post*, to inquire the name of the writer. Whether this be true, *au pied de la lettre*, it is impossible to say; but he discovered the writer, took him into his intimacy, became his fast friend, served him in sore straits, never lost sight of him, and eventually procured him a place of honour and considerable emolument in the service of the Crown.

During a lecturing tour that I made in the United States in the winter of 1857 and the spring of 1858 a change of Ministry occurred in England—the Liberal Government went out of office, and the Conservative Government came in. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who had begun political life as a Radical, or an advanced Liberal, had gradually mellowed as he grew older into a Conservative—a process by no means uncommon, and of which Sir Francis Burdett, in a previous generation, was a very notable example—was offered and accepted the important post of Secretary for the Colonies. On my return in June, 1858, he was desirous of obtaining some information about the feelings of the Canadians with regard to the Red River territory, which has since been colonized, and incorporated with the Confederation or Dominion of Canada under the name of Manitoba, and asked me to call upon him at the Colonial Office, that he might confer with me upon the subject. I found, after a short conversation, that, in American *parlance*, he was exceedingly "well posted up" in all that related to the Red River district, and that the fresh information which I could give him was not of any great importance. This business over, I took advantage of our intimacy to express my regret at seeing him in the position of a Minister of the Crown.

He started, and asked me somewhat pettishly, I thought, "Why? Am I not fit to serve the Crown as a minister?"

"Most fit," I replied; "but my regret is that you are giving up to party what is meant for mankind, and that the demands upon your time and energies as a minister

and a statesman will deprive the world of two or three novels."

"Oh, if that is your fear," he said, placing his hand upon my shoulder, "banish it at once. I shall always find time and inclination to write a novel, however busy I may be. Indeed, I think nothing will stop my novel-writing but death, or loss of reason."

During my short residence in Canada I had made, through the introduction of Mr. George Combe, the acquaintance of a gentleman who had played a conspicuous part in Canadian politics, and who had held the position of Minister of Public Works. This gentleman had often mentioned the supercilious insolence, or at best, indifference of the officials of the Colonial Office, to Canadians in his position, who visited London on Canadian affairs; the difficulty of obtaining an audience of the secretary or under-secretary, and the unnecessary and unpolite delay in obtaining an answer to an official letter. He mentioned one instance where his stay in London was strictly limited to a fortnight, and when obliged to leave at the appointed time he received an answer after he had been a week in Paris. He also mentioned how different was the treatment he received from members of the French Ministry, noticing particularly M. Drouyn de L'Huys, and the courtesies extended to him after no other introduction than his card and the statement of his position in the Canadian administration. It was, he said, a common subject of complaint among Canadians of high position when they came to London, that they were compelled by the ungracious neglect of the Colonial Office, to apply to the Ambassador of the

United States, when they wanted information, or access to eminent personages in the State, and that from Mr. Buchanan, the then President, and from Mr. Dallas, his successor in the London Embassy, they had always received the readiest attention and the greatest courtesy. "This," he added, "is not a state of affairs that ought to be permitted to continue if Great Britain desires to retain the affection or even the allegiance of the colonists."

Agreeing with my Canadian friend in this matter, I took the opportunity of my *tête-a-tête* with the Colonial Secretary, to detail the facts to him, and to represent what a chance he had of inaugurating a new and better system, by extending the right hand of fellowship to the public men of the Colonies on their official visits to the old country, which they still looked upon as "*Home*," and of showing them the little personal attentions, which he knew, as a student of human nature, went so far in the management of great affairs, and in the lubrication of the wheels and cogs of the political engine. Sir Edward was much obliged for the information I had given him, and fully agreed in the impolicy of allowing any distinguished colonist to rely upon the American Minister for civilities, that the Colonial Office ought to be ready to afford. "But the Whigs," he added, "are always cold-hearted and haughty, and ten times more aristocratic than the Tories. And if any Canadians, or Australians, having public business with the Colonial Department should arrive in London during my tenure of office, you may depend that I will remember what you have told me, and do as far as in me lies to make the

amende honorable for the indifference of my predecessors."

Sir Edward was as good as his word, and in about ten weeks after this conversation had occurred invited me to Knebworth to meet three Canadians, one of whom was a minister, and the other two members of the legislature. Since the reform thus commenced by Sir Edward, no colonist of sufficient note to require the aid or obtain the ear of the Colonial Office, has had occasion to complain of neglect or discourtesy, or to rely for anything on the aid of a foreign ambassador.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton was a fine orator, but he was not a good debater. His infirmity of deafness precluded him from hearing any chance interruption and of replying to it by a repartee, or a change in the previously arranged plan of his discourse. He consequently reserved his parliamentary utterances for great occasions. He once asked me if I had ever attempted to make a speech? "Seldom," I replied, "except a few words in proposing or returning thanks for a toast. When I write, my ideas flow clearly enough, but if I attempt to speak, the words do not answer readily to the demand made upon them; and if I use a wrong word I endeavour to substitute another, as I would do in writing, by scoring out the offender. But this leads to confusion and floundering, and the thread of discourse becomes hopelessly broken." "You should persevere," he said; "never attempt to correct a wrong word, but go boldly on. I think you have the elements of a speaker in you. Tell me, do you feel frightened at the sound of your own voice when you get up before a large audience? Do you feel as if your

mind had suddenly become a blank, and as if you would rather than not that the earth should open and swallow you up with your speech undelivered?"

"I feel very much as you have described."

"So did I at first; I know all the symptoms well, but I struggled against and got over them. All you want is boldness, perseverance, and audacity. Speech-making is like steeple-chasing. Onward you must go over all obstacles. In my early days in the House of Commons I once sat beside Sir James Mackintosh, and was afraid to make a speech that I had premeditated. He strove to give me courage, just as I am now striving to give courage to you; and he told me that some years previously the great George Canning, suddenly asked him in the House to feel his hand, and note how rapidly his pulse beat. 'I am going to make a speech to-night,' said Canning, 'and I know I shall make a good one.' 'Why,' asked Sir James Mackintosh. 'Because,' replied Canning, in the broad vernacular, 'I'm in such an awful funk!' And Canning made his speech, and it *was* a good one!"

In return for his anecdote I told him another of a friend of mine who had been recently elected to Parliament. He was what is called "a self-made man," one who had received no other education but that to be acquired at a common day-school, but who had educated himself as he climbed up the hill of life, by keen observation of the world, and by the study of newspapers, rather than of books. Proud of his election for his native borough, by a large majority, he resolved to make a speech at the declaration of the poll, which should be

worthy of the occasion. As he had no literary power or pretensions, he employed an eminent man of letters to write a speech for him. The speech was very eloquent, but rather too ornate, but he committed it to memory, declaimed it before a cheval-glass in his bed-room, and practised all the necessary and ornamental graces and attitudes of oratory. Fully primed, as he thought, he mounted with his friends to the hustings to deliver the grand oration. But no sooner did he rise to speak than his memory failed him. His mind became a perfect blank; and he stood for two or three minutes —that seemed to him, as he confessed afterwards, to have been the longest and most painful minutes he ever passed in his life—without uttering a word, except "Friends! and electors of this borough!" Happening to turn his eyes to the edge of the crowd, where half a dozen ragged, dirty little boys had congregated to see and hear the new member, and were staring at him with wide-opened eyes and mouths, a bright idea suddenly entered his mind; the frozen river of his speech was thawed, and the words flowed pretty nearly as follows:— "Friends and electors,—I thank you all for the great honour you have done me, and hope I shall live to deserve it. Aye," he continued, turning round to the boys who were still staring up at him, "you poor, ragged boys, you may well look at me! I remember the time when I too was a poor ragged little boy in this borough, a wanderer about the streets with scarcely a shoe to my foot, and uncertain where to get a dinner. And here I stand, Member for the Borough! How did I become so? By dint of hard work, by picking

up learning as I could; by strict economy; by courage and perseverance; by always keeping my word in business, and by the strictest honesty in all my dealings. Imitate my example; do as I did, and you, ragged and poor as you are, may, perhaps, some of you, get into Parliament as I have done, or at all events become a credit to yourselves and your country." This little speech was far better than the grand and forgotten oration, and proved a great success in the borough.

"And deserved to do so," said Sir Edward. "Did your friend ever speak in Parliament?"

"Only once, and was said to have made the shortest and most emphatic speech ever delivered in that assembly. Somebody accused the borough which he represented of being venal and corrupt—when he rose and said, 'I deny that!'"

"That was not a speech, but an interruption; but I think the speech to the ragged boys proved that he possessed the raw material of oratory—all he wanted was courage, self-reliance, and practice."

I told him that my friend very greatly objected to the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, and had declared his intention never again to listen to any speech that gentleman might make. Sir Edward, much surprised, asked why. "Because he speaks so well, that he might make me vote against my party, which I will not do; so I shall stay away, avoid temptation, and keep out of danger."

"Your friend seems to be an original," said Sir Edward. "And if I have a chance in the House or elsewhere, I will try to make his acquaintance." I never heard, however, that they met.

Knowing the warm fraternal feeling which Sir Edward entertained for the literary class to which he was proud to belong, and the efforts he had made to establish a home for them on a portion of his estate near Knebworth, I wrote out and submitted to his judgment the following plan for the employment of authors in the service of the State :—

"The Houses of Lords and Commons order to be published every year, at the expense of the nation, a vast quantity of ponderous volumes, known, from their blue covers, as 'Blue Books.' It would be too much to say that all these books are useless or unnecessary; but it would be a gross exaggeration, if not a perversion of the truth, to say that so many as one quarter of them are of any political, social, or literary value whatsoever. When a new member of Parliament is elected, he is certain to receive, within a few days, a printed circular, from one or other of the dealers in waste paper, offering him the highest current price for his blue-books, and other parliamentary lumber. It is no secret that cart-loads of these volumes, unread, uncut, uncared for, are no sooner received by our legislators than they find their way to the stores of these speculative dealers; whence they emerge in due season, and at an enhanced price, to the shops of butchers, cheesemongers, tripe-sellers, tallow-chandlers, and trunk-makers. They are so cumbersome, as well as uninteresting, that the members of Parliament who are not guilty of the meanness of selling them, are only too glad to give them away to the public institutions and libraries of their respective boroughs, though these, as is notorious, are not always so ready to receive the gifts as

their members are to bestow them. And these books, upon the average, cost the nation about 250,000*l.* per annum. Last year they cost 333,000*l.* And bad as this view of the case may be, it is, unfortunately, not the worst of it. If the books were simply useless, and the nation were rich enough to afford the luxury of an annual quarter or third of a million to keep a few paper mills going, and the parliamentary printers at full work, it would become a question for the custodians of the national purse, to consider whether the money might not be better bestowed in some other direction, and for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to decide whether a reduction of taxation, to the amount involved, might not be more just toward the people. But unluckily these books, and more especially those portions of them which relate to foreign affairs, have not the negative demerit of being useless, but the positive demerit and vice of being misleading and untrustworthy, if not absolutely false.

"But if, for diplomatic reasons, the falsehood cannot be totally obliterated from the despatches of ministers to ambassadors, or of ambassadors to ministers—for who out of that charmed circle can deal with the *suppressio veri?*—something might be done to prevent the publication of the vast mass of inutility which yearly employs the parliamentary printers. If a plan could be devised by which none but useful and readable blue-books should be given to the public,—if in carrying out the plan at least half of the annual quarter of a million now wasted upon rubbish should be saved to the nation,—and if at the same time a benefit should be conferred upon men who, according to the high literary and political authority of

Lord Bacon are the chief glory of a nation (though, under present arrangement, only glorious when dead),—I think the Government and the public ought to give it a respectful hearing. And such a plan I beg to sketch for the future consideration of Parliament and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"An English author in our days, unless he happen to hit the public fancy in novels and romances, or in some other mode that may pander to a fashionable taste, which may be good, but which is just as likely to be depraved or silly, is seldom a prosperous person. He manages to live from hand to mouth, and if he do not die in harness, and reach that period of life when his overwrought brain is unable to work any more, the Government is shamed into giving him a niggardly pension, to avoid the national disgrace of allowing him to die of hunger, or betake himself to the workhouse, or a street-crossing, to sweep the road for his intellectual inferiors, for the sake of the chance halfpence that may be dropped into his hat. If the literary man happen to be a barrister of six years' standing, and a steady political partisan at the same time, there are thousands of good things which the Government can offer for his acceptance. All sorts of commissionerships, county judgeships, and recorderships are his to ask for. And if the worst come to the worst, he can accept 1,000*l.* a year as a stipendiary magistrate in the metropolis. But for the author proper there are no such chances. He must write for the newspapers or for the booksellers; and if he be either too bad or too good for these, he may starve, or go the diggings, or take himself out of this world altogether, unless, as said before, he is very old,

very eminent, and very poor, when a mean pension, less than that often given to a superannuated butler, is graciously bestowed upon him by the Prime Minister of the day.

"My plan is that a dozen or twenty of such men, in the full maturity of their intellect, instead of being pensioned when they are worn out, should be employed on behalf of the State, in editing the parliamentary documents; in reporting to the House of Commons what returns made by its order are too trifling as well as too voluminous to be worth printing; what, in their opinion, should be condensed and epitomised; what should be kept in manuscript, and what should be printed *in extenso*, and issued to the House and the country for the public guidance and instruction. At salaries ranging from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* per annum, the State might thus build twenty harbours of refuge for competent literary men of good character, whose labours carried on under the direction and ultimate veto of the House of Commons, might be the means of saving 100,000*l.* or 150,000*l.* per annum. At present the connection of British literature with the State is simply degrading to both parties. The Licencer of Plays and the Poet Laureate are but servants in the Royal household, paid as the gold-stick and other servants are, because they are supposed to minister in some way or other to the Royal dignity. All other connection is eleemosynary. Twelve hundred pounds each year to be granted in pensions to the unfortunate devotees of art, science, and literature; and at least one half of that pittance diverted from its purpose in pensions to the wives, daughters, and sisters of judges, admirals,

generals, and other persons dear to the courtly circles, who have died without making proper provision for their families;—such is the connection of Literature with the Government of the greatest, wealthiest, and most civilized nation of the globe.

"Why should not Literature as well as Law have a chance of State employment in England? There are prizes in all professions but in that of letters. It is true that if the man of letters amuses the young ladies, and makes the people laugh or shudder over his novels and romances, he may gain prizes enough. In this case the author is but a tradesman, and accommodates his wares to the fashion of the market. Were there no other authorship than this,—were there no genius too lofty and too refined for the immediate comprehension of the general reader and the devourer of novels,—were there no literary intellect in advance of the age, and of its ignorance or prejudice,—our literary condition would be poor indeed; our intellectual star would have culminated, and we should have to yield the first rank to nations more civilized than ourselves.

"I have yet one more plea to urge in behalf of the project thus broadly sketched. The Government of this country is a newspaper proprietor. It possesses the *London Gazette*, an official journal, in which it is imperative upon the public, in many legal and commercial cases, to advertise. Out of this monopoly the Government derives a revenue of 15,000*l.* per annum, after deduction of all expenses,—a sum sufficient to provide for the salaries of the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Litera-

ture might well put in a claim for work and pay out of a revenue like this, even did a large economy created by the judicious editing and publication of the parliamentary documents, in the manner proposed, not allow sufficient margin for the purpose. Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Lewis, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Lord John Russell, —all literary men and ministers, past or present,—might well consider whether the scheme might not be one of public advantage and economy, as well as of literary recognition and reward. To the appreciative judgment of such men as these, and to that of all the friends of literature in and out of Parliament, I recommend it. If it be well that genius, like a good soldier, should die for its country, it may be equally well that genius should live for it. And after all a living soldier is better than a dead one, whether he be an author or a grenadier. The grenadier's work may die with him—that of the author may last as long as the language. It is one of the glories of Oliver Cromwell that he knew how to employ Milton. It is one of the disgraces of Charles II. that he had neither sense nor magnanimity enough to rescue Milton from poverty."

Sir Edward read the proposal and returned it to me with the remarks he had made upon it:—"I agree entirely in your idea. It will be of no use sending the paper to any minister or ex-minister. It is in advance of the opinion of the time; and it would take a member of Parliament with all the pertinacity and doggedness of Joseph Hume twenty years of hammering to make the House listen to it; and perhaps after it had listened, a few more years more to understand it. Launch it upon

the press, or, in Bible phrase, 'cast your bread upon the waters,' and perhaps you will find it after many days." His advice was taken. The little spark glimmered for a little while, and was extinguished in the darkness, from which it is now drawn forth—perhaps to be extinguished a second time—perhaps to flash into some sympathetic mind and become a lamp hereafter.

On many other occasions we debated the employment of the literary class by the State, as a matter of state policy. In all our friendly discussions I uniformly insisted that beyond the editing of the parliamentary blue-books, there was only one species of literary work on which literary men could be safely or satisfactorily employed by a free government. They could not be subsidized to write on politics or theology, or even on science or art. They could not be employed to write poetry, for even if so employed the poetry might not come for the asking; but they could be well and most usefully employed on the compilation of an English Dictionary, worthy of the great British nation, and the noble English language —a task for which no man's life was sufficient, but which might be accomplished by four-and-twenty men, or even a smaller number if the labour were properly divided and subdivided among them. I expressed my opinion that this great enterprise would never be undertaken by the British Government, but that possibly at some not very remote period, the American Congress might shame the "Old Country" by doing it for us, and winning the national glory that the British legislature was too parochial to care for.

The British Government, when a peerage was conferred

upon Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, received great and undeserved credit among foreign nations for the honour it had conferred on one of the most distinguished literary men of his age. But the honour added no real lustre to the name of its recipient, and was conferred for a political and social, not a literary reason. Had he been thrice as eminent, had he been a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Scott, and a Byron, all in one, no baronetage and no peerage would have rewarded him, if he had not at the same time been an opulent country gentleman, a member of the legislature, and one who had occupied the high post of a Secretary of State. To hang the titles of Lord and Baronet around the necks of Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, or Dickens, would be like hanging a ribbon or a string of pearls around the neck or the arms of the nude "Venus di Medici," or putting a seal-skin jacket on Bailey's "Eve at the Fountain." Lord Lytton felt all this, and was, I think, in his secret mind, prouder of the early name of Bulwer, by which he is still known to all Germany and France, as well as to all Britain and America, than of the baronetcy and baronage which he won in the political arena. He was above all things a man of letters, who put his whole heart in his vocation; and though the accident of birth and fortune placed him above the necessity of writing for daily bread, he would have written out of the fulness of his genius if no such accident had befriended him, and would have been a novelist, a philosopher, and a poet, even if he had not become an active politician and a member of the aristocracy.

GEORGE COMBE.

It was once intended that I should write the biography of my distinguished friend, George Combe. He asked me to undertake it, if I survived him, and I promised that I would. But the late Robert Cox, one of his nephews, highly esteemed in Edinburgh society, and who had won his own honours in literature, was desirous to associate his name with that of his uncle, and asked me to allow the labour of love to devolve upon him. As he had in his possession all the documents and family papers to which I could not obtain access without his assistance, I left the task in his competent and appreciative hands. Death removed him prematurely from the scene, before he could find time amid the multifarious avocations of a busy and successful legal career, even to commence the work, to which he proposed to devote the sunny afternoon of his life. The abundant materials, collected by Mr. Combe himself, have fallen into other hands. Sooner or later they will, no doubt, be published, and do justice to the life and labours of a remarkable man, whose philosophy has made a deeper impression upon the mind of the generation than is generally imagined.

In the year 1846 I was invited to the *soirée*, or anniversary of the Manchester Athenæum, and had the

good fortune to be seated on the platform next to Dr. Whately, the celebrated logician, at that time Archbishop of Dublin, to whom I was introduced by one of the directors of the institution. Two or three bishops had been invited, but had declined to make an appearance, lest their names should be associated in the columns of the newspapers with that of a certain well-known lecturer who was advertised to speak, and who was reputed to be an "infidel" and an enemy of religion. This fear, however, did not repel the Archbishop, and he expressed some curiosity to see and hear the redoubtable personage who had frightened his clerical brethren. The Archbishop was a man of large and tolerant mind, as a logician ought to be, and was not afraid to argue with any sceptic with whom he ever had been or might be brought into contact. I happened to have a very short time previously made the acquaintance of Mr. Combe, and mentioned his name to the Archbishop as that of one who had been very erroneously accused of irreligion, but who, in my opinion, was, if not orthodox according to the churches, a good man and an earnest seacher after truth; and in all social matters a sound philosopher.

"I quite agree with you," said the Archbishop. "I do not admit his phrenology; I admit the world of the brain, but am not quite satisfied as to the map. Whatever Mr. Combe's religious opinions may be, I think he has done much good by teaching the world that the physical laws of God are as divine as the moral and the spiritual; and I should much like an opportunity of making his acquaintance."

I was very unexpectedly called upon to address a few words to the audience, and not having prepared myself by previous thought, was at a loss what to say. For lack of anything better, after praising the object for which the Manchester Athenæum was founded, and dwelling upon the aid it would afford to the half-educated young men employed in offices and warehouses to educate themselves more fully in the evening, after the labours of the day were concluded, I expressed my hope that the great city of Glasgow, in which I then resided, would imitate the example of Manchester, and that its wealthy merchants and manufacturers would from the abundance of their means help the young men in their employ to establish a similar institution. Shortly after my return to Glasgow, I was waited upon by a deputation of young men engaged in mercantile life, who formally requested me, as Editor of the *Argus*, to recommend the project to the public, and help to get together an influential committee. This I promised. A committee, consisting at first of seven of the leading citizens of Glasgow, Lord Provost Lumsden at their head, was speedily formed; and almost daily received additions to its number. The project was so well received and so powerfully supported, that the successful establishment of the Glasgow Athenæum was in three or four weeks placed beyond doubt. Mr. Combe happening to be in Glasgow on a visit to a friend, I mentioned the opinion which the Archbishop of Dublin had expressed concerning his writings, and the good they had done. He was highly gratified. I then inquired if he would have any objection to attend the

inaugural meeting of the Athenæum, and make an address to the young men, if he received an official invitation from the committee. He replied that he would have no objection, but suggested that it might be injudicious on the part of the committee to invite into a city like Glasgow, where the clergy rode their theological hobbies so hard—so heterodox a person as he was reputed to be; the more especially if the Athenæum looked, as he supposed it did, to some amount of clerical or religious support. Feeling the force of his scruple, I nevertheless undertook to suggest to the committee the desirability of inviting him to deliver an address on the self-education, irrespective wholly of creed or church, that was possible to young men engaged in business. The proposal startled the committee, and led to a difference of opinion that for a time threatened to be prejudicial to the interests of the young institution. But by a little patience and good management the difficulty was surmounted. Mr. Combe accepted the invitation, attracted a crowded and attentive auditory, and made the speech of the evening.

Mr. Combe always looked back with pleasure to this little event in his history, which greatly tended to cement our growing friendship. How long he remembered it appears from a letter dated 2nd of May, 1857, the year before his death, in which he says:—"In the affair of the Glasgow Athenæum *soirée*, and in your 'Dedication of Egeria,' you cast your own reputation as a man of judgment and discrimination into the scale with my fame, with a generosity and a decision which made a deep impression on me, for few would have ventured to

do so, knowing how unpopular my name is with millions of amiable men and women."

George Combe is to some only known as a phrenologist; but his phrenology, though he himself unfortunately made it the leading idea of his life, and allowed it to pervade unduly all his writings, was in reality but the least portion of his philosophy. But while a supercilious few knew him only as a somewhat hard and dry, if not bigoted disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, millions knew him as the author of the "Constitution of Man" —a book that more than any other written within a thousand years has disseminated sound views on the duty that man owes to himself and to society in this world, and that showed him his true place in the economy of nature and the universe. "Social Science," the goodly tree that may be said without exaggeration to have grown out of the germ of this remarkable book, which has been said to share with the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Arabian Nights," the distinction of having been more widely circulated among the people than any other book in the world. In January or February, 1827, Mr. Combe, who was then in his thirty-ninth year, and scarcely known beyond the narrow boundaries of the city of Edinburgh, read before the Phrenological Society of that city the first part of a work "On the Harmony between the Mental and Moral Constitution of Man, and the Laws of Physical Nature." This paper was afterwards expanded into "The Constitution of Man in relation to External Objects," which was published in 1828, and very speedily became famous. A rich disciple

named Henderson, who was converted by its reasoning, testified his admiration, not by rewarding the author, who would probably have refused any other pecuniary recompense than that which came from the public as purchasers of his book, but by leaving and bequeathing a large sum of money for the purpose of printing and re-printing the precious volume at its mechanical cost or even less; that it might be as largely as possible distributed among the people of Great Britain and the United States. It was translated into most of the languages of Europe, and exercised a great, but not a noisy or sensational influence over the minds of millions.

"Egeria," with the Dedication to Mr. Combe, with which as above seen he was highly gratified, was published in 1850, prefaced by "An Enquiry into the alleged Anti-Poetical Tendencies of the Present Age," in which the notion that Poetry and Science were hopelessly antagonistic, was combated. On receiving the volume he wrote me the following letter, setting forth his opinions on the subject of poetry, of which he was erroneously supposed to have none in his nature; and yielding me a pleasure by his approval, which must have greatly exceeded any that he could have derived from the Dedication:—

"Edinburgh,
"25th May, 1850.

"My dear Sir,

"I have been greatly occupied and distracted for the last fortnight by a multitude of small duties, which constantly require to be fulfilled before one leaves home for the summer; and this has prevented me from

sooner writing to you respecting the *contents* of your volume. Allow me now to say that they have given me a higher pleasure than I anticipated, and this implies a good deal, after the opinions which I have expressed of your previous volumes. Your 'Introduction' is admirable. It rejoices the very marrow of my bones, because I have the strongest conviction that it embodies a splendid and most valuable truth, which will become more palpable to ordinary men as civilization and moral science advance. If you have read my late brother's 'Letters,' you will have seen that his whole being was penetrated by the perception and conviction that a divine wisdom and goodness have constituted and pervaded every department of creation. The evolution of this truth is recognised as Science, but when Ideality, Wonder, and Veneration, are directed by enlightened intellect to the processes of nature by which the physical and moral phenomena of the world are unfolded, and to *the results* of their evolution in a right direction, they swell and exult with the sublimest emotions. This is the fountain of the poetry of man's moral and intellectual nature. The tragic scenes in 'Macbeth' are the poetry of the animal propensities; but it is a libel on the Deity and on poetic genius to affirm that the propensities are sources of a higher poetical inspiration than the moral and religious emotions and their appropriate objects. Campbell's lament over the destruction of the poetry of the rainbow by the discoveries of Science, proceeded from a mind in which the poetic sentiments had not been trained to act in combination with the highest intellectual perceptions. There is tenfold more real poetry in the

Science of the rainbow than could ever be extracted out of the childish legends concerning it which emanated from ignorant minds. But before any one can discover this poetry he must know this science *familiarly*, must have it instilled into him as an example of divine wisdom in his earliest days, and have his Ideality, Wonder, and Veneration trained to kindle and glow at every evolution of the Creator's power. In short, it appears to me that the grand influence of poetry as a propelling power in advancing man physically, morally, and intellectually, cannot be comprehended until we arrive at the perception that Nature consists of a whole congeries of harmonies and beauties, and this, again, cannot be attained until men are educated and trained in a sound philosophy. When these perceptions shall have penetrated deeply into the above-named emotional faculties, we shall have a new school of poetry of a power, fervour, and sublimity that will place the poetry of the propensities in the shade. Shakespeare's tragic scenes cannot be equalled now, first, it will be said, because *we* have no brains like his. True; but secondly, it appears to me that, although Shakespeare were alive, he could not now write such terrific poetry, because the terrible in human actions no longer pervades society as it had done in the age at the close of which he appeared. We are in a kind of interregnum between the power of the propensities and that of the higher human faculties. You are the first poet, so far as my knowledge extends, of the new epoch; you are the day-star of a brighter day of poetry than the world has ever seen. Mrs. Combe and I see this, and we feel it. Your verses have repeatedly brought

tears of tenderness and pleasure into her eyes, and made my old heart beat faster and stronger with joy. At the same time, we fear that only the initiated—that is to say, the individuals with high moral organs, more or less cultivated, will understand and feel the divine harmony of your strains; but your fame will *rise* and *last*.

"With our united warmest thanks and kindest regards, I remain, my dear sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE COMBE."

In one of his visits to London, on his way to the Continent, Mr. Combe informed me that he was engaged upon a work on the connection between Science and Religion, which he intended for posthumous publication. Some months afterwards he forwarded me some of the proof sheets for perusal. In acknowledging their receipt, and the pleasure they had afforded me, I recommended him respectfully to reconsider his determination of withholding the book until after his death; urged him to have the courage of his convictions, and not to fear the theological narrow-mindedness of Edinburgh Calvinism, but to appeal to the large world of European and American thought, that would doubtless receive favourably any further unfolding of the views of the author of the "Constitution of Man." He wrote back in reply,—

"EDINBURGH,
"18th of January, 1854.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am not a believer in clairvoyance nor in

other spiritual communications, but Mrs. Combe * and I often talk of a 'spirit of the world,' electrical perhaps, which seems to communicate between us and our friends; that is to say, when we earnestly talk about them, we often hear from or about them unexpectedly immediately afterwards. Your letter to me of the 14th of January, is a remarkable example in point. Since 12th December, I have been confined to the house, and much of the time to bed, by a severe cough; and have been forced for warmth to have a bed put up in my library, on the dining-room floor and above the kitchen. On the 14th of January, Saturday, we were talking of you, and fearing that you were unwell. She opened the glass doors of the bookcase, and said, 'Here is "Egeria" which you wanted and could not find;' and she gave it to me. I read portions of it on Sunday and Monday, and it still lies at my bedside. I said to her, I should like that Mr. Mackay could find time to read my 'Enquiry,' for I do not like to offer him the dedication of it, until I hear that he is not offended by it, and he is the friend above all others in this country to whom I should wish to dedicate it, because he is the first who has seen and published the grand future that awaits poetry when she shall discover her own true vocation as the tuneful organ of the higher attributes and relations of human and external nature. Next day your letter came. I need not say that I am much gratified by your approval of my book. You *can* have no idea of the bigotry of this city; yet recent events are shaking it. Lord Palmerston's letter to the

* Mrs. Combe was Cecilia Siddons, a daughter of the celebrated tragic actress.

Presbytery has had a great effect, and other influences are battering against it; among these, my nephew's (Robert Cox's) book on Sabbath Law and Sabbath Duties is not the least efficacious. I should not hesitate to publish the 'Enquiry' on my own account, but Mrs. Combe is much dependant on society, and she could not stand the recoil here. When it shall be published, will you risk your name in connection with it, and accept the Dedication to oblige me?

"Yours very truly,

"GEORGE COMBE.

"Charles Mackay, Esq."

The "Enquiry" grew by degrees into a larger volume than he anticipated, and ultimately received for its title "The Relation between Science and Religion;" but though I immediately accepted the Dedication as a great literary honour, Mr. Combe renewed the request after more than three years, when he had finally made up his mind, apparently after many misgivings, mainly with regard to the feelings of Mrs. Combe, to publish during his life time, as I had advised in 1854. In acknowledging the receipt of a little volume, "Under Green Leaves," which had recently been forwarded to him, he wrote:—

"EDINBURGH,
"25th February, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I may appear ungrateful in delaying so long to thank you for your welcome and most interesting volume, 'Under Green Leaves,' but it has not been

neglected. Mrs. Combe has cheered my winter evenings by reading it aloud, and it has thrown sunshine over hours that were dark in the sky. She and I have been uncommonly well this winter, but my feebleness of brain and limb are gradually though slowly increasing.

"The cause of my delaying to send our sincere thanks, which I now do, was the prospect of being able to announce the completion of a new edition of my pamphlet on Science and Religion, into which I have incorporated as much of my unpublished work on Natural Religion as the public mind will stand. I am now able to say that it will be finished by the 1st of April, will extend to 250 pages octavo, and that I solicit your permission to dedicate it to you, as a mark of my admiration for your genius and affectionate esteem for your moral qualities.

"The orthodox will make a terrible outcry, but I have only done in prose what you have sung in 'Hate in the Pulpit,' and we shall be sent below together. In such company 'may I be saved or damned.' Dear Burns! I wish he lived now! I await with patience the voice of 'The Great Critics.'

"Yours very truly,

"GEORGE COMBE."

It is necessary to explain the allusion to "The Great Critics." This was the title of a little poem in the volume I had sent him which represented the "Great critics" of the day as having small commendation to bestow on living men but reserving all their enthusiasm for the dead:—

"Whom shall we praise? Let's praise the dead!
In no men's ways, their heads they raise,
Nor strive for bread,
With you—or me—so, do you see?
We'll praise the dead!
Let living men, dare but to claim
From tongue or pen, their need of fame
We'll cry them down, spoil their renown,
Deny their sense, wit, eloquence,
Poetic fire, all they desire!—
Our say is said! Long live the dead!"

In about two months afterwards the book, the last that he lived to publish was given to the world, and was forwarded to me along with the following letter from his nephew:—

"25, Rutland Street,
"Edinburgh, April 19, 1857.

"Dear Sir,

"I write by desire of Mr. Combe, who is in bed in a feeble condition, though better now than he was two days ago.

"A copy has been sent you of his book on the 'Relation between Science and Religion,' and he is anxious that in any notice of it that may appear in the *Illustrated London News*, its bearing on the Education Question as it now stands should be put prominently forward. The evangelical party wish to imbue the minds of the rising generation with the catechism as the sum and substance of religion, and to keep out Science as a dangerous and secular thing; whereas the principle which Mr. Combe now maintains more forcibly than anybody has done before him is, that the will of God must be studied in his natural institutions, and that the catechisms, so far as

at variance with these, cannot but be misleading and hurtful. This side of the question has been stated in Mr. Combe's book in a manner which makes it *imperative* on the evangelical party to meet it, and either to refute his opinions or allow them to be adopted in practice. You know already how important he considers it to be, that the rising generation should be taught to look for rules of duty to the constitution and laws of the natural world, and trained to reverence and obey those rules as divine, and as guides to prosperity and happiness. I hope that the book will serve to check the party which would exclude all this from our public schools as secular or profane, or, at least, as useless, in comparison with theological doctrines, widely at variance with Nature, and which, so far as they are so, have either a pernicious effect or none at all. Mr. Combe knows that your sympathy with him in these opinions is so complete that you will use all means in your power to make the book known, and force the consideration and discussion of it upon those who may thus be benefited or conduce to the benefit of others.

"He sends his kind regards, and I beg you to accept my best respects.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"ROBERT COX.

"Dr. Charles Mackay."

A fortnight afterwards Mr. Combe announced a great improvement in his health, and urgently entreated me not to pass any judgment on his book until I had read

every word of it, and then give him my candid opinion whether it did or did not "unfold a new religion." "I may mention," he said in a postscript to this communication, "that when I was in the United States in 1839, the late James Wordsworth, of Genesee, State of New York, then seventy years old, and long a leading man in the Legislature, said to me one day when I was on a visit to his house, 'Are you aware that in your "Constitution of Man" you have given a New Religion to the world?' I replied, No. I am not conscious of having done so, and certainly did not intend it. 'But you have done so,' he replied, 'The views of the divine government there unfolded will in time subvert all other religions, and become a religion themselves.' I have never mentioned this conversation except to the members of my own family, but it set me on a new track of thought, and finally produced the present work."

Being doubtful of my own impartiality in criticizing a work written by so dear a friend, and which, in flattering terms he had dedicated to myself, I placed the book in the hands of an accomplished critic, without saying a word to bias his judgment either one way or the other. The result was the following article, of which I submitted the proof sheet to Mr. Combe, with a request that he would make any remarks he pleased upon it. He returned it, marked with nine notes, to which he took nine several objections.

THE RELATION BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION By GEORGE COMBE. Fourth edition, enlarged. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart.

Mr. Combe has been known as a writer on moral

subjects for nearly forty years, and, apart from his attachment to phrenology, of which he is the most distinguished advocate in this country, he is very favourably known. Some of his works have acquired a large circulation and well-deserved popularity. Marked by much plain good sense, they have taught clearly much important truth; and some of the most enlightened friends of the people have regarded them with so much admiration that they have contributed funds to place cheap editions of them within the reach of the poorer classes. Education—the effects of penal laws—the duties of man, deduced from his constitution, physical and moral—are but a few of the great subjects on which he has materially contributed to shed a steady and increasing light. The present much-enlarged edition of a work already popular is preceded by a slight but curious and important psychological sketch of the author's early doubts, beginning almost in infancy, and of his progress, under successive teachers and writers, in casting out prejudices, and in acquiring knowledge, drop by drop, till he was full to overflowing, and became himself a teacher. A more important inquiry—beginning with the precepts and rewards of the nursery, and only ending, we may be sure, with the entire cessation of man's existence—than "how God governs the world"—the subject of the present work, which interested Mr. Combe as a boy, and has ever since continued to occupy him—cannot engage the thoughts of man. It involves an inquiry into all other means of governing the world and all religion, and probably cannot be fully completed till the end of all

human research [1]. Such a subject can only depend in a very minute degree on the pursuits and discoveries of any one individual, either in the domain of natural history or any other portion of knowledge. These may like every other part of the governed world, contribute their quota to the great result; but Mr. Combe teaches us, by the number of avenues through which doubt came into his mind, and the number of sciences which he studied to get information, that just conclusions on this great subject are not to be deduced by confining attention to one science or one part of nature [2]. Some minds may find evidence in mathematics, others in chemistry, others in physiology, others in political economy, and others in religion. Mr. Combe's mind was peculiarly affected by the discovery, first announced by Dr. Gall, of a connection between certain portions of the brain and certain mental peculiarities or faculties, quite consistent with the popular belief that the brain is the organ of the mind. "It was," he says, "Dr. Gall's discovery of the function of the brain that led me by imperceptible steps to the views on the subject of the Divine government which are presented in the present volume, and they *rest on it alone*" [3]. Neither "ignoring nor rejecting" Dr. Gall's discovery, in common, as Mr. Combe says, with "almost all the men of science in Europe," nor denying his assertion that "this discovery is essentially founded in truth," to us it seems not sufficient to supply full evidence for the conclusion to which all men must in the end come. At most the connection between the brain and faculties of mind, however minutely ascertained, like the connection between taking food and

preserving life, is but one little fact or connecting link in the great chain of argument which connects our every-day actions with their remote and inevitable consequences, and establishes a fixed relation between them and all the other parts of the universe [*]. If theft and murder, if idleness and drunkenness, were, in the course of nature, rewarded by great wealth, and long, and peaceful, and happy life, of what avail would it be to prove a moral government of the universe that the stimulus to commit crimes and neglect duties, which all acknowledge, was found in large developments of certain portions of the brain? [*] Mr. Combe does not, and no man practically can, neglect the all-important evidence of the moral government of God, to be found in the constant and admitted relation between crimes and their inevitable consequences;—between the prosperity of industrious and the decay of merely idle individuals or military nations; and he only narrows his subject unnecessarily—perhaps, too, he repels some readers—by nominally resting his arguments exclusively on Dr. Gall's discoveries [*]. They supply some evidence of the great truth, and their evidence has peculiar charms for Mr. Combe; they have led him to make many curious researches, and have rewarded him with a great fund of original and impressive observations. We believe, too, they have rewarded him with much enjoyment; but they are not equally attractive or equally fruitful in other minds. All creation supplies evidence of the continued moral government of its Creator; and Mr. Combe only does injustice to himself when he presents to others the single fact which became the clue to his successful inves-

tigations, as the foundation of all that can be known, or even as embracing all his own arguments, on this important subject[7]. We need say no more on the great point where Mr. Combe departs from the tracks of other philosophers and the world at large. It will be of more interest to our readers if we mention that this work treats of the present state of the relation between Science and Religion, which Mr. Combe, relying too much on a few diatribes of vehement preachers, represents as less favourable than it actually is. Not only is it impossible for preachers to overlook or deny the course of Nature as imperatively prescribing the actions of man, but practically they continually acknowledge it; and acknowledging the influence of the seasons, of storms, of cleanliness and free air, and of instruction in secular things over human welfare, they cannot, and do not, and never did, deny the necessity of continued scientific investigations with every part of the material world[8]. Now and then such investigations lead individuals to truths, or into hasty generalizations, which are announced as at variance with faith or received opinions. Then conflicts arise, and human authority commands or punishes. But discrepancies and diversities of opinion equally great prevail amongst scientific men as to their own subjects, and, though the particular views which Mr. Combe has adopted from Dr. Gall are thought by some to be hostile to Religion, we cannot subscribe to the opinion that betwixt Religion and Science generally, whatever may be the case with a few bigots, there still exists a fierce hostility[9]. Mr. Combe discusses at length the physical and moral constitution of man; his power to discover

the essences of things, as contradistinguished from his own perceptions, the source of our ideas of God, and sketches a slight history of the progress of the mind with reference to these ideas; and he traces, with some detail, in the physical world the continued and effective agency of the Divine Power in bringing about the results, which human beings do not foresee and can rarely control, of all their actions. All these great subjects are profusely illustrated by quotations from numerous writers, with which Mr. Combe presses home his own arguments. Already popular, it is only necessary to add that this edition of the work has been greatly enlarged, so as to make it almost a complete view, as far as that can now be given, of the whole great subject. The writings of Mr. Combe, often in spite of his phrenological opinions, are very generally popular; and we know no philosophical and moral writer of the age who better deserves his well-earned popularity.

Mr. Combe was wholly dissatisfied with this favourable notice, and gave the following reasons under each of the nine figures he had written on the margin of the proof.

REMARKS ON NOTICE OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

[1] This misses the main object of the book, which is to shew that there is NO METHOD by which man can discover HOW God governs the world, except by studying the MODES OF ACTION OF THE INSTRUMENTS, by means of which this government is manifested and maintained.—See Introduction, p. 13, second paragraph, "During;" and see also, pp. 82 and 83, in which the doctrine is explicitly set forth.

Now this is the fundamental principle of the book, and in this notice it is omitted. If it be correct it embraces *every science*. Every science must contribute its light, and the full comprehension of the subject can be attained only when human discovery of the laws of Nature is exhausted, which is a result *possible;* but that cannot be reached in any time that we can at present name. Hence the book teaches throughout that man's nature and improvement *are progressive*.

[2] If *all sciences* are exponents of the instruments, by means of which the Divine government is maintained, it is erroneous to represent *one* as the fountain of such knowledge to particular persons.

[3] There is here a great misconception of the book. If the proposition be sound that man has no means of discovering *how* God governs the world except by studying the *instruments* through which that government is manifested, it will continue to be impossible to discover the method of the government of the *moral* world, while the *organism*, which *is the instrument* by which the *moral government* is maintained, is ignored.—See pp. 86, 87, 88, 89. Please read p. 93, bottom of the page. I ask the writer of this notice, if he knows any method by which the Divine government which dispenses health to one, disease to another, short life to a third, and long life to a fourth, *can be discovered*, except by studying the functions and laws of the vital organs through which these different results are produced? When he has answered this question let him proceed to the brain. Do idiotcy, differences of *intellectual* power, and *differences of moral disposition* EXIST? If they do exist, do they not produce

the *moral* phenomena of the world? Was it not Napoleon the First's great intellectual and animal power that made him the instrument by which the moral and physical condition of Europe was deeply influenced from 1795 to 1815?

I ask, do we know any method by which we can discover *how* one man is an idiot and another a Napoleon, except by studying that portion of the organism on which these conditions of mind depend? It is on this account that I ascribe paramount importance to Gall's discovery of the functions of the different parts of the brain. Before we can discover the *method* and laws of the Divine government of the moral world, we must attain to knowledge of the *instruments* through which it is maintained; and all authorities and all experience agree in holding that it is *through the organism* that these differences of moral and intellectual power are produced; excepting always those who maintain the mind to be wholly independent of matter in this world, with whom few now agree.

[4] This is erroneous, and a misconception. The organs and their modes of action are the fountains of the chain of consequences here alluded to; just as the lungs, liver, stomach, etc., are the fountains of the chain of consequences, which are manifested in bodily vigour, excitability, torpor, feebleness, etc.

[5] Sheer nonsense, and at direct variance with all that the book teaches. It is clear that the writer of the notice either has not read the work or not comprehended it.

[6] This is distressing misrepresentation.—See above No. 3.

[7] A complete misconception.—See note, No. 2, *ante.*

[8] Will this critic *name the preachers* who teach the laws of the Divine government as expressed in nature, *from the pulpit?* I never had the pleasure to hear one of them. I have heard occasional allusions made to nature, but a Divine government for the guidance of human conduct, revealed to man through the instrumentality of nature, is no part of the English liturgy, and no part of ordinary preaching; nay, it is held to be infidelity. Please look at Lord John Russell's speech, Appendix No. 10, p. 277, and the last paragraph of the note.

[9] This subject is discussed in § 6 of the work, p. 47. Is the view there taken sound or unsound?

Unwilling to give him pain I withheld the notice from publication, with the full consent of the writer, who seemed, however, to think that the author had little reason to complain. I notified the fact of its withdrawal to Mr. Combe, and informed him that I had got about half way through the book myself, and had read every sentence of it carefully. He replied:—

"Edinburgh,
"21 May, 1857.

"My dear Sir,

"Many thanks for your note of yesterday. Since you have got to the 200th page you have passed through the heaviest part of the work. Do oblige me by persevering to the end. It will interest you more and more as you proceed. It is clear to me that the writer of the notice, now returned, has not *read the* book: only the introduction, and glanced at the pages. This may enable

a practised hand to write a tolerably correct notice where he is *familiar with the subject;* but where the *views are new*, such a mode of judging is wholly inadequate to serve any useful purpose. I have written notes on the criticism for your own consideration, and I beg the favour of you not to *insert any notice* until you have read the book through yourself, and are in a condition to judge of its merits. I understand the obligation you lie under not to run too much counter to public opinion. But could you not give *a true exposition of the main propositions of the book* so as to convey a correct and intelligible idea to your readers of what it contains, and what it aims at? This would leave all the responsibility of error on me. This notice does not convey the slightest idea of the object of the work, and the grounds of its argument. Now I should esteem a *fair statement of these*, attended by the bitterest condemnation, more than any amount of praise, accompanied by either omission of them or misstatement.

"Ever yours most truly,

"GEORGE COMBE.

"P.S.—Sir John Forbes, M.D., has read the book, and has written me an opinion, that it is one of great importance, as placing the phenomena of the moral world on a physiological basis, and thus presenting an intelligible key to the comprehension of these laws.

"Charles Mackay, Esq."

As I was disqualified, or thought I was disqualified by my friendship, from writing the review myself, as I could not, in justice to the proprietors of the *Illustrated London*

News, run the risk of offending its numerous readers, or in Mr. Combe's own words, "to run *too much* counter to public opinion," and as I could not and would not offend Mr. Combe himself by allowing the book to be either attacked, or to remain unnoticed, in any journal which I conducted, a competent writer was employed, who prepared a careful account of it, as Mr. Combe suggested, and a true exposition of the main propositions which it set forth and supported. With this account Mr. Combe expressed himself to be fully satisfied.

Mr. Combe was too sagacious a man to anticipate much popularity for a book that was certain to displease all the churches and all the sects, and that only appealed to the highest order of minds. He consequently only printed an edition of five hundred copies, a considerable proportion of which he distributed, gratuitously, among his friends. One of his disciples, however, resident in the Isle of Man, asked and obtained permission to reprint, at his own cost and risk, a cheap edition of 1500 copies, to be sold at a rate that would do no more than cover the cost of production. The work was immediately translated into German, and published in Leipzig, where it met with a sale greatly exceeding that which it obtained in Great Britain.

Mr. Combe took a great personal interest in the vital question of the education of the people. He not only endeavoured to promote the cause by his writings, but by working as a teacher among the lowest and most degraded of the youthful population of Edinburgh. When his always delicate health permitted the exertion, he occasionally lectured, in the homeliest phrase, to the

children of the ragged schools, or any waifs and strays of the streets and gutters that could be prevailed upon or bribed by bread and soup to attend. He often met with the most unhandsome reception from the young reprobates whom he endeavoured to instruct. They howled and roared, and groaned and shouted, when he attempted to address them; danced upon the benches, or broke them into splinters; or provided themselves with handfuls of mud and dirt from the streets to hurl at the head of the devoted philanthropist, who had no thought but for their welfare, and no design but to teach them the duty they owed, not alone to the society that neglected them, but to themselves, if they would become worthy of a place in the world that seemed to have no stool at the great table of Nature, on which they might sit and feed. Whenever the boys became hopelessly unruly and obstreperous, he had an infallible method of arresting their attention. All he required was that they should listen to him; but it was *le premier pas qui coutait,* and to gain their attention was the primary and all but insurmountable difficulty against which he had to contend. He took with him whenever he anticipated a stormy reception, a certain box, which, when the shouts and yells became most furious, and the discharge of missiles most provoking and dangerous, he solemnly and with much show of preparation, placed on the lecturer's desk before him. He opened it deliberately, touched a spring, and up started, full in view of the riotous assemblage of "unlicked cubs," a beautifully prepared human skeleton. This apparition was an invariable success. The eager expectant eyes of the rabble rout were fixed upon it; attention, the one

thing needful, was gained; and when he proceeded to show the delicacy, the power, all the beauty of the mechanism, and told that each of them had such a curious piece of work under his skin and flesh, when he made the arm to outstretch, the neck to bend, the leg to project; and explained how divine a structure was the body, and that the body was the soul's dwelling; and as such needed to be kept in repair and carefully tended, that it might perform all the wants of the physical, the moral, and the intellectual nature, the little blackguards who had come to pelt and howl, remained to wonder and be taught, and in many instances, no doubt, to take the first step out of the slough of degradation, up the ladder which led to the platform of a better life.

He was much interested by an incident which I related to him in the life of a Canadian gentleman, the late Colonel Fitzgibbon, who had rendered some service to the Crown in the suppression of the Canadian rebellion under Mr. Papineau in 1837–8, and who visited London some years afterwards to urge his claims upon the Colonial Office. The Colonel at this time was upwards of seventy years of age, and while in London was wholly dependent upon remittances from Canada. On one occasion these remittances, anxiously expected, failed to arrive, and he found himself alone in the mighty city, reduced to his last sovereign. He resolved, if possible, to make that sovereign suffice for his subsistence, until he could write to his Canadian friends to know the reason of the non-arrival of his funds, and receive the answer. He found that he could live upon sixpence a day—upon four pennyworth

of bread, one pennyworth of milk, and one pennyworth of sugar. He cut the bread into three equal portions, sprinkled it with sugar, and made a kind of pudding of it by the aid of a cupful of boiling water. These served for breakfast, dinner, and supper; the pennyworth of milk, in addition, being reserved for the latest meal. He throve so well upon this frugal diet, and found his health and strength so greatly increase upon it, that he continued it for many months—long after the necessity for the experiment had disappeared, and found when the delayed remittances arrived in about a month afterwards, that there still remained five shillings of the sovereign. At the time when Colonel Fitzgibbon told this story, he had persevered in his temperate diet for two years, and had devoted all the money which he had thus been enabled to save, to the support or establishment of infant schools in various of the poorest districts of London.

"I call this man a true Christian," said Mr. Combe; "and I would go a long way for the privilege of shaking hands with him."

The two never met, but Mr. Combe had the satisfaction of learning that this practical philanthropist was a reader of the "Constitution of Man," and had profited by its teachings.

George Combe was born in 1788, one of the seventeen children of a brewer in Edinburgh, who lived in a close, crowded, and malarious part of the old city. The father was a Presbyterian of the most rigid type, and rendered his children—at least two of them, George and Andrew, who afterwards became celebrated—miserable by the strictness and sourness of his religious observances. To

their birth-place and their father's bigotry and intolerance, both George and Andrew attributed the direction of their minds in after life. They suffered in health, as did the whole family, from the total absence of all sanitary arrangements in the overcrowded alley where their childhood was passed; and Calvinism was rendered odious to them by the undue strictness of their parents, and the gloom of their social circle. George became a writer to the signet, and his younger brother, Andrew, a physician; but both, notwithstanding the difference of their pursuits in life, became sanitary reformers, metaphysicians, and religious inquirers. However unpopular their religious views may be, no one, whatever his form of faith, can deny that sanitary science is greatly indebted to their labours in a cause that before their day had but few supporters.

George Combe died in his seventieth year at Moor Park, the hydropathic establishment of his friend Dr. Lane, on the 14th of August, 1858. The *Daily News*, four days afterwards, contained a tribute to his memory written in a cold yet not unjust spirit, and with a tendency to under rather than over-estimate his merits as a philosopher and a teacher, and with an animus against the phrenology, which, after all, was but the crust, and not the essence of his creed. "He was," said the writer, "a good man, and, in a certain direction, a wise one, but he was not a thinker, nor a poet, nor an orator, nor an enthusiast, nor a quack." He was, however, more of a poet in his feelings than the world suspected, as some of his letters, here for the first time made public, are sufficient to prove. And he was also an enthusiast,

though none but his most intimate friends were aware of the tender side of his nature. Since his death his reputation has been somewhat on the wane in Great Britain, but has steadily increased in the "Greater Britain" of the United States, where his name ranks second to no philosopher of his age and language.

DOUGLAS JERROLD AND NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

In the year 1856, a club, established in honour of the name and principles of the great John Milton, existed in London, and had its head-quarters on the right hand side of Ludgate Hill, looking eastwards from Fleet Street towards St. Paul's. The club had not adopted the name of Milton, because he wrote "Paradise Lost," "Comus," "The Hymn to the Nativity," "L'Allegro," and "Il Perseroso," or because he was one of the greatest poets who ever adorned the language in which he gave expression to his thoughts, and the country in which he lived, but because he was the able, the consistent, the uncompromising advocate of civil and religious liberty, at a time when neither civil nor religious liberty was firmly established in these realms. Thus the Milton Club was not so much literary as political and Nonconformist, though it partook of both characters. To this club I received an invitation from one of its principal supporters, to meet at dinner, Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of "The Scarlet Letter," "The House with Seven Gables," and other admirable novels, and at that time Consul of the United States at Liverpool. Invitations were addressed

to twenty-four persons, mostly literary, inclusive of Mr. Bennoch, the founder of the feast, a gentleman who, if he had not happily been a prosperous merchant, might, judging from his contributions to literature, have been a celebrated though possibly an unprosperous man of letters. It fell to my lot to be seated next to the guest of the evening—a heavy, dark, silent, uncommunicative and singularly shy and timid man—who seemed to be about fifty years of age, and ill at ease amid the company in which he found himself. I endeavoured to draw him into conversation, but with such little success that I could not help thinking, as I looked at his massive head and full deep eyes, of the anecdote of Lord Thurlow, or some other great legal luminary of a bygone age, that he must be an impostor, inasmuch as it was impossible for anybody to be as wise as he looked. But Mr. Hawthorne's shyness wore away at last, and after several of the customary toasts had been given, and the set speeches delivered, inclusive of one he made himself, which was remarkably terse, and scarcely consisted of an idea beyond the laconic expression of thanks to the company for drinking his health, he turned to me, and said *sotto voce*, "I hate dinner parties, and more especially large dinner parties, where no general conversation is possible. No dinner ought to consist of more than six or eight people, who know or want to know each other, and who have tastes and sympathies in common. What I should particularly like, before I leave London, would be to dine with you and Douglas Jerrold—we three only—and no more."

I told him that this could easily be managed, and to

give time and opportunity for both to make their arrangements, I named that day week, at the Reform Club, and promised that the dinner should be strictly confined to the three whom he had named. They both came at the day appointed, and seemed particularly pleased at being made known to each other. Jerrold was brilliant, as he always was; and Hawthorne threw off much of his customary and constitutional reserve, and gambolled solemnly in his talk with the ponderosity of an elephant attempting to be playful. He appears to have noted down, at night, some of the points of our conversation over the wine and the fruit, and recorded them in his diary, which was published in 1872. He remembered the bill of fare and the wine perfectly, but he did not as perfectly remember the conversation. When his diary was published, I became aware that he was by no means an accurate describer, either of what he saw or what he heard; and that the shyness of his personal manner did not affect him when he had a pen in his hand.

"April 5.—On Thursday, at eight o'clock, I went to the Reform Club to dine with Dr. ——. The waiter admitted me into a great basement hall, with a tesselated or mosaic or somewhat figured floor of stone, and lighted from a dome of lofty height. In a few minutes Dr. —— appeared, and showed me about the edifice, which is very noble, and of a substantial magnificence, that was most satisfactory to behold—no woodwork imitating better materials, but pillars and balustrades of marble, and everything what it purports to be. The reading-room

is very large, and luxuriously comfortable, and contains an admirable library; there are rooms and conveniences for every possible purpose; and whatever material for enjoyment a bachelor may need, or ought to have, he can surely find it here, and on such reasonable terms that a small income will do as much for him as a far greater one on any other system.

"In a colonnade, on the first floor, surrounding the great basement hall, there are portraits of distinguished reformers, and black niches for others yet to come. Joseph Hume, I believe, is destined to fill one of these blanks; but I remarked that the larger part of the portraits, already hung up, are men of high rank—the Duke of Sussex, for instance; Lord Durham, Lord Grey; and, indeed, I remember no commoner.* In one room, I saw on the wall the *fac-simile*, so common in the United States, of our Declaration of Independence.

"Descending again to the basement hall, an elderly gentleman came in, and was warmly welcomed by Dr. ——. He was a very short man, but with breadth enough, and a back excessively bent, bowed almost to deformity; very grey hair, and a face and expression of remarkable briskness and intelligence. His profile came out pretty boldly, and his eyes had the prominence that indicates, I

* Mr. Hawthorne might have known, had he enquired, that the portraits of these men were placed where he saw them, not because of their high rank, but of their eminent services to the Liberal party and the cause of Reform. He might also have discovered, had he looked, the portraits of Daniel O'Connell, a commoner, and of Mr. J. W. Denison, M.P., another commoner, and an excellent bust of John Hampden, a third commoner, more illustrious than either, and whose name is almost as dear to the British people as that of George Washington is to the Americans.

believe, volubility of speech, nor did he fail to talk from the instant of his appearance; and in the tone of his voice, and in his glance, and in the whole man, there was something racy—a flavour of the humorist. His step was that of an aged man, and he put his stick down very decidedly at every footfall, though as he afterwards told me, that he was only fifty-two, he need not yet have been infirm. But, perhaps, he has had the gout; his feet, however, are by no means swollen, but unusually small. Dr. —— introduced him as Mr. Douglas Jerrold, and we went into the coffee-room to dine.

"The coffee-room occupies one whole side of the edifice, and is provided with a great many tables, calculated for three or four persons to dine at; and we sat down at one of these, and Dr. —— ordered some mulligatawny soup, and a bottle of white French wine. The waiters in the coffee-room are very numerous, and most of them dressed in the livery of the club, comprising plush breeches and white silk stockings; for these English reformers do not seem to include Republican simplicity of manners in their system. Neither, perhaps, is it anywise essential.*

"After the soup we had turbot, and by and by a bottle of Château Margaux, very delectable; and then some lambs' feet, delicately done, and some cutlets of, I know not, what peculiar type, and finally a ptarmigan, which is of the same race of birds as the grouse, but feeds high up towards the summits of the Scotch mountains.

* The white silk stockings were things of Mr. Hawthorne's imagination, but served to point an innuendo against English manners and in favour of those of his own country.

Then some cheese, and a bottle of Chambertin. It was a very pleasant dinner, and my companions were both very agreeable men; both taking a shrewd, satirical, yet not ill-natured view of life and people; and as for Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he often reminded me of E. C.,* in the richer veins of the latter, both by his face and expression, and by a tincture of something at once wise and humorously absurd in what he said. But I think he is a kinder, more genial, wholesomer nature than E., and under a very thin crust of outward acerbity I grew sensible of a very warm heart, and even of much simplicity of character in this man, born in London, and accustomed always to London life.

"I wish I had any faculty whatever of remembering what people say; but, though I appreciate anything good at the moment, it never stays in my memory; nor do I think, in fact, that anything definite, rounded, pointed, separable, and transferable from the general lump of conversation, was said by anybody. I recollect that they laughed at Mr. ——, and at his shedding a tear into a Scottish river, on occasion of some literary festival. . . . They spoke approvingly of Bulwer, as valuing his literary position, and holding himself one of the brotherhood of authors; and not so approvingly of Charles Dickens, who, born a plebeian, aspires to aristocratic society. But I said that it was easy to condescend, and that Bulwer knew he could not put off his rank, and that he would have the advantages of it, in spite of his authorship. We talked about the position of men of letters, and they said that the aristocracy hated

* Qy. Dr. Channing.

and despised and feared them; and I asked why it was that literary men, having really so much power in their hands, were content to live unrecognised in the State? Douglas Jerrold talked of Thackeray and his success in America, and said that he himself proposed going, and had been invited thither to lecture. I asked him whether it was pleasant to a writer of plays to see them performed, and he said it was intolerable, the presentation of the author's idea being so imperfect; and Dr. —— observed that it was excruciating to hear one of his own songs sung. Jerrold spoke of the Duke of Devonshire with great warmth, as a true, honest, simple, most kind-hearted man, from whom he himself had received great courtesies and kindnesses (not, as I understood, in the way of patronage or essential favours); and I (Heaven forgive me!) queried within myself whether this English reforming author would have been quite so sensible of the Duke's excellence if his Grace had not been a duke. But indeed, a nobleman who is at the same time a true and whole-hearted man, feeling his brotherhood with men, does really deserve some credit for it.

"In the course of the evening, Jerrold spoke with high appreciation of Emerson, and of Longfellow, whose 'Hiawatha' he considered a wonderful performance; and of Lowell, whose 'Table for the Critics' he especially admired. I mentioned Thoreau, and proposed to send his works to Dr. ——, who, being connected with the *Illustrated News*, and otherwise a writer, might be inclined to draw attention to them. Douglas Jerrold asked why he should not have them too? I hesitated a

little, but as he pressed me, and would have an answer, I said that I did not feel quite so sure of his kindly judgment on Thoreau's books; and it so chanced that I used the word 'acrid,' for lack of a better, in endeavouring to express my idea of Jerrold's way of looking at men and books. It was not quite what I meant; but, in fact, he often is acrid, and has written pages and volumes of acridity, though, no doubt, with an honest purpose, and from a manly disgust at the cant and humbug of the world. Jerrold said no more, and I went on talking with Dr. ——; but, in a minute or two, I became aware that something had gone wrong, and, looking at Douglas Jerrold, there was an expression of pain and emotion on his face. By this time a second bottle of Burgundy had been opened (Clos Vougeot, the best the Club could produce, and far richer than the Chambertin), and that warm and potent wine may have had something to do with the depth and vivacity of Mr. Jerrold's feelings. But he was indeed greatly hurt by that little word 'acrid.' 'He knew,' he said, 'that the world considered him a sour, bitter, ill-natured man; but that such a man as I should have the same opinion was almost more than he could bear.' As he spoke, he threw out his arms, sank back in his seat, and I was really a little apprehensive of his actual dissolution into tears. Hereupon I spoke, as was good need, and though, as usual, I have forgotten everything I said, I am quite sure it was to the purpose, and went to this good fellow's heart, as it came warmly from my own. I do remember saying that I felt him to be as genial as the glass of Burgundy which I held in my hand, and I think that touched the very

right spot; for he smiled, and said he was afraid the Burgundy was better than he, but yet he was comforted. Dr. M—— said that he likewise had a reputation for bitterness; and I assured him, if I might venture to join myself to the brotherhood of two such men, that I was considered a very ill-natured person by many people in my own country. Douglas Jerrold said he was glad of it.

"We were now in sweetest harmony, and Jerrold spoke more than it would become me to repeat in praise of my own books, which he said he admired; and he found the man more admirable than his books! I hope so certainly. . . . I like Douglas Jerrold very much."

Mr. Hawthorne, in these naïve passages, has attempted to justify the unfortunate use of the word "acrid," as applied to Jerrold's wit, which he blurted out very clumsily and evidently without the slightest suspicion of the sensitive nature that he was hurting. Jerrold started as if stung. "I grieve to think," he said, "that I should have such a reputation in America, and do not think I deserve it."

"When you know Jerrold better," I interrupted, addressing Hawthorne, "you will find that there is nothing acrid in his wit, or in his temper, and that a kinder-hearted man never breathed."

Mr. Hawthorne was evidently ill at ease, and surprised as well as grieved at the offence he had given. Jerrold, however, could not but accept without rejoinder, the attempt to make the *amende honorable* by the com-

parison of his geniality to that of the Burgundy, but told me some days afterwards that he thought Hawthorne one of the heaviest and most awkward of persons he had ever met: "But he means well," he added, "as all clumsy people do."

Mr. Hawthorne has not fully or correctly reported in his diary the conversation about Thoreau's book, called "Walden, or a Life in the Woods." Thoreau was—or is—one of the admirers or disciples of Mr. Emerson—a man worthy of all the respect and admiration which have been showered upon his name in his own country and in England—and of another philosopher, whom Mr. Emerson used to call the "purple Plato," who had taken it into his head that men were too highly civilised—that we none of us did justice to the primitive savageness of our nature; that we were all too much beholden to artificial aids for our comfort and happiness, and that we ran the imminent risk of losing many of the best qualities of our human nature, our watchfulness, our self-respect, our self-reliance, and our independence of mind and body; by too thick and close companionship with one another; and our dependence upon paid and other help for offices which required no help, or which could be altogether dispensed with, with great advantage to our physical and mental health. Thoreau, it appears, went out from Boston in Massachusetts, disgusted, or, fancying that he was disgusted, with the trammels and habits of civilized life, longing to be free of fine clothes and of ceremony, to build his own wigwam among the trees—if he required a wigwam—to produce from the soil all that was necessary for the

sustenance of his life; to hunt his own game, sew his own fig-leaves together as Adam and Eve did, and generally to be independent of the aid or companionship of his fellow men. He carried out his idea to a large extent, and his book, "Walden," contained the history of his experiment, written in very choice English, and not only full of a rare experience of solitary life, but of admirable description of scenery and the habits of animals. Hawthorne told us that the incident of Thoreau's voluntary seclusion afar from all human intercourse which pleased him most, was that after he had been two or three months in the woods, the wild birds ceased to be afraid of him, and would come and perch upon his shoulder, and sometimes upon his spade, when he was digging in the little croft that supplied him with potatoes and pumpkins, and that Thoreau had written or said, that he deemed the honour thus bestowed upon him by the birds to be greater than anything an Emperor could have conferred, if he had elevated him to a dukedom.

"That is a book I should like to read," said Jerrold. And upon that hint, and no other, Mr. Hawthorne undertook to send it to him. The "pressure" alluded to existed only in Mr. Hawthorne's fancy.

Neither has he correctly reported the conversation about the position of men of letters in England. Nothing was said about the hatred or fear entertained of literature and its professors by the aristocracy of Great Britain; though much was said about the superior chances afforded in the United States, to men of letters who aspired to a political or a diplomatic career.

In the United States a newspaper editor, if a man of

talent and sagacity above the average, and endowed with the power of language, either with the tongue or with the pen, can make himself anything that he pleases—not, perhaps, President of the Republic, for that is a post which, for the last forty years, has not been within the grasp of any man of ability, or of any body but some harmless third-rate politician, who has not made too many enemies in his public career; but a Vice-President, a Secretary of State, or an ambassador to London or Paris. No such chances are afforded to the journalist or the mere man of letters in England, although Mr. Disraeli's career may seem an instance to the contrary. But Mr. Disraeli became a statesman, not because of his being, but in spite of his being an author. His authorship was an obstruction, and not an aid to his brilliant career. Jerrold thoroughly understood all this, but Hawthorne did not; and imagined that the authors of Great Britain had only themselves to blame for their overshadowment by rich men and by the aristocracy.

At this dinner the conversation happened to turn upon the art of sculpture and the glorification of the nude. Mr. Hawthorne expatiated at a length unusual for a man so taciturn, upon the perfect and incomparable beauty of the human form, asserting that it was utterly impossible for the wit or ingenuity of the wisest or most imaginative of men to suggest the slightest improvement upon its structure, its uses, and its loveliness, adding that the wings given by sculptors and painters to angels, were vulgar and monstrous distortions, making the angel a hybrid—half man, half bird.

"Granted, as regards the wings," I said; "but don't

you think it might be an improvement upon the divine human form if by an unseen apparatus we might, by a mere effort of the will, be able to shut our ears against a disagreeable and against a prosy and long-winded speech, or against the firing of guns, or against the odious shriek of the railway whistle, just as easily as we can shut our eyes against a sight that displeases us?"

"Decidedly," said Jerrold, laughing; "and I should like a similar power to be conferred upon the nose, so that it might shut out a bad smell—mine is unusually sensitive. I like the idea of nose-lids as well as eye-lids. It is a clumsy method at best, to stop your ears with your hands, or to take your nose between your fingers to exclude the smell of paint, or gas, or the abominations of the common sewer."

"I think the idea ingenious," said Hawthorne; "but what I meant and re-affirm is, that no visible improvement on the human form is so much as imaginable. The wings of the angel are certainly no improvement, and seen from behind in a piece of sculpture are to me painful to look at. What *can* an angel do with them when he sits down or lies down?"

Jerrold was what Dr. Johnson would have called an eminently "clubbable" man, and was the life and soul of many successive literary clubs—especially of three, the "Museum," that had a house and home of its own, but was not long able to support them; and of the "Hooks and Eyes," and "Our Club," that succeeded each other —I do not remember which was the first in point of time; and the members of which met at stated intervals to dine in one or other of the taverns in Covent Garden.

On the occasion of this dinner at the Reform Club, it was suggested to Jerrold that so good a liberal and so earnest a labourer in the cause ought to become a member. "No," he said, "a man in my position, the avowed editor of a newspaper and a known contributor to *Punch*, must, in the exercise of the duties of his vocation, have been compelled to attack the public measures of many public men, and thus made enemies. And I much fear that I should be rejected. Ill will is always more powerful than good will when it comes to the ballot at any club whatever. It takes a hundred friends to neutralize ten enemies, and a man's enemies take care to muster punctually, while his friends trust to other friends and the chapter of accidents, and do not always make their appearance in sufficient numbers. Doyle, the artist, resigned his profitable connection with *Punch*, because one of the writers—it was not me—had made some severe remarks about the Pope, Cardinal Wiseman, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—the Irish Roman Catholics are sensitive—and if there are any in the Reform, as I suppose there are, they would certainly object to my coming among them."

"Perhaps they would," I replied, "and perhaps they would not. At all events I think you would find friends enough to secure your election if you were in the slightest danger of rejection."

He shook his head. "I should be too ugly a customer, I am afraid. And why should I court a defeat?"

At this moment, Mr. Joseph Parkes, the Nestor of the club, stopped at our table, to talk to Jerrold, whom he

knew, and to be introduced to Mr. Hawthorne. The question of Jerrold's chances of election was put to him, and he replied with hesitation, "It would be a tough job, for club people do not as a rule feel very comfortable when a wit appears among them."

"'Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,'"

interposed Mr. Hawthorne.

"If *I* had said that," said Jerrold, "I should have been accused of being 'acrid.'"

It was evident that the word still rankled; but Hawthorne prudently took no notice of the comment.

"But though a tough job, it would not be an impossible one," added Parkes, taking, like Hawthorne, no notice of the interruption.

"Will you propose him?" I inquired.

"I will most cheerfully, if no one better can be found; but I would suggest that one literary man should propose, and that another literary man should second him. I like literary men to stand by one another. Why not Thackeray and yourself?"

Jerrold seemed to have misgivings about Thackeray. "He is," he said, "the most uncertain person I know. To-day he is all sunshine—to-morrow he is all frost and snow. I would rather have some other proposer or seconder, and should not like to ask a favour of him, lest I should get a rebuff, which I should remember for the rest of my life."

"I think you misunderstand him," said Parkes. "He is one of the best fellows living; and the uncertainty you complain of springs from bad health—intermittent

bad health—which affects his spirits, struggle as he will to do justice to his better nature. Take my advice, let Thackeray propose or second you, and he will work in your interest with hearty good will."

Before the matter was finally settled Jerrold, still doubtful about Thackeray's zeal in his cause, wrote as follows:—

"Monday,
"11, Greville Place,
"Kilburn Priory.

"My dear Mackay,

"Thackeray and I are very good friends, but our friend T. is a man so full of crotchets, that, as a favour, I would hardly ask him to pass me the salt. Therefore don't write to him. If there be the probability of the least difficulty, 'let us proceed no further in this business.' Perhaps just now the times may be out of joint. *Punch* is going hard at Cobden, Milner Gibson, and the Manchester folks—all touching the Chinese business. They might, therefore, be unusually hostile. Still, I leave the affair to your discretion, fearing, however, that you have already had too much trouble with it. I *knew* I was a difficult customer.

"Truly yours,

"D. Jerrold."

I saw Mr. Thackeray, and received a promise of his cordial support, which he said he would convey to Jerrold in writing. He evidently did so, as appears from the following:—

"March 11.

"My dear Mackay,

"I heartily thank you for the trouble you take in this matter. I was both pleased and rebuked by T.'s letter. I suppose that *I* at least must henceforth say nothing of 'crotchets.'

"I leave the affair entirely to your discretion. If you should feel any doubt, I know you will hold off. For myself, I cannot but suspect that the Chinese warfare, both in *Punch* and my own paper, may not tend to general conciliation.

"Truly yours,

"D. Jerrold."

Jerrold was proposed and seconded as was suggested, and every available social, political, and literary influence was brought to bear on behalf of the candidate for the three or four weeks that supervened before the election. The result was a success, and gratified Jerrold exceedingly. On the day after the election he wrote me as follows:—

"May 8th,
"11, Greville Place,
"Kilburn Priory.

"My dear Mackay,

"Many hearty thanks for your friendly zeal. The result was unexpectedly communicated to me last night by one who had voted (a stranger) at Russell's rehearsal lecture. I also found on getting home a letter from Bernal Osborne, and this morning the official notification from the Secretary. I suppose my next step is to call and pay.

"What day will suit you next week for a *tête-à-tête* dinner? Friday? I must wait for Thackeray's return to have a muster.

"Truly yours obliged,

"D. JERROLD."

It was found that Mr. Thackeray was likely to be absent for some time; so on the 13th Jerrold wrote again, proposing a dinner for four on the Friday following, asking me to invite whom I pleased, and that he would bring Mr. Hepworth Dixon. I brought Dr. Francis Sibson; and thus the party was complete. Jerrold was in high spirits, and apparently in the best of health; and the wit flowed from him in the usual electric flashes. It was his first appearance in the Club in the character of a member—and it was his last. I never saw him again. Within a fortnight he was taken with an illness, which at first no one, not even himself, suspected to be serious. "Time was wearing towards the end of May," says Mr. Blanchard Jerrold in his tender and affecting life of his father, "and on the last Sunday in the month, he was to be one of Mr. W. H. Russell's dinner party at Greenwich. He was ailing the day before. The men had been painting the iron steps at his study window, and he attributed his indisposition to the smell, for paint always affected him acutely. In Thistle Grove, Chelsea, when his house was being partly redecorated, he was seized with the painter's cholera. Indeed his sense of smell was extraordinarily developed. But though unwell, Jerrold thought himself well enough to go to the Greenwich dinner, whither he was accom-

panied by Mr. Charles Dickens. The latter described the day and the scene—it was the last day he ever saw his friend—in a letter to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold:—

"It was a bright day, and as soon as we reached Greenwich we got an open carriage, and went out for a drive about Shooter's Hill. In the carriage Mr. Russell read us his Lecture. We planned out the ground of Inkermann on the heath, and your father was very earnest indeed. The subject held us so, that we were graver than usual, but he broke out at intervals hilariously; and he over and over again said to me with great satisfaction how happy he was that he had quite got over that paint." Mr. Dickens recommended him at the dinner in the evening to eat only of some simple dish, and to drink only sherry and water. After the dinner, Mr. Dickens records that he went round to the chair where Jerrold was still sitting, and asked him how he was. "He turned round to show me the glass beside him, with a little sherry and water in it, saying, 'I have kept to the prescription: I have quite got over the paint, and am perfectly well.' He was really elated by the relief of having recovered, and was as quietly happy as ever I saw him. We exchanged 'God bless you!' and shook hands."

The friends never met again. The smell of the paint, which he fondly hoped had inflicted no injury, was doing deadly work in the sensitive organism of Jerrold, and appears to have aggravated other evil symptoms, more especially heart disease, with which he was afflicted; and

he died on the 8th of June, just twenty-four days after his joyous inaugural dinner at the Reform, in the maturity of his intellect, and only in the fifty-fourth year of his age. In him the nineteenth century lost its incomparably greatest wit and humourist. The term "acrid," which Hawthorne so unluckily applied to the character of his genius, was wholly unjust. There was nothing virulent or malignant in his good sayings; there were hard blows in them, no doubt, but no wounds—palpable hits, but no bloodshed. The bitterness was pleasant, and without the slightest tincture of malice; and the spontaneity of his wit was positively marvellous. Quick as the lightning flash, his jests sparkled with lambent and harmless fire around the heads of every company that was privileged to sit at the convivial board along with him; and there were not wanting men of genius and learning who were contented to be the victims or objects of his brilliant jokes, rather than that the brilliant jokes should not be made. No listener enjoyed his good things more than he did himself. His laughter—loud and hearty—followed the joke as the crack of the explosion follows the discharge of the bullet. He usually passed his hand rapidly through the thick grey hair over his intellectual forehead—as if every hair was full charged with the electricity of a new idea—and would forthwith discharge the *bons mots* in a coruscation and shower of sparks, and of a multitudinous brilliancy, like that of fire-works. His jokes, unlike those of many professional wits, were never studied or premeditated, but broke forth from a full mind and teeming fancy, as the rain-drops break from the cloud. And the next day he had generally lost all remembrance of

the good things he had said the night before, and which were gradually percolating through half the clubs of London: good things that were still good as a residuum, though the sparkle of the manner had all evaporated, or the point of the jest itself had been dulled by the stupidity or incompetency of a second-hand narrator, who missed in its reproduction all its fire and penetrating essence. The oddness, the unexpectedness, the singular aptness, the curious felicity of word and phrase, the vivid suddenness with which he set the table in a roar—and himself along with it—were unequalled by any wit of his own, or, perhaps, of any other time. It has been said that "wit" is of necessity more or less ill-natured, and that it is bound by its very nature to be cynical; but this is only partially true. And though Jerrold could act the cynic as well as anybody, and hit his friends with his arrowy pellets as hard as he hit his foes; his friends, though they might wince for a moment under the smart, were as ready to laugh at the eccentric yet sensible drollery as any of the spectators and hearers. And his jests were quite as often good-natured as the reverse. He was particularly attached to the kind-hearted and venerable Charles Knight, who seldom failed to make his appearance at "Our Club," and the "Hooks and Eyes," and who, though he seldom made a joke himself, had a keen appreciation of all the jokes that volleyed around when Jerrold was present. "Jerrold," he said one evening, "I am growing very old, and I wish you would write my epitaph." "It is done, my dear fellow. Here it is! Good Night!" Nothing could have been happier. As quick and as free from the slightest tint of ill-nature was his remark about the affectionate letters

written from America, by an actor who had left his wife in London, without money, and who never sent her any. "What kindness!" he said, with strong emphasis, when one of the letters was read aloud in the Green-room of the Haymarket. "Kindness!" ejaculated one of the actresses, indignantly, "when he never sends the poor woman a penny." "Yes," said Jerrold, "unremitting kindness!"

Jerrold, Mr. Herbert Ingram, Mr. Peter Cunningham, and myself were out for a day's ramble, and happened to stroll into the little village of Chenies, and the church or chapel where many members of the ducal family of Bedford are buried. "If I were one of the Russells," said Peter Cunningham, "I should not wish to come here often. I should not like to know the exact spot where I was to be buried." "My feeling exactly," said Jerrold; "and for that reason I *never* enter Westminster Abbey!"

Of a different character was his jest when one of the members of the "Hooks and Eyes" was expatiating on the fact that he had dined three times at the Duke of Devonshire's, and that on neither occasion had there been any fish at table. "I cannot account for it," he added. "I can," said Jerrold: "they ate it all up stairs." The author of an epic poem asked Jerrold if he had seen his "Descent into Hell." "No," replied Jerrold, with a chuckle of delight, "but I should like." When everybody was at a loss to invent a name for the great palace of glass built by Sir Joseph Paxton for the Exhibition of 1851, and when, in default of anything better, it was commonly called "The Great Exhibition Building in Hyde Park," Douglas Jerrold solved the difficulty by calling it "The Crystal Palace." The name took the public fancy at once,

and "Crystal Palace" it became; and bequeathed its happy title to one great and many smaller successors in Europe and America.

Though very many of the good things said by Douglas Jerrold, in addition to the few I have cited from memory as I heard them, have been preserved in print; yet too many of these have been deprived of their fine flavour and aroma in the telling. But a far greater number have perished—never to be revived or collected, gone as irretrievably as last year's blossoms, or the songs of birds that sang a century ago.

I cannot close these slight reminiscences without adding that Jerrold's wit — irrepressible as it was — had its sole cynicism in the words, and that when his jest came to the tip of his tongue it had to explode, though the heavens should crack, or his best friend should take it amiss. But no one who knew him ever took his jest in bad part; for though he might often have said things that appeared to be ill-natured, or even "acrid," as Mr. Hawthorne supposed, his heart was as kindly a one as ever beat in a human bosom; and his hand most liberal, and often far more liberal than his means might have justified. He was once asked by a literary acquaintance, whether he had the courage to lend him a guinea. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I've got the courage; but I haven't got the guinea." He had always the courage to do a kind action; and when he had the guinea, it was always at the command of the suffering and the distressed, especially if the sufferer from pecuniary woe was a brother of the quill, and an honest labourer in the field of literature.

THACKERAY AND LEECH.

Mr. Thackeray, from so early a period as 1839-40, was a frequent contributor to his favourite journal, the *Morning Chronicle*, though he never succeeded in establishing a permanent connection with it. But he was always on excellent terms with the staff, and on the welcome Saturday evenings, when there was no paper to prepare for the morrow, he was a frequent guest at the chambers in the Temple, of one of the assistant-editors, the late Mr. Thomas Fraser, of Eskadale—the "Laughing Tom," whom in after-years he celebrated in his ballad of "Bouillabaisse." Mr. Fraser was for many years resident in Paris, as the correspondent of the *Chronicle*; and when that journal changed hands in 1856 accepted the situation of Secretary to the Hudson's Bay Company. I constantly met Mr. Thackeray at Mr. Fraser's hospitable board, both in London and Paris, long before the world suspected how great a novelist was striving in vain to excite its attention. His fame—unlike that of Dickens—did not come to him early; and the tardiness of the public favour, which he had the abiding consciousness of deserving, possibly infused into his later writings that flavour of cynicism which did not exist in his heart.

When I first made his acquaintance, Mr. Thackeray was

known among his friends as the best Improvisatore of his time, far superior to Mr. Charles Sloman, once well known in the musical world,—and who used to supplement a scanty income by improvising in public-houses, and "free and easies," for the amusement of the company. Mr. Thackeray's powers of impromptu rhyming were great and brilliant, and in congenial society he was never loth to exert them. On one occasion, when every one in the room was smoking but myself, and he had learned from my own lips that I never smoked, and that I detested tobacco, he singled me out for the exercise of his wit, and poured out a string of verses on the Pleasures of Smoking, ending each stanza with the lines, which include a common mispronunciation of my name :—

"And alas, for poor Mackay,
Who can't smoke his baccy!"

No more of the composition remains in my memory, but the effort did not exhaust his powers for the evening, as he ran over the whole company—I think there were seven or eight of us—and hit off the peculiarities of each with much pungency, but without a taint of ill-nature.

Mr. Thackeray began his literary career in connection with *Fraser's Magazine* in 1833, but did not achieve what might fairly be called a literary success until the appearance of the "Snob" papers and "Jeames's Diary" in *Punch*, in 1843—44. These procured a favourable reception for his first consecutive work of any extent, the excellent novel "Vanity Fair," which was given to the world in 1846, and at once seated him in his true place, among the first authors of his time. In the year

1853, the *Illustrated London News* was in need of a correspondent in Paris, and meeting Mr. Thackeray in the Strand, close to the office of that journal, I asked him if he knew any one in that city, competent not only to write, but to procure sketches of events and persons. "Had I been asked ten years ago I should have offered myself for the place," he replied, "and I do not know that I should not like it even now. What do you say to Mahony (Father Prout). He is a good man, lives in Paris, and loves it, and can write well, as you know. But stay! I know somebody still better, who writes, if not so brilliantly as Mahony, quite brilliantly enough for any newspaper in the world, and to whom the salary would be a perfect god-send of good fortune. I mean Miss Marguerite Power, niece of Lady Blessington. If you appoint her you will do a good action, get a good correspondent for the *Illustrated*, and greatly oblige your old friend—me." Miss Power received the appointment, and owing to her intimacy with the Emperor, which dated from the old days when Prince Napoleon, an exile in London, was a constant visitor to Lady Blessington's re-unions at Gore House, was the first to announce to the world the name of the lady whom the Emperor had resolved to raise to be his partner on the throne. The announcement was unregarded by the London press, and thought to be a piece of baseless feminine gossip. But its truth was confirmed within a week by official notification of the fact. Marguerite Power was, at this time, a singularly beautiful young woman, and bore her fall from the splendour of Gore House to the comparative poverty of her small apartments in Paris with

much dignity and sweetness. An unfortunate attack of small-pox impaired, but did not entirely destroy, her loveliness.

After Mr. Thackeray's return from America in 1856, where he delivered with great success in all the great cities of the Union, his Lectures on the Four Georges, he redelivered them in England and Scotland. They were not quite so popular in the Old World as they had proved in the New. They ran counter to existing prejudices, as well as to some strong feelings of loyalty towards the House of Hanover. I remember at this time finding him alone in the library of his Club, with a newspaper in his hand, which he had clutched tightly, as if about to destroy it, and with an expression of anger on his face which was seldom seen there. I asked him what was the matter, and he gave me the newspaper to look at. It appeared that he had recently delivered his Lectures on the Four Georges at a certain fashionable town in the centre of England, of which the rector was a leading contributor to one of the local journals. The rectory was a valuable one, and had been conferred on the rector's father by the influence of George IV. The son had succeeded his father in the incumbency, and venerated the memory of the king who had been so good a friend to the family. Mr. Thackeray's portraiture of George IV. had excited the good gentleman's wrath, and he had penned an indignant article on the subject, which Mr. Thackeray had just read as I entered the room. It began with the following words:—"An elderly, infidel buffoon of the name of Thackeray has been lecturing in town on

the subject of the Four Georges." I am afraid I laughed at this passage, but Mr. Thackeray thought it no laughing matter, and threatened an action for libel with damages laid at a thousand pounds. I tried to pacify his wrath, and told him my opinion, that however offensive the words might be, no lawyer would hold them to be libellous. It is not a libel on a gentleman to call him elderly, though it possibly might be so considered if he applied the disagreeable epithet to a young woman of twenty-five. "But it is libellous to call a man an infidel," he said. "Unfaithful to what?" I replied. "To some form of belief that somebody else holds. The most orthodox man in the world might be called an infidel, by some one whom he thought heterodox. And as for buffoon—it is a word which no gentleman would use to another—and which you may well treat with contempt." "Yes; all very well," he replied, "for you have not been attacked; but we all bear with perfect equanimity everybody's annoyances but our own." The threatened action for libel was never commenced.

In Scotland Mr. Thackeray ran counter to another wholly unrelated set of prejudices. The people of Edinburgh are essentially liberal, if not radical, in politics; and in religion are stubbornly hostile to Roman Catholicism or, as they prefer to call it, Popery. Yet among the educated classes not only of Edinburgh, but throughout all Scotland, there runs a strong undercurrent of Jacobitism in the politics of the past, which nobody thinks of applying to the present; and of love, pity, and admiration for Queen Mary, who, if she could have had her own way, and had not been foiled by John Knox, and the dour and doughty

zealots of his time, would probably have Romanized Scotland. Mr. Thackeray was not aware of this poetical and sentimental side of the Scottish character, fostered as it has been by beautiful song and still more beautiful music, and, in his ignorance, made certain remarks both about Queen Mary and the "young Chevalier," which brought down upon him the wrath of intellectual Edinburgh. His remarks upon Queen Mary, which, in so ultra-Protestant a city as Edinburgh, he might have expected to be acceptable, if not harmless, proved particularly obnoxious; and the character he drew of the Georges, especially of George IV., whom Edinburgh had once delighted to honour, and whose statue occupies a prominent position in one of the most beautiful of her many beautiful streets, was received with loud disfavour. The late Professor Aytoun, author of the "Lays of the Cavaliers," took the opportunity of giving his friend the hint that he was on dangerous ground: "Let the Georges alone," he said, "and stick to the Jeames's."—(The Jeames Yellow Plush of *Punch*).

Mr. Thackeray, like Dr. Johnson—and all the ancients—was singularly indifferent to the beauties of natural scenery—and took more pleasure in contemplating the restless tide of human life in the streets of London, than in looking at or wandering among the most glorious panoramic splendours of mountain and forest, or wide stretching river, lake, or sea. It was reported of him in America, that he was within an hour and a half's run of the magnificent Falls of Niagara, when he was strongly pressed by a friend and companion to visit that renowned wonder of America, and that he refused, with the con-

temptuous observation, "All the snobs go to Niagara, *I* shall not make one of them." When this story reached England, he was indignant at the reason which gossip had erroneously assigned, but admitted that he had not visited the Falls, and was sorry that he had not done so.

The last time I met Mr. Thackeray was in Evans's Supper Rooms, in Covent Garden, in December, 1863. Evans's was his favourite place of resort on the evenings when he had been dining out, at which place he always received—as indeed everybody at all known to fame did—a hearty welcome from "Paddy Green," the genial head of the establishment. I was at the time on the eve of departure to the United States, and was taking my leave of London for a time, which I anticipated might extend to several years. I found Thackeray and John Leech together: they were always fast friends, and had been schoolfellows in the Charter House. They both complained of illness, but neither of them looked ill enough to justify the belief that anything ailed them beyond a temporary indisposition, such as all of us are subject to. Leech was particularly despondent, and complained much of the annoyances to which he was subjected by the organ-grinders of London, and by the dreadful railway whistles at the stations whenever he left town. His nerves were evidently in a high state of tension, and I recommended him, not only as a source of health and amusement, but of profit, to take a voyage across the Atlantic, and pass six months in America, where he would escape the organ-grinders, street music, and the railway-whistle, and bring back a portfolio filled

with sketches of American and Yankee character. "I am afraid," he replied, "that B. and E. (Bradbury and Evans) would not like it. Besides, I should not like to be absent from *Punch* for so long a time." "Nonsense!" said Thackeray. "B. and E. would highly approve, provided you sent them sketches. *I* think it a good idea, and you might put five thousand pounds in your pocket by the trip. The Americans have never been truly portrayed, as you would portray them. The niggers alone would be a little fortune to you." Leech shook his head dubiously, and I thought mournfully; and no more was said upon the subject.

I never saw either of them again. Within a week after my arrival in New York, news arrived of the sudden and unexpected death of Thackeray. The intelligence was received with almost universal sorrow, though here and there in the journals that were most clamorous for the prosecution of the war and the abolition of negro slavery, regret was expressed that the great novelist had been a sympathiser with the South, an unbeliever in the necessity of the war, and "an enemy of our great country." Thackeray was not witty in the same sense or to the same degree as Douglas Jerrold, yet resembled him in the fact that the cynicism of many of his good sayings was that of the fancy, not that of the heart; and like Jerrold, was always ready to do a kind action if he could serve a literary brother. When poor Angus Reach died in early manhood of overwork, and left a widow in distress, Thackeray, who had known but little of his fellow-worker, came to the rescue simply because he was a fellow-worker, and delivered a series of lectures on the

widow's behalf, which put more money into her pockets than he could have afforded out of his banking account, had he been three times richer than he was.

John Leech did not long survive his friend, and may be said literally to have died of the hideous noises, the horrible brass bands and barrel-organs of London, which jarred upon his shattered nerves. Some time before his death, I met in a railway carriage his friend, Mr. F. M. Evans, one of the proprietors of *Punch*, and asked him how Leech was. "Very ill," he replied. "The sufferings he endures from noises are painful to think of. I took him down into the country a little while ago to stay a week, or as much longer as he pleased, promising him that he should hear no organ-grinders there, nor railway-whistles, nor firing of guns. The next morning, on getting up to breakfast, I found that he had packed up his portmanteau, and was ready to depart. 'I cannot stay any longer here,' he said; 'the noise drives me frantic.' 'What noise?' 'The gardener whetting his scythe. It goes through my ears like a corkscrew.' And nothing I could say could prevail upon him to prolong his visit."

John Leech was an essentially grave and melancholy-looking man, like Grimaldi, Thomas Hood, Artemus Ward, and many other wits and humourists, whose spoken jests would perhaps not have been so startling and effective as they were, if they had proceeded from the lips of some hale, hearty, and joyous-looking person. The favourite song of Leech, which he often used to sing at evening parties among his friends, was one formerly very popular, written by Barry Corn-

wall, the music by the Chevalier Neukomm, entitled "King Death,"—

"King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And lifted his hands so yellow
To drink of his coal-black wine.
Hurra! for the coal-black wine!

"There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
To drink of his coal-black wine.
Hurra! for the coal-black wine."

He had a powerful and very deep bass voice, and when he sang this song, with grave and serious face and peculiar accent, emphasis, and gesticulation, the effect, which he intended, was highly comical, and provoked every hearer to laughter, in which he himself joined when the song was concluded.

England has produced a series of abler caricaturists than any other country in the world—Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gillray, Seymour, and the still living Cruikshank, Doyle, Tenniel, and others, who continue to amuse and instruct society by their pictorial wit and humour. In this goodly company John Leech ranks lower to none, and immeasurably higher than some, such as Gillray and Rowlandson, artists of a coarse age, who too faithfully reflected its coarse character. But the genius of Leech was essentially that of a gentleman and a man of refined taste and cultivated intellect. There was not the slightest taint of vulgarity about it, and he ridiculed humanity, as Isaak Walton impaled the worm,

tenderly, as if he loved it. Even critics, who love to find fault, could say nothing more in disparagement than that his ladies were all alike—dark, languishing beauties; and his gentlemen all of the same pattern; but even these were glad to admit that true ladies and gentlemen were not easily to be caricatured, but that beneath that very thin social stratum there exists a world filled with an infinite variety of human character, in the delineation of which John Leech was unrivalled. Nor were his wit and humour wholly pictorial. The terse little sentences inscribed under his drawings were models of literary pith, and, read by themselves, were as happy as the drawings, and gave pleasure to the reader when copied, as they were certain to be, in all the unillustrated and unpictorial papers of Great Britain, America, and Australia. He shared with George Cruikshank the high honour of being a teacher of the nations, and proved that the pencil, no less than the pen, can vindicate the right and throw discredit on the wrong, and be as potent as the stage itself in "holding the mirror up to nature, showing vice its own image, and reflecting the very spirit and body of the time." He has left worthy successors behind him in this difficult and delicate, but high department of art, who give us comedy without vulgarity, wit without licentiousness, and censorship of morals without dulness or misanthropy.

YOUNG POETS.

"Io anche son poeta!" is a thought and sometimes a conviction that frequently takes possession of the mind of young men and women of sensitive natures and literary tastes. Too often have enthusiasts deluded themselves with the idea that the love of poetry includes the power to produce it. The man who admires a cathedral, a castle, a palace, or a triumphal arch does not flatter himself that he is a born architect merely because the contemplation of such works gives him pleasure; nor does he who appreciates a noble statue or a painting, come to the conclusion that he too could, if he would, rival the masterpieces of Phidias or Michael Angelo. But the case seems to be different with the lovers of poetry, at the susceptible period of youth when the mind begins to expand, and the heart to soften to the tenderer emotions. When young and sympathetic persons are fond of reading, and happen to be but partially or imperfectly educated, and so unendowed with the critical faculty, as to be wholly unable to give reason for the faith and the admiration that are in them, they too commonly imagine that rhyme and poetry are identical, and fancy themselves poets, because they can write verses. Douglas Jerrold said of his friend Mark Lemon's volume, "Prose and Verse," that the title was a mis-

nomer, and that he should have called it "Prose and Worse." The jest, whether it were or were not applicable to Mark Lemon's book, very aptly described the mass of verse that fills the poets' corners in provincial newspapers, and that too often make the judicious grieve, in the pages of more pretentious periodicals. Editors who would not insert nonsense if offered to them in prose, too often find a place for nonsense if offered to them in verse. Good-natured, but injudicious, they strengthen the delusion of fools, and assist in the degradation of the public taste, not having themselves learned that verse is as common as red brick, and poetry as rare as rubies. It has been said that "the object of poetry is to teach, exalt, and refine; to inspire, like religion, the humble with dignity, the sad with comfort, the oppressed with hope; to show the abundant and overflowing blessings of familiar things; the riches, the beauty, and the beneficence of nature, to fill all men with the love of God and one another; and to encourage society in its onward career from bad into good, and from good into better, through all time and eternity." But all the "able editors," as Mr. Carlyle calls them, do not look so high, so deep, or so wide, or they would not insert in their columns, under the name of poetry, the inane rubbish which few people read except the writers. In a long career as editor of more than one periodical, it has not only been my lot to consign to the waste paper-basket many thousands of "poetical" manuscripts—unworthy to see the light, but to act as counsellor, and I hope as friend, to many excellent young men who have imagined themselves to be poets because they loved poetry. Many of these in the glamour and glory of youth-

ful hope and fancy unwisely thought of renouncing a seat at a mercantile desk, or in a lawyer's office, or at the bench of some honourable handicraft, to throw themselves upon the weary world of London, and the wild and troubled sea of literary life, with the expectation of profit as well as of renown. My advice was always the same: "If you love poetry continue to love it, but do not indulge in the dream that your daily bread is to be won by writing it. Read and take to heart the beautiful passage in Coleridge's preface—'I expect neither profit nor great fame by my writings; and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of writing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.' Be satisfied and happy in the poetical atmosphere that surrounds you; but do not neglect to labour in some trade, business, or avocation, whatever it may be. There is much excellent poetry already in the world, and the world is not particularly anxious for any more. Even if any more is offered to it, it is not at all anxious to recognize, or to pay for it. Better be a prosperous cheesemonger, loving poetry, and enjoying it at your fireside when the labours of the day are over, than a needy verse-maker, disappointed with the world that wants your cheese but not your verses." I took particular interest in one young man, in a very humble station: he was gaining his honest bread as a fish-porter, who wrote me a very sensible, indeed, an eloquent letter. He enclosed some verses that were not above the average of poets' corners

poetry, and asked my advice as to his future career, whether he should continue to carry fish upon his back or write poetry. I recommended him to read more, and write less, and if he could, to abstain from writing verse altogether for a twelvemonth. After that time I invited him to write to me again, and report the results, which he did in the following letter:—

"Respected Sir,

"It is now some twelve months since you so kindly and disinterestedly perused and gave judgment upon some compositions by your humble servant. Perhaps you may recollect at that time you recommended a course of study for me, in the event of my 'love for poetry' being too great to permit of my abandoning all attempts at its composition for the future.

"At first, on the receipt of your judgment I thought I would cast aside the idea of ever attempting any more rhymes, but I speedily found I was in the centre of a magic circle, and that although I had mistaken love for poetry for a talent for its composition, yet it would be a matter of impossibility to entirely abandon it. Accordingly I set about reading the books you most recommended, or rather as many of them as I could obtain; and after having subjected myself to the course of medicine by you prescribed, I thought I would endeavour to ascertain whether I had increased my powers. Having written one or two short pieces, I forwarded one of them to the *Weekly Times* newspaper; it received an immediate insertion, and they likewise remarked it was 'a good idea well expressed.' Since then I have furnished them with some verses, about

every two or three weeks; but as I value your opinion, Sir, more than all the insertions I may have had in the *Weekly Times*, I take the liberty of enclosing two or three of the before-mentioned pieces.

"If I have improved I tender you my most sincere thanks. If I have not, I will endeavour to do so, for I candidly confess my desire to write verses is unconquerable. As you are aware I am but a working-man, and you must acknowledge my time might have been employed far worse; at the same time, I will not attempt to deny that it might have been employed far better. From the nature of my avocation I am often, nay, mostly surrounded by the vilest of the vile, and I believe that my love of poetry has in a great measure kept my mind from contamination

* * * * *"

This young man, whose name is withheld, though it ought to be published to his honour, is now, and has for some years been, a prosperous tradesman. He loved poetry wisely, but not too well; adorned his life with it, but did not suffer it to tempt him from his business, or add one more name to the melancholy list of those who have wrecked their lives by misunderstanding their talents, and taking their wild hopes for sober realities.

Another enthusiast, who fancied himself a poet, and who had received warm but injudicious praise from a too lazy or too good-natured friend, who had not the courage to tell the truth, submitted his effusions to my judgment. I think I gave him good, though he may have thought it cold and hard advice. I urged him not to be so fascinated by poetry as to neglect the humbler work that would feed

and clothe him: adding, that if he were determined to try a literary career he should cultivate the composition of prose, so as to fit himself for newspaper life. He forwarded me some weeks afterwards a copy of a letter he had received from a gentleman, himself a writer of verses, but whose name he was not permitted to divulge, which was so singularly like my own, that he thought its perusal might interest me. The letter was as follows:—

"Dear Sir,

"I thank you for your note and pretty verses, and fear you will think I am making a very bad return in giving you some very hard advice. I am, however, too anxious for your real and ultimate welfare to hold back in the fear of saying what may be disagreeable to you to hear. You are a young man with your fortune to make in the world, and you have plenty of ability to make, in all probability, a prosperous and successful one; but to attain this, you must form a just notion of your own powers, and of the best way of employing them. Now, if you had nothing to do in the world but to amuse yourself, I should advise you to go on writing verses as an innocent and improving diversion; but as you have hard work in life before you, I advise you just the contrary. There is no necessity for me to tell you that there have been in this country, and are perhaps at this moment, many men who are endowed with as great a facility for composing verses as you have, but who have passed and ended their lives in sorrow and misery, and the world has never cared about them; and there is no reason for you to hope that

your case should be an exception. I have no doubt that by industrious exertion you will soon find out that you have other talents as well as this one, and talents of which you will be able to make a more profitable use; but if you go on continually writing verses and thinking about them, you will not give these other talents a fair chance. Be sure that you can lose nothing in the end by giving up writing verses just at present; give it up, we will say, for a year—then, if you like, try it again, and you will find yourself far stronger than if you went on scribbling all the time. In the meantime, read as much poetry as you like, provided it does not interfere with your other daily business, and with reading other things which may assist in informing and improving your mind. I assure you that I myself should be very unhappy if writing poetry was my principal occupation, and I had no other business to do. You can shew this, if you like, to your kind friend Mr. Mackay, and see whether he does not agree with me. As he has shewn himself interested about you, pray submit your own opinions to his, and I have no doubt you will succeed in life.—Believe me, very truly yours,

* * * * *"

The young man took the advice given him, and renounced a literary for an official career.

The story of a third young poet who applied to me for help and advice was romantic and melancholy. David Gray, who, like Kirke White and Keats, perished in his early prime, was no mere versifier, but one who possessed no small share of "the vision and the faculty divine." In the summer of 1860 he presented himself before me with

a roll of manuscript, and solicited employment on the *London Review*, which had recently been established, if on perusal of his poems I should deem him worthy of encouragement. He had come from Merkland, a village near Glasgow, where his father was a weaver, resolved to win fame and fortune in London, and to win them solely by writing poetry. In the proud consciousness of his own powers, he fondly imagined that it needed but a recommendation to a publisher from some author of repute to have his poems launched upon the world, and eagerly purchased by a generous appreciative and poetry-loving public. He wished to publish under the name of William Gurney, as he thought his real name of Gray might cause him to be disadvantageously compared with that other Gray, the immortal author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." He told me that his father and mother, with the usual determination of the Scottish poor when their boys show any unusual talent, had destined him for the church, and that his mother fondly hoped, in Scottish phrase "to see him wag his pow" in the pulpit before she died; but that he had an invincible repugnance to this mode of life, and was resolved to be—*aut Cæsar aut nihil*—either a great author or nothing. He also said that he had spent the first night of his arrival in London in Hyde Park, walking about until he was wearied, and laid down under a tree to sleep—partly for economical reasons, partly because he had read that Dr. Johnson and Richard Savage had done as much before him, only that St. James's Square, and not Hyde Park, was the scene of their adventure.

On a second interview, after I had read his poem

of "The Luggie," and heard the reiteration of his unconquerable determination to devote himself to a literary life, I represented to him that it took time to establish a poetical reputation; that publishers did not care to publish the poems of unknown genius, unless the possessors of the unknown genius possessed money to pay for the paper, the print, and the binding of their first ventures; and that if the ventures by rare good fortune happened to be successful, it was usually a long time before a portion of the profits reached the purse of the expectant author. He looked greatly distressed, and I endeavoured to console him as well as I could, by telling him that he was endowed not only with talent, but with genius; but that genius itself, if it would bide its time, and compel the reluctant world to acknowledge it, must go through the drudgery of its apprenticeship, "learning in sorrow what it taught in song," and that if he hoped to live by literature, he must try to live by such branches of it as would yield a certain and immediate return. The greatest of artists at the outset of their career did not disdain to employ themselves on the daily and inferior work that they called "pot-boilers," and literary men were in the same or even in a worse position, and though fame, no doubt, was a very excellent thing, bread and unindebtedness were better. I suggested that if he would try to master the easy art of writing shorthand, he might possibly procure employment as a parliamentary reporter, and that I would exert myself to the utmost to serve him in this capacity, by introductions to such editors of the daily press as I was acquainted with. I also suggested that he should turn his attention to prose, and promised that if he

would write an article of superior or average merit on any political, social, or literary subject of the day, it would give me pleasure to insert it in the *London Review*, and pay the full price for it. He did not seem to be greatly encouraged by this prospect, or to take kindly to the idea of writing anything but poetry. He was evidently in delicate health, and gave silent but clear indications of being on the verge, if not within the circle, of destitution. I gave him a note of introduction to Mr. Thackeray, who was then editing, or supposed to be editing, the *Cornhill Magazine*, with the faint hope that Mr. Thackeray might in some way lend him a helping hand. Provided with that and an order on the cashier of the *London Review* for payment in advance of the article he promised to write, he went on his way, if not exactly rejoicing, at least to some extent comforted. I happened to mention his story to Mr. Laurence Oliphant, then associated with the *London Review*, and that gentleman took a warm and immediate interest in his welfare. No news of him was received for some weeks, when an intimation came that he was ill and confined to his bed. A wealthy friend from Glasgow, whom I had interested in his favour, accompanied me in a visit to a squalid back room in the second floor of a house in Stamford-street, on the Surrey side of Waterloo-bridge, where we found him in bed in a room fetid with the fumes of bad tobacco—which he had not smoked himself—attended by another young man, who was smoking furiously. He was evidently very ill, and my Glasgow friend, remonstrating somewhat sharply against the cruelty of smoking in that forlorn sick chamber, in the presence of a man with a distressing

cough, administered some relief to the sufferer in the shape of gold to procure him the comforts he needed. Mr. Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton, had become interested in the fate of the weakly boy, and deputed his own physician to attend him in his illness, and otherwise acted the part of the kind Samaritan. I afterwards heard of him as an inmate of Dr. Lane's hydropathic establishment at Sudbrook Park, near Richmond, and learned subsequently that means had been found to send him home to his father and mother at Merkland, where he died on the 3rd of December, 1861, within a few weeks of completing his twenty-third year. In a touching memoir of his friend and youthful companion by Robert Buchanan, it is stated that before that fatal night in Hyde Park, David Gray was in the enjoyment of robust health, and that the cold he caught in that raw May weather, when poetry and romance combined with economy, laid the foundation of the illness that ultimately developed into consumption, of which he died—all his fond hopes blasted and blighted, all his aspirations brought to the nothingness of the tomb. Had he lived, he might have toiled up the weary steps of literature, unknown, unrecognized, and unesteemed—eating scanty bread, gained in sorrow, in weariness, in drudgery, and vexation of spirit—a Pegasus drawing a plough or a cab. But he died; all his bright promise unfulfilled; and people who would not have given him a silver sixpence to help him to a dinner, subscribed golden sovereigns to erect an obelisk over his grave. The monument stands in the kirkyard of Merkland, with a kind and terse inscription upon it, written by Lord Houghton. The poor

lad wanted bread, and his survivors gave him a stone. Thus has it often been with young genius; thus it is likely it will continue to be.

Still more remarkable, and still more mournful, than the story of poor David Gray, was that of another young poet, who made himself known to me in 1846, on the publication of a small volume of lyrical poems entitled "Voices from the Crowd." Some passages of these had affected his vivid imagination, and caused him to burst forth into rhyme in an ode to the author—so enthusiastic, and so ill-deserved, that I cannot quote it, either in whole or in part.

Unlike David Gray, this young poet did not expect to live by writing verses, for he aspired to write both verse and prose, and to lay the basis of a new philosophy, and a new religion. He was within a month of attaining his twenty-first year, and passing what he called "the Rubicon of tailors," when he penned the following singular epistle —inchoate, but heavy with great thoughts :—

"9, Portsea Place,
"Hyde Park,
"20th August.

"Dear Sir,

"The last hasty communication you received from me would remain an inexplicable link in the eternally harmonious sequence of the world of thought, unless followed by the letter to which it referred. But before transcribing that document, I will venture a remark or two which I have the less hesitation in making, as according to my system each individual essence or spirit is regulated by a species of auto-fatalism, whereby the said uncreate and

indestructible being is irresistibly forced, that is *self*-forced, to pursue the path most directly tending to its own happiness. Now as two straight lines cannot connect two points, it is quite clear that between any two periods of existence (or rather two states of mind) there can be but one line or direct chain of ideas. And what is this but a lofty and sublimated fatalism?

"Captain B. has run off with your 'Voices,' or I could quote an opposite passage from the poem on 'Law.' Captain B., by the way, is likewise a world reformer, and has some good ideas on national education by *vivâ voce* instruction to the labouring classes, commencing with *general* outlines of history, &c., and *then* coming to details, in opposition to the present senseless and perverted system of beginning with details and ending with generals. Thus every gentleman may in time become the educator of his tenantry and subordinates, which again, leading to more intimate relations between high and low, may ultimately promote that mutual understanding which the anti-rich railers can never produce. He purposes to try the experiment by assembling in a room the labourers in the village near which he resides, and giving them tea with a popular lecture on the History of England—may his efforts prosper!

"You will imagine that no common motives induce me to address myself thus to a remote philosopher in Argyleshire, and, in truth, by my friends 'by chance of birth, or circumstance,' I should be thought mad to reveal but a glimpse of an ambition, the magnitude of whose schemes would appear ridiculous and visionary to all but one animated by aspirations equally exalted. The hope again

of obtaining your co-operation in these designs (far dearer to me than fortune or life) alone gives me courage to intrude them upon you.

"To account for 'an infant' entertaining such grave views of *το παν*, I may mention (as a professed egotist) that, sent to a German university at fifteen, by the agency of a dark stepmother, I plunged into the vortex of society which *then* abounded at Bonn, both English and foreign, of the best kind; revelled in the wildest student dissipation for two years, intermixed with ardent study and all bodily exercises; went to Berlin, plunged into German philosophy and Hegelian politics, and read omnivorously, writing all the while tome on tome of execrable verse and prose of all kinds, painting abominable daubs, and maltreating unhappy pianofortes. I returned — mentally and bodily satiated, disappointed in love, misanthropic in spirit, despising all things and all men, and eighteen years of age minus nine months!

"Cold, icy cold, was my reception. 'Idle,' 'wayward,' 'extravagant,' 'eccentric,' were dinned in my ears. 'What have you done?' said my father, echoed by my evil genius, his wife. Could I rise and enumerate the languages I had studied, the arts acquired, the lectures attended, the books perused, like an auctioneer vending his wares?—So I was silent; prejudged, condemned of misspent time and wasted opportunities, and sentenced to the *law* as a profession. Years have passed since, years so full of strange and whirling events, sufferings, conflicts, thoughts, that analysis were futile. Society observed, from the prince to the labourer, wealth gliding from the grasp already clutching it, the ingratitude, even the rob-

bery of friends, the bitter injustice, and worse, the exaggerated and fulsome praise of base, false critics, free indulgence of verse and prose,

'And more of both than anybody knows,'

as Byron hath it, all this added to travel, study, and stern reflection, has ended in—a *System*, in which *love*, *truth*, and *justice universal* are the watchwords and the prizes!

"I know sundry very respectable old gentlemen who ofttimes in pity on my inexperienced youth, deign to enlighten the young man *entering* life (!) with many wise saws and modern instances. Then I am grave and grateful, though, knowing *all spirits eternal*, I cannot help laughing at the poor souls, whose coats (their bodies) are wearing out so rapidly, whilst their owners, ignorant that succession of ideas is the only measure of existence, dream not that there *exist superior spirits, whose wheels of destiny by innate force perform perhaps an hundred revolutions on their axes whilst they achieve but one!*

"I must confess that the 'Voices,' was the first work of yours that had fallen into my hands. I was astounded at the constant recurrence of almost verbal coincidences with my unpublished *System*.

'*Mene—mene—tekel—Peres!*
With the sight his eye he wearies,
From the Monarch's pallid brow,
Drops of cold sweat trickling flow!'

Like Belshazzar in somebody's unpublished MS. poems.

"For two years this 'truest system, most sublime,' had been working in my mind. I had found nothing like it in any other authors—nothing *clear*—when lo! your

little volume put all my visions of originality to flight. But I gained in exchange relief from utter solitude—that dread solitude which alone can be truly termed solitude of the spirit. I no longer felt like Tieck's *Mindal*, in his rocky desolation surrounded by huge *statues which in the course of innumerable ages the lightning had hewn from the shivered cliffs of granite!* (I quote from memory—is not the idea grand?)

"Yes! thus it was with these vast phantasms of *infinity* and *progress;* they seemed to me for the first time, since earth began its course, to stand unfettered and erect in their mighty abstraction before a human wanderer. Reverting to all bygone philosophers, entologists, psychologists, metaphysicians, or whatever they chose to be called, I found, or seemed to find, invariably, particulars mistaken for universals, distinctions verbal, but unreal, and in all a certain fear of pushing their reasonings to ultimate conclusions, a certain narrow-minded dread of the gigantic and eternal, with an universal propensity to cramp, limit, and stop short, at certain points; in fine, a degree of intellectual cowardice, which was apt ultimately to reduce them rather to slaves of dialectics, than masters of conception!

"And surely there is no excessive folly in presuming that we who stand on the extreme promontory of time and development, whose ideas are the elimination of three thousand years of thinking, have advanced somewhat nearer to light than our ancestors!

"'The hour has arrived that a great poet should be born,' said a talented relative of mine in one of the reviews some months since. He was mistaken, it is not the

hour for a *poet*, but for the *founder of a religion*—that is, a system. The age of '*believe and live*' is past; '*comprehend and know*' is the motto of the present.

"Supposing our objects to coincide, the great thing to be achieved (as a means) is inordinate popularity. By concentrating the whole force of advertising, &c., upon one *General Title*, repeatedly and perpetually thundered in the ears of men; the series of books (to which the authors' names may be affixed or not, as seemeth best), is like an united army—the van advertises the rear, and the rear keeps up the memory of the van, till *the voice* becomes an acknowledged *power*. Translated into foreign tongues, its universality renders it as efficient at home as abroad.

"Behold the successes of MM. Michelet and Quinet, men of minds confused, irregular, and as far from our harmonious system of progress as light from darkness. Yet they succeed—they are at least bolder, wiser, than the 'ears of corn and blades of grass.'

"Remember the 'Vestiges'—how imperfect, how deficient in all rational acumen, but it whispered progress and development—it hinted at doubt resolved into certainty—and it sold by thousands.

"'The Voice of the Young World' must be announced in thunder; excitement must prevail; thousands of light infantry in the shape of prospectuses and pamphlets must traverse the civilised globe.

"It is the foundation of a system.

"It invites universal correspondence.

"It shrinks before no peril.

"It must, and will, and shall succeed!

"Entreating you to well consider this offer as that of a soul energetic and determined, no fickle enthusiast, or idle dreamer, I beg leave, with many apologies for having thus occupied your time, if fruitlessly, to subscribe myself,

"Most sincerely yours,

"W. NORTH."

The scheme, which the too enthusiastic youth thought to be big with the fate of "empires and of kings," never saw the light. I heard little or nothing of him for four or five years, when he resolved to throw himself upon literature for his daily bread, and was engaged to write a series of short papers for the *Illustrated London News* on some of the articles brought together in the Great Exhibition of 1851. Though his mind was highly poetical, and imagination often seemed to overpower his logical faculty, he could descend to the prosaic, and write papers on "Glass," or "Boots and Shoes," and other as common topics, with all the precision of a merchant and all the graces of a scholar. He disappeared from the London world in 1852 or 1853, and went to New York, brimful of schemes for the regeneration of society, which he thought might be attempted with more chance of success in the New World than in the old. But he soon learned from bitter experience that the New World was quite as deeply rooted in what he believed to be the wrong as England itself, and that New York, like ancient London, had no ear for the projects of sanguine young men who hoped by preaching and teaching, and writing and singing, to inaugurate either a new religion or a new philosophy, or to make society travel

in any other than the old, old rut, in which it had jogged along for ages. His disappointment was keen. The fine harp of the brain, that might have rendered sweet music, was unstrung, perhaps by its own precocity of thought. The delicate strings very suddenly snapped, and in a fit of despair he committed suicide in Broadway, the main thoroughfare of New York, where his body was found on the pavement by a policeman. So I was informed in after years, when, on visiting New York for the first time, I made inquiries about him. To him and to his unhappy fate the lines of Byron are mournfully applicable—

> "We poets, in our youth, begin in gladness,
> But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

In his case the sword outwore the scabbard, and a genius, that if it had had a little more moderation and self-control, might have rendered its possessor happy, or if not happy, famous, and adorned the literature of his time, was quenched in darkness, leaving nothing behind it but such poor remembrance as I am able to afford it.

PARIS IN 1851, 1852, 1853.

THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

In the autumn of 1851, M. Berger, the Prefect of the Seine, invited the Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Musgrave, the Sheriffs, and a select party of the municipal authorities and leading citizens of the Metropolis, to visit Paris. I had the honour to be included in the list, and to partake of the splendid hospitalities of the Prefect, and of the Prince President of the Republic. The latter had not then developed into an Emperor, but the consummation was almost daily expected, both by his friends and his foes. The people of Paris know what a great and imposing personage the Prefect of the Seine is; and they imagined that the Lord Mayor of London must be a potentate quite as magnificent. Popular tradition in France has for ages represented "Le Lord Maire" as greater than any dukes or princes, and only second in importance to the sovereign, and one quite capable, in case of need, of deposing a sovereign, if circumstances rendered it necessary. The people of Paris were, therefore greatly disappointed that a personage whom they deemed to be so mighty came among them without any state or ceremonial whatever—without even

the "show" which is annually made in London on his assumption of office—without his coach of state, his sword-bearer, his cap of maintenance, or any of the guards, retinue, and paraphernalia associated in the popular mind with his civic, or, as many thought, his semi-royal, dignity. The *Charivari*, the *Journal pour Rire*, and the other comic newspapers of Paris, doubted whether the plain-looking gentleman who rambled about so quietly and unostentatiously through the streets and boulevards of Paris, were the Lord Mayor at all, and indulged in many weak jests at his lordship's expense. But the Prince President of the Republic and the Prefect of the Seine, by the splendour of their hospitalities, made more than amends for the popular indifference with which Sir John Musgrave and his party were treated. One of the pleasantest of the many fêtes in their honour was given by the President in the gardens of St. Cloud, to which more than a thousand people were invited. As usual in garden parties, there was at a certain hour when the word was given a rush to the refreshment-room, or Pavilion; and as no special provision was made for the Lord Mayor and his companions, they had to take their chances with the rest, and scramble and push for their lobster salad, their cold fowl, their claret, or their champagne. The Lord Mayor was not a pushing man, and he stood with three or four of his party, amongst whom I was one, at a distance from the elegant buffet in the refreshment-room, calmly awaiting the subsidence of the hungry crowd, when our attention was attracted by a very fat, bullet-headed, and close-shaven French colonel, who elbowed his way through the crowd,

exclaiming with loud voice, "Make way, gentlemen and ladies—(the French do not, as the English do, say Ladies and gentlemen)—I come from the Lord Mayor, who wants some champagne" ("Du champagne pour le Lord Maire"). The fat colonel speedily emerged from the throng, with a bottle of champagne in each hand, which he held aloft in triumph. Whether he saw the Lord Mayor or not I do not know, but he walked past the place where the Lord Mayor stood, and out at the door. I had the curiosity to follow, and speedily found him surrounded by a ring of officers, all holding out their already emptied glasses, which the gallant colonel made haste to replenish. He gave them for a toast "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which they drank with shouts of applause. This done, the fat colonel again made his way to the buffet, clamorous for more champagne. As before, he declared it was for the Lord Mayor. He procured it without difficulty, and shared it out among the same comrades. When the President himself made his appearance, and the Lord Mayor had been formally introduced to him in the garden walk, the same colonel followed closely behind, and once more shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The President, who was within an arm's length of the place where I stood, turned round to the colonel, who was greatly excited in his cups, and tapping him gently on the arm, said in a low voice, "*Taisez-vous, mon ami! Vous allez me compromettre.*" The time had not come for the re-establishment of the Empire; but all the indications showed that it was rapidly ripening; and this little incident, among the rest.

If at this period the President had not himself con-

ceived the idea of the *coup d'état* with which he afterwards startled Europe, and gratified the French bourgeoisie and peasantry, the idea of its possibility was a familiar one in France. The following, dated from Paris, September 27th, 1851, shows the state of public feeling at that time with regard to that inevitable incident of the President's future career, and predicted very clearly what was about to happen :—

"THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

"Whenever the fortunes of the actual President of the French Republic seem more than usually favourable, whenever his opponents increase his chances by their blunders, or he himself elicits from the crowds of Paris or the provinces any new proof of the immense popularity of the name which he inherits, rumours of an approaching *coup d'état* are industriously spread in the newspapers. The people give credence to them, and a score of factions await the event, which some approve, and which others condemn, but which all appear to look upon as very natural.

"At the present time such rumours are even more than usually prevalent. The day for the solution of a very considerable difficulty is drawing near; the rival claimants for a Royal or Imperial throne, or for the simpler Presidential chair, are rendering by their folly or perverseness their own pretensions less and less likely to prove acceptable to any considerable classes of the people; while M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, calm amid the turmoil, and strong in his name no less than in his position and character, is seen by the great bulk of

the community to offer by far a greater amount of securities for a firm and permanent Government than any candidate for, or pretender to, the chieftainship of the State. Hence the rumours that are current. The French are an impatient people. They are always for plucking the fruit before it is ripe. They are always for anticipating the natural progress of events; and they cannot see why the President should not take advantage of his great opportunities, and cut the knot which neither he nor any one else can well disentangle, and so make an end of it.

"But the President has more patience than the people who surround him, or than the nation at large, and will not, at present, attempt to justify the rumours that are so continually spread. Such rumours are flattering to his power and importance, and tend, so long as he lends them no countenance, to strengthen his position. His policy is to watch and wait, and do nothing. Why should he act? Are not his opponents his very good friends? Does not the Legitimist party daily proclaim, by its words and deeds, that the restoration of the monarchy would settle nothing? Does not the candidateship of the Prince de Joinville, a man once popular because he wrote a pamphlet against England, and masqueraded himself as a gallant sailor, suggest treachery to the constitution under which he would be elected, and does not every other possible candidate except Louis Napoleon seriously alarm the trading and industrious classes in every part of France? Louis Napoleon may be, as he is called, a *pis aller;* but there is no other man in France whose position, antecedents,

character, and pretensions would entitle him even to so questionable a designation. He may not be all that is desired, but there is no other to be compared with him; and he has nothing to do but to keep quiet—and to win.

"The French are just now in a very peculiar temper, and might with all earnestness repeat the words about liberty which Béranger once made use of in jest:—

"De son arbre civique
Que nous est-il resté?
Un bâton despotique—
Sceptre sans majesté.
Fi de la Liberté!
A bas la Liberté!"

"They are weary of liberty. Like Wordsworth, in his sonnet, they deem it 'a pastime to be bound,' because, like him, 'they have felt the weight of too much' of it; and all that they desire is peace. If, in addition to their general support of the Government of Louis Napoleon, any proof were needed of the fact, that the words 'liberty, equality, and fraternity' have ceased to charm them, and that 'order' is their present watchword, if not their idol, it might be found in the extreme alacrity with which juries condemn offences of the press. The Government is not nearly so willing to suppress freedom of discussion in the newspapers, as the stolid citizens who serve upon juries are to lend their aid in rendering the press a farce. The juries would stretch the law to punish journalists for expressions and opinions which we in England would think perfectly harmless. The President of the Republic,

who must know something of English manners, feelings, and politics, and who must be aware of the necessity and advantage of a free, fearless, and intelligent press as an aid to rational and constitutional government, can scarcely be supposed to have any real enmity against the press of Paris; but his ministry is forced by the state of parties, and by the temper of the shopkeepers—for, after all, France is, *par excellence*, the country of the *boutiquiers*—to treat the press with severity, because its discussions tend to alarm that respectable class who care more for security for person and property, and a tolerably full till, than for all the pretensions of all the pretenders in the world, and for all the finest theories of political perfection that ever were broached. It is among the members of this class that the continual rumours of a *coup d'état* find such ready credence. Any sharp, short, decisive blow, that would give them a Government likely to last, would meet with their approval; and the greater the difficulties and obstructions that await a more peaceable and decorous termination of the present tantalising uncertainty of affairs, the more this course recommends itself to their impatient and imprudent sympathies. But this is not the game for the President to play. The great force at his command is that of inertia. The less he does, the more he will accomplish. He seems to be fully aware of the policy which is most suitable to his circumstances; and it is fortunate for him as an individual, that he is of a cooler temperament than the people who have chosen him, and that the real interests of France find no better, or even half so good a representative as himself. All other claimants suggest instability.

He alone suggests what the French so imperatively require, and what they would sacrifice even liberty to obtain—repose and order."

In about nine weeks after this was written the *coup d'état* was effected, to the surprise of nobody in France but General Changarnier, but apparently to the surprise and indignation of all the newspapers of London, except the *Illustrated London News*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Sun*. The affairs of the Republic had got into a dead-lock, which would have been no dead-lock if the Chief of the State had had the constitutional power of dissolving the legislature, with which he could not act, and of appealing to the country. The President, having no such power, set legality at defiance—as Gulliver did on a memorable occasion in Lilliput—dismissed the refractory Assembly, and appealed to the nation to renew his term of office. Having resolved to do so daring a deed, he resolved, on the advice of his half-brother, the Count de Morny, his attached comrade; the Count de Persigny, the friend of his adversity as well as prosperity; Generals St. Arnaud, Fleury, and other ardent and energetic spirits, to do it effectually and without possibility of failure. He did it but too well—seized, imprisoned, and banished all possible or probable opponents; took military possession of the capital; and offered himself to the French people for ten years' re-election to the office of President. As there was no other candidate to oppose him, and as opposition would not have been permitted, he was elected with seeming unanimity. He forthwith promulgated a new Constitution, which made him all but absolute Dictator, and offended all the philosophic politicians and doctrinaire

Republicans of the nation; but in no wise offended the sleek citizens, who cared nothing for liberty, but everything for quiet and prosperous trade; and all the peasant class, who were his main strength, and worshipped the name and the memory of "La redingote grise" and Napoleon. The great bulk of the French people speedily condoned his treason, and his summary violence against his foes; but most of the English newspapers were bitter in their unforgiveness, and expressed themselves in such terms of horror and opprobrium, that if he had been a man of a sensitive or vindictive nature, might have imperilled the friendly relations between the two countries. Four months afterwards, on the 25th of April, 1852, there were rumours of a second *coup d'état*, of which the *Illustrated London News* wrote:—

"It is evident that, as far as the President is concerned, he earnestly covets the Imperial purple; that he has from the beginning made it his policy to attain it, by fair means or by foul; that it is with him a calculation, a conviction, and a faith that he shall be Emperor; and that if he be deterred, either now or at any future time, from attempting the decisive step which is to fix the crown upon his brow, it will not be from a consideration that he ought not, but that he may not, take it with safety. The people that surround him having so much more to gain by his success, and so much less to lose by his failure, urge him daily to dare all, and to emerge from the present provisional state of the grub Dictator into that of the full-fledged Emperor; but he himself, though more than willing, is for a while restrained by prudential considerations. Circumstances have recently

come to light which, no doubt, materially influence his decision. It appears that the late Prince Schwarzenberg, whose love of an iron despotism was so excessive that he could forgive Louis Napoleon any flaws in his title, and all the questionable means by which he attained the supreme power, was not only favourably disposed to the assumption of the Imperial title, but actually addressed the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and Berlin, and urged the consent of these great Powers to the proposed change as one that would be of advantage to the cause of order and stability in Europe. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia did not, however, coincide in his opinion. The Emperor of Russia fairly and clearly stated, that if the French people chose to name Louis Napoleon Emperor, it was no business of his; but if Louis Napoleon chose, by a new *coup d'état*, to revive and establish an hereditary and Imperial dynasty, he certainly should not acknowledge the assumption. The King of Prussia expressed the same determination. How far these serious facts may influence the conduct of Louis Napoleon time alone will show; but it is more than probable that they will not be without their weight in inducing him to temporise."

The President temporised for a few months longer, made several tours through the departments, where enthusiastic crowds greeted him with continuous shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur*," and finally submitted to the universal (male) suffrages of the French people, the vital question whether the hereditary Empire of the First Napoleon should not be restored in his person. The result was an affirmative vote of nearly six millions of

persons, and the President became Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. In a speech at Bordeaux the new Emperor said, "L'Empire c'est la paix." In the following article, published in the *Illustrated London News* of the 23rd of October, I took occasion to contradict the Emperor's expectation and hope of peace, as the result of his authority, and to assert that the necessities of his new position would inevitably force him into war, and possibly into a war for the extension of French territory:—

"The Presidential chrysalis has assumed the last and perfect form, and that which was once a grub now soars upon wings of Imperial purple. M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has been hailed by his subjects by the style and title of Napoleon III. Although not anointed, or robed, or crowned, he is, to all intents and purposes, a real Emperor. It only depends on his own good will and pleasure to fix the day when the last formalities shall be gone through, and when a crowning spectacle, more dazzling and gorgeous than any which have preceded it, shall announce to the amused Parisians, to the delighted French peasantry, and to surprised and half-bewildered Europe, that the dynasty of the Bonapartes has been re-established. The new Emperor has taken care, in the selection of his title, to found a claim more ancient than that which he derives from the suffrages of living men. He will not consent to be known as Napoleon II., because he chooses to consider that there has already been an Emperor of the French under that title, although it is as notorious to the most devoted adherent of the Bonapartes, as it is to all Europe,

that such a Potentate never reigned. The line of the Bonapartes is not to be broken by any act or deed of Louis Napoleon. According to him it is not a new thing that has been created, but an old thing that has been restored. It dates from 1804, and if the actual race of Frenchmen did not choose to submit to the Bonapartean dynasty, the divine right of the present inheritor of the power and *prestige* of the name would be in no degree invalidated. It is Bonapartist legitimacy that asserts its irrefragable privilege, and claims a purer legitimacy and prerogative than those of the Bourbons. Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and the Republic, are all ignored, and their reigns and deeds are henceforth to be a blank in that Imperial history, which takes no cognizance but of Bonapartes and of Napoleons. It is certainly not for Englishmen to object, unless as mere critics and *cognoscenti*, to an arrangement which seems to have such charms for the French. The right of that people to acquiesce in and applaud the new Government is unquestionable; while the duty of this country is equally clear, to respect the actual chief of the state, whatever his title may be, as long as he respects the general law of nations. But, while all sensible men in this country will admit this, and oppose any attempt to quarrel with the French on such a ground, they will as certainly exercise their right of criticism upon this new play, just as they do upon a new book, a new picture, a new opera, or a new *danseuse*. There is at least one country in the world where opinion is free to express itself; and in that country the merits or demerits of Napoleon III.—great as he is—will be freely canvassed.

"Though we live in a wonderful age, and when to be surprised at anything wears an aspect of rawness and inexperience, it begins to be apparent that Louis Napoleon is its most wonderful product. We may know where to look for many men more able, more honest, and more brilliant, but where shall we look for a man whose fortunes are in every way so extraordinary? Even the destiny of the first Napoleon himself is scarcely to be compared to that of his successor. If we reflect upon the "why and because" of things, it does not, after all, appear so very unnatural or strange that one of the greatest generals and ablest administrators the world ever saw—and a man who consolidated the power and extended the fame of the French nation till they rung throughout the world, should have reached the perilous heights of Empire, as that the invader of Boulogne with a steam-boat and a tame eagle—the prisoner of Ham—the exile of Regent Street—the man about town—the adventurer, who had gained no battles, reformed no laws, and extended no territory, should vault into so lofty a seat. In this respect the fortunes of Napoleon III. are far more wonderful than those of Napoleon I. The sudden changes in Oriental politics—did we know them all—might, perhaps, offer some parallel to such a career; but, in the annals of Europe, we search in vain for such a character and such a history.

"But it is evident that the end is not yet. Louis Napoleon is Emperor; but is he Emperor merely because the French love him or confide in him? It is a question that Europe may well ask, whether there is not a large admixture of national spite, as well as vain-gloriousness,

in the choice that has been made? Had there been no such flight as that from Elba; no such day as Waterloo; no such event as the entrance of the allied armies into Paris; and had Napoleon I. died peaceably, of the gout, or of old age, in the Palace of the Tuileries, it is possible, and highly probable, that the French might have execrated his memory as much as they now adore it. There is a sanctity in great misfortune, which all men feel and reverence. Napoleon I., defeated, discrowned, and exiled to a lonely rock in the ocean, established a claim on the hearts of the French; and, when his overthrow became the humiliation of the whole people, his name became as dear to the national vanity as his misfortunes were to its sympathy. Europe coalesced against France, and deprived her of her Bonaparte. The French have felt as if they owed Europe a grudge for the deed; and they have now taken their revenge in a manner which we hope will prove harmless, though it looks menacing. They have of their own good-will, and in the exercise of their undoubted right, undone the work of 1815, and restored the family of which the Allied Sovereigns deprived them. They have done it in satisfaction of their vanity. They have installed and worshipped their Bonaparte, and their wounded self-love rejoices in the salve, and promises to get well again. But after a time Napoleon III. will find that the French look for something more than a name in their autocrat; and that, if they have yielded up their liberties to a master, they expect an equivalent in the 'glory' which they love, and in the extension of territory which they covet. When they shall demand the *quid pro quo*—as

they are certain to do—the difficulties of the Emperor, and perhaps of Europe, will begin.

"If we take a review of the state of the Continent in this first week of the reign of Napoleon III., we shall find it much more warlike, and far less consolatory than the speech of Louis Napoleon at Bordeaux, would indicate it to be. France herself possesses, according to the excellent authority of the *Almanach de Gotha*, an army of no less than 404,500 men, and 328 ships of war, including 102 armed steam-vessels; and 27,000 sailors and marines, a greater naval force than that of Great Britain. Austria bristles with bayonets, and keeps up an army of 540,000 men. Her whole territory is under the operation of martial law; and the rigour of the system is such, that a traveller, besides his ordinary passport, cannot move from the railway station to his hotel without a special pass; or go from his hotel to the station without another. Prussia maintains a regular army of 225,550 men, capable of being augmented at a few days' notice to 575,362 men, by the calling out of the two contingents of the Landwehr. Russia possesses an army variously estimated: the *Almanach de Gotha* states the infantry to comprise 3993 companies, and the cavalry 802 squadrons, besides the artillery and the engineers, and hosts of irregular Cossacks and Barkirs. All these included cannot amount to less than 750,000 men, and it is probable that, if stated at one million, their numbers would not be exaggerated. Such are the forces of the Continental Powers, maintained partly to repress and coerce their own subjects, and partly because they distrust France

and each other, and think it prudent to be prepared for a general war. It is impossible to reflect upon such facts as these without fears for the peace of the world;—fears which there is nothing in the personal character of the new French Emperor or in the public necessities of his position to remove or to allay. Yet we may, nevertheless, be permitted to hope that all will work for the best. The Divine Providence which shapes our ends, ordains that right shall ultimately emerge from all conflicts, and establish itself above all contingencies.

"It was, no doubt, necessary that France should suffer from a violent attack of Bonapartism. She is now in the full fever and paroxysm of her malady; and, until she be quite well, Europe will, no doubt, endeavour to keep aloof from her. *That war is as necessary to the Emperor, as the Emperor has been to the French, we still believe, notwithstanding the contrary assertion of the speech at Bordeaux.*"

That the Empire was *not peace*, was proved by three wars—against Russia, against Austria, and against Prussia; the last leading to the greatest catastrophe of modern times. But in the eighteen years that preceded the fatal battle of Sedan, the Emperor gave France a higher place in the councils of Europe than she had held since the death of his uncle, and what was quite as much, if not more to the taste of the bourgeoisie and the peasantry, a greater degree of internal peace and material prosperity than France had ever enjoyed since France became a nation.

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

NAPOLEON III. and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, acting from different motives, looking at things from different points of view, and having objects wholly distinct and unrelated, produced between them the unsatisfactory episode in European history, known as the Crimean War. So early as October, 1849, the Czar found that the hour was fast coming, or had already come, when he could seize Constantinople, and realize the dream of his ancestor's southern outlet. In September of that year he had aided his ally the Emperor of Austria, to quell the formidable rebellion in Hungary, of which Louis Kossuth was the leader. He was looked upon as the friend of order, the saviour of a venerable and illustrious empire, whose existence was essential to the best interests of Europe. He held, in consequence, a high and honourable position, and acquired additional weight in the councils of the world. But he suddenly threw off the mask of conservatism, and appeared in the character of a revolutionist and destroyer.

Kossuth, Bem, Dembinski, and other Hungarian chiefs took refuge in Turkey after their defeat—relying no less upon the hospitality of a nation amongst whom hospi-

tality is a religious duty, than upon the well-known law and custom of Europe with regard to political refugees. The Emperor of Russia, in his own name and in that of his ally, the Emperor of Austria, demanded from Turkey, in terms from which ordinary courtesy was unscrupulously excluded, the immediate surrender of these refugees—the Poles to Russia, and the Hungarians to Austria; declaring that the refusal of the Porte would be construed into a *casus belli*. The Emperor of Austria was less imperative, and merely declared that the refusal would lead to the discontinuance of diplomatic relations between the two countries. The pretext for this demand on the part of Russia was, that the Polish generals, and others implicated in the Hungarian war, were Russian subjects: and that, by the treaty of peace between Russia and the Porte, signed at Kutshuk-Kaimarji on the 21st of July, 1774, and by the later treaty of Passarovitch, the mutual expulsion of persons guilty of treason seeking refuge in either country was solemnly stipulated.

The unoffending Porte, which had had so many occasions of knowing that possession of Constantinople is the prize to which the Northern Autocrats have never ceased to aspire since Russia assumed a place in the European Commonwealth, and fully aware of the danger of offending such a neighbour, deliberated long and earnestly on the demand. Before giving its final decision, it took the opinion and counsel of the British and French ambassadors at Constantinople, upon six points:—

"*First*.—Do the treaties of Kutshuk-Kaimarji and of Passarovitch give the two Powers, Russia and Austria,

the right to demand the extradition of the Hungarian refugees?

"*Second.*—Would the refusal of the Sultan to deliver them up be considered an infraction of those treaties?

"*Third.*—Could the two Powers in consequence of such refusal declare war against the Porte?

"*Fourth.*—In the event of the two Powers declaring war, would England and France support Turkey with an armed force?

"*Fifth.*—Are the refugees claimed by Russia the subjects of that power?

"*Sixth.*—In case the refusal of the Porte should only cause a rupture of relations between the Divan and the Ministers of the two demanding Powers, and a state of coolness more or less prolonged of those two Powers towards Turkey, would France and England interfere to re-establish the relations on their former footing?"

The note containing these queries was delivered to the two Ambassadors, Sir Stratford Canning and General Aupick, on the morning of the 16th of September. On the evening of the same day, their reply was delivered to the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"On the first question—No; the treaties alluded to do not confer the right on Austria and Russia. On the second question—No; the refusal of the Porte would not be any infraction of the treaties. On the third question—It cannot be admitted that such a refusal could be followed by a declaration of war; and such a declaration, if it took place, would be unjustifiable. On the fourth question—The two ambassadors cannot guarantee the co-operation of the armed forces of England and France,

without receiving special instructions. On the fifth question—It is possible that some of the refugees claimed by Russia may be still subjects of that Power; but, for the generality of them, it is incontestable that the refugees whose extradition is demanded are not Russian subjects. On the sixth question—Yes; France and England will actively interfere with Russia and Austria to re-establish good relations between these two Powers and the Porte."

The Porte immediately rendered its reply to the *ultimatum* of the Russian envoy, declaring calmly, but emphatically, that it refused to deliver up the refugees. The Russian and Austrian Ambassadors forthwith removed their flags from the doors of their hotels, and diplomatic relations ceased between those two Powers and the Ottoman Porte.

On the 6th of October, 1849, *The Illustrated London News* stated in a passage, that proved to be prophetic of the events of 1853 and 1854, its firm belief that in a war for the possession of Constantinople the defeat of Russia would be certain.

"For the sake of humanity," said that journal, "we trust to see a strict alliance between Great Britain and France upon this subject. If they will use their friendly offices to prevent further ill-will, and display a firm determination, let the matter take what turn it may, not to suffer any armed attack upon the integrity and independence of their mutual ally, this storm may blow over. *Should, however, the Emperor Nicholas, strong in the faith of his invincibility, flushed with conquest, and covetous of the prize which his race regard as their*

destined seat of empire, scorn the promptings of prudence, and involve Europe in war, the whole force of European justice and morality will be arrayed against him, as well as the armies of all the States of the west. In such a war not even his 700,000 *men, and his immense resources, will save him from defeat.*"

The President of the French Republic, then, as ever, anxious to strengthen the alliance between France and Great Britain, acted in entire accordance with the policy and determination of Great Britain to support the Sultan.

A note was addressed by the British Government to its Ambassador at St. Petersburg, of which copies were forwarded to Vienna, Constantinople, and Paris, in which the determination of the British Government to support the Sultan in all exigencies was temperately but decidedly expressed. Lord Palmerston likewise forwarded instructions to Sir Stratford Canning, and placed at his disposal the British fleet in the Mediterranean. The Turkish Government also received positive assurances of the support of the French Government, should any attack be made upon its independence; and, on its own part, took all proper precautions to place its army and fleet in immediate working order. This wise firmness had its effect upon the mind of the Emperor Nicholas, and war was averted for four years.

Had similar firmness been exhibited later, when the Emperor Nicholas deceived himself with the idea that he had found a second opportunity to seize the property of the "sick man," the war in the Crimea, that cost five nations so much blood and treasure, and that

led to so little but the humiliation of Russia, and the adjournment of the Turkish difficulty for twenty-five years, might have been averted also.

But though the ambition and greed of the Emperor Nicholas were the main causes of the Crimean war, there were other causes at work to provoke it—causes of which the Czar had no cognizance while they were shaping the policy of as great a potentate as himself; and causes, moreover, which might have appeared to have no relation whatever to the stability of the Turkish empire. When elected to the Presidency of the French Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte came into the possession of a difficulty which was not of his own creating, but which he was bound either to make the best of, or remove altogether. This difficulty met him as President, continued with him when he had made himself Emperor, and influenced three of the most important events of his reign —the Crimean war, the unification of Italy, and the ill-starred attempt to establish an empire in Mexico. Wide apart, and unconnected as all these great circumstances might appear to be, they were in reality but three beads upon one string; and that string the Pope, upheld in his temporal sovereignty by the French occupation of Rome and the arms of the French Republic. Napoleon III., though more than half a Frenchman, was partly an Italian. He loved Italy, and did not particularly love the Papacy, even as a spiritual power, while he greatly disliked the Pope in his character of a king, and a disturbing element in the fortunes of Italy. At any period of his reign he would have been glad to settle the question of the Papal sovereignty in such a manner as to aid the unification of

Italy, without offending the clerical party in France, whose support he could not afford to despise. It was for this reason that, with the view of removing the Pope out of Rome, and placing him in what he thought a more sacred as well as a more glorious position in Jerusalem, which he seems to have considered the true spiritual capital of Christendom, he put forward claims to the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre, which provoked a crisis upon which he had not calculated. Ever since the reign of Francis I. the Kings of France had claimed the right to be the Protectors of the Holy Places in Jerusalem, and of the Latin monks who guarded them. The Greeks had more recently, by means of firmans from the Porte, successfully contested with the Roman Catholics the right to the exclusive guardianship of the Shrines; and the Greek monks proceeded from one encroachment to another until Napoleon III., listening to the urgent representations of every French traveller to the Holy Land, endeavoured to vindicate his title of "hereditary Protector of the Catholics in the East." The Emperor of Russia, on the other hand, as "the Sovereign of the greater number of the followers of the Greek Church," had always abetted the claims of the Greeks, as well because millions of his subjects felt the deepest religious interest in the guardianship of the Holy Shrines, as because Russia had long had its eye upon Palestine, and would not fail, in any partition of the Turkish Empire, to contest the claims of any other Power to the possession of Syria. The Greek clergy took care to propagate the notion through Palestine that the Grand Duke Michael was the second Michael designed

by certain Greek interpretations of the Prophecies, as the person who was to wrest the sway of Syria from the Mahometans, and establish the Russian Government on the ruins of the Turkish Empire.

It was to many Christians matter of regret that the Holy Land should remain the territory of a Mahometan power. But the animosities and intrigues of the Christians compelled every traveller of fairness and moderation to confess that the Turks were for the time being the best and safest guardians of the Holy Places, and that the control of an infidel, and, therefore, indifferent arbiter, was necessary to restrain within some bounds those vindictive feuds which too often broke out into fatal violence. Negotiations were commenced in 1819 between France, Russia, and the Porte, with a view to define the prerogatives and possessions of the rival sects, but were unfortunately interrupted by the battle of Navarino.

That the Christian sects who wrangle with each other in the Sacred City could be brought to any common agreement upon the multitudinous and pitiful subjects of dispute between them, was not to be expected. But both the Czar and the Emperor of the French appeared to be potentates with sufficient strength of will to disregard the jealousies and heart-burnings which brought scandal upon the Greek and Latin churches: but these two could not agree. The one wanted an excuse for war, the other wanted to dispossess Europe of the Pope; and the well-meaning efforts of Napoleon III. to find a glorious local habitation for Pius IX. somewhere out of Rome, where the Roman Catholic world, and especially the French clergy, would have been glad to see him, only expedited a

catastrophe, which he did not anticipate, and which, anticipating, he would have been especially desirous to avert. But the Czar Nicholas pounced upon the opportunity like a famished animal upon its prey, and dispatched Prince Mentschikoff to Constantinople to pick a quarrel with the poor, weak, effeminate, and useless Sultan—strong in nothing but in the fact that he was the Sultan, and that nobody else could fill his place, while the life remained in his poor debauched and emasculated body. In Constantinople, Prince Mentschikoff lorded it over the Sultan, as if he had been a conquering general, and not a mere ambassador sent to negotiate the question of the Greek Protectorate over the Holy Places, which was claimed by the Czar. But the overbearing Prince had a check upon his movements, in the person of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the able Ambassador of Great Britain. That veteran diplomatist fully comprehended the magnitude of the questions at issue. He knew that not only Turkey but British India was menaced by the Czar, and that everywhere between Constantinople and the frontiers of Hindostan, Russian intrigues and influence were at work; that the Affghan war, if not openly, was secretly fomented by Russian agents; and that still more recently the Russians were discovered under the walls of Herat, with the same design of hostility to Great Britain.

The Emperor Nicholas, who had visited England in 1844, appears to have thought that he understood the character of the British people. He had studied the great question of free-trade, and the abolition of the corn laws, and knew what a mighty conquest over old prejudice and supposed self-interest had been won by the Anti-Corn

Law League, led by Messrs. Cobden and Bright. When these gentlemen declared themselves energetically against war, when they represented that the affairs of Turkey were no business of ours, and that the true policy of England was peace *à tout prix*, and non-interference in the affairs of the European continent, he unluckily imagined that they were as faithful exponents of English opinion on this subject as they had undoubtedly been on the subject of free-trade. He was a bold man whenever he thought boldness would serve his purpose. But he was patient and prudent, when patience and prudence seemed to be more calculated to aid him in the traditionary policy of his empire. The advice of Peter the Great had sunk so deeply into his mind as to have become a command and a prophecy. "He who will reign at Constantinople," said Peter to his descendants, "will be the real sovereign of the world: therefore, we must stir up incessant wars in Persia and Turkey; establish dockyards in the Black Sea, and gradually take possession of it; hasten the fall of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf; re-establish, if possible, by way of Syria, the commerce of the Levant; and advance as far as India, which is the mart of the world." Nicholas forgot that when Peter uttered these remarkable words, Great Britain had no mighty empire in the East to protect; but the successors of Peter, though not quite so sanguine as regards India as he was, never ceased to covet the possession of Constantinople. The Czar, foiled in 1849 by the steady alliance of Great Britain and France, resolved not to be foiled in 1853, when that alliance seemed to be less cordial than before. He even so far miscalculated the temper of the British

people and Government as to try to make Great Britain a partisan in his scheme for the dismemberment of Turkey by offering us the possession of Egypt as our share of the plunder of "the sick man"—whom he was desirous of sending out of the world—before the natural period—and was not wholly undeceived as to the temper of the British alliance, and the strength of the French alliance, when he learned from the cautious lips of Sir Hamilton Seymour that if the offer were formally made it would be indignantly, or, at all events, firmly rejected.

Although the Emperor of the French ceased to press the claim of France to the protectorship of the Latin Christians in Syria, the Emperor of Russia, working up to a foregone conclusion, not only pressed the particular claims to the protectorate of the Greek Church in the Holy Land, which had produced the ominous political situation, but put forward other claims to the protection of all the Christians of the Greek faith in European Turkey, which were utterly inconsistent with the independence of the Sultan. Great Britain and France—united as firmly as they were in 1849 on the Eastern question—accepted the invitation of the Sultan to send their combined fleets to the Dardanelles, while the Czar directed two divisions of the Russian army, under the command of Prince Gortschakoff, to cross the Pruth, and take military possession of the Turkish provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. This movement, effected on the 20th of July, 1853, was preceded by a manifesto from the headstrong Nicholas, stating that the occupation of these provinces was indispensable to the guarantee of Russian rights, and was not to be considered as a declaration of war. This

manifesto was followed by a proclamation from Prince Gortschakoff, and by a diplomatic circular from Count Nesselrode, addressed to the representatives of Russia at all the Courts of Europe. A similar spirit pervaded the whole of these documents. It was difficult to say which of them was the most offensive to Europe, or the most insulting to Turkey. Each bespeaks a foregone conclusion; each considered the peace of the world as depending solely upon the pleasure of the Emperor of Russia—a fact which was unfortunately too true; and each betrayed a spirit of rapacious domination to which the other states of Europe could not be expected to submit either with self-respect or safety.

In the manifesto of the Czar the fanaticism which had latterly developed itself so strongly in the Imperial mind was apparent in every line of it. Nothing less than a holy war or new crusade seemed to be intended by the potentate who was head of the Greek Church as well as Autocrat of all the Russias. He stated that the "defence of his faith had always been the sacred duty of his blessed ancestors;" and that, "from the day it pleased the Almighty to place him on the throne of his fathers, the maintenance of the holy obligation with which it is inseparably connected has been the object of his constant care and attention." He accused the Porte of numerous acts of wilful infringement of Christian liberty, "that threatened finally the entire overthrow of the ancient system so precious to orthodoxy;" and, at the same time, charged the Sultan with having "faithlessly broken his word." The Czar, however, did not specify in what these acts and this alleged breach of faith consisted. Dis-

claiming all intention of conquest, he offered to withdraw his armies upon certain conditions, which he knew the Sultan could not accept with any regard to his honour, or independence, and threatened "that if obstinacy and blindness willed it otherwise, he would call God to his aid, leave it to Him to decide the quarrel, and in full confidence in the right hand of the Almighty, move forward in the defence of the Orthodox faith."

Prince Gortschakoff, as might have been expected from a military leader, was as precise, emphatic, unreasonable, and dictatorial as his master. He stated that "the Emperor *would avoid an offensive war against Turkey as long as his dignity and the interests of his empire would allow him to do so.*" The dignity of the other Powers of Europe and the mighty interests of civilisation were not at all considered. It was a personal question from first to last. The Muscovite Colossus was to bestride the world as he pleased, and smaller nations were to creep under his huge legs, and to humbly implore that he would be graciously pleased not to trample upon them. But it was in the circular of Count Nesselrode, that the insolence and *mala fides* of the Czar and his agents were most flagrantly displayed. This circular contained a summary of the whole dispute between the Emperor and the Sultan; coloured, of course, with the Russian colour, and with the refractions and distortions which were owing, not to the facts, but to the medium through which they were presented. Count Nesselrode attempted to conceal that the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia was meditated, if not arranged, long before Prince Mentschikoff set out for Constantinople; and tried to make the world believe that

Great Britain and France were mainly if not entirely to blame for this act of hostility. "In presenting an ultimatum to the Porte," said the Russian diplomatist, "we particularly informed the great Cabinets of our intentions. We more especially notified to France and Great Britain not to complicate by their attitude the difficulties of the situation, and not too soon to take measures which on the one hand would have the effect of encouraging the opposition of the Porte, and which on the other would implicate still more deeply the honour and dignity of the Emperor." Such a notification, though Count Nesselrode did not seem to be aware of it, was an insult to the British and French Governments; and his confession of it showed as plainly as human language and acts could do, the position which the Emperor was desirous to assume, and the small account he made of the rights and the interests, to say nothing of the "dignity" of Powers, that were quite as much entitled to stand upon their dignity as he was. "The two maritime Powers," said M. Nesselrode, "have not thought fit to defer to the considerations which we recommended to their serious attention. Taking the initiative before us, they judged it indispensable to anticipate immediately, by an effective measure, those which we had announced to them as simply eventual. They at once sent their fleets to the Constantinople waters; and occupied the waters and ports of the Ottoman domination, within reach of the Dardanelles."

Though the Czar pleaded that the occupation of the Principalities was not to be considered a declaration of war against Turkey, all parties in Great Britain, except

the Manchester Peace Party, as it was called, were of opinion that it was not only an act of war, but of war most unjust and unprovoked. On the 9th of July, seven days after the crossing of the Pruth, the *Illustrated London News* contained an article under the title of the "Impending War," which contained a prediction very rapidly fulfilled:—

"The Emperor of Russia has taken the decisive step. He has directed the passage of the Pruth and the occupation of the Danubian provinces of the Turkish Empire by the Russian army. Public opinion in every part of Europe, except in Russia, was long disinclined to believe that a man with so high a character for prudence and sagacity as the Emperor Nicholas had earned in his past career could so wantonly involve the world in warfare. But it is no longer possible to doubt. The Emperor has chosen his course, and must abide the consequences. There is a lingering hope in some quarters that war may yet be averted, and that the Emperor will express his readiness to negotiate as soon as the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia shall have been completely effected. But this hope we consider baseless and pusillanimous, even if it should be well founded. It would not be for the interest of any State of Europe that peace should be bought of so rapacious a conqueror by so cowardly a sacrifice. A peace purchased by such means would be unworthy of the name. It would be at best a truce or a cessation of hostilities; during which the Emperor, encouraged by impunity, and by the weakness of the great Powers of Europe, would employ himself in making preparations for another and still more formidable aggression upon his

neighbours. Austria herself, that even now only exists by Russian sufferance, might possibly be a fellow-victim with Turkey the next time that it pleased the Czar to desire an extension of his territory or his influence. France and England would, in such a case, run the risk of becoming second-rate Powers, or of waging for their independence a still more uncertain and deadly struggle. We may depend upon it that now is the time for resistance. If the Czar do not withdraw his troops from the Turkish soil as a preliminary to all negotiation upon the fancied points of dispute which he has chosen to raise, it will be the sacred duty of all the Powers of Western and Central Europe to form an alliance with Turkey, and to punish the daring bigot who imperils the best interests of civilisation to feed his miserable vanity and his insatiable ambition.

"Neither little individuals nor mighty nations can ever commit a wrong with impunity. The sword of Nemesis never fails to strike where punishment has been merited. The blow may be delayed, but it is certain to fall; and the longer it is delayed the more terrible the stroke. *In the war into which the Czar has thus wilfully rushed, it is impossible that he can prevail.* The sense of right and the spirit of humanity are against him. Self-interest and a common danger will arm all nations against the wrong-doer. Great Britain and France can no more permit the political assassination of Turkey than the passengers in Cheapside or in the Rue St. Honoré could permit a murder to be perpetrated under their eyes without taking means either to prevent it or to punish the malefactor. The law of nations is, in this respect, the same as the law of

individuals. It has its authority in the human heart, and all history shows us that no state can afford to disregard the mighty lessons of overruling justice.

"It is difficult to speak with calmness of the personal conduct of the man who has brought Europe into this perplexity and peril. Upon the supposition that he is a sane man, acting with full knowledge of what he is doing, and with a due calculation of the consequences, words fail to express the wickedness of his ambition. Any amount of execration that might be levelled against his name would not stigmatise him as he deserves. Even upon the supposition that he is acting conscientiously; that a zeal for the religion of which he is the temporal head has impelled him in his dangerous career; and that fanaticism, and not the lust of conquest, has urged him to attempt the supremacy of his Church and the expulsion of the Mussulmans from Europe, it is equally difficult to regard his character with forbearance. His ambition or his fanaticism is alike the curse of the world. His fanaticism, indeed, would be the worse and more pestilent quality of the two. Reckless as ambition may be, we may trust it more safely with the sword and the torch than we can trust religious bigotry. Ambition sometimes weighs consequences, but fanaticism never; and it is the most ominous incident in this unhappy dispute between Russia and Turkey, that it possesses so much of the religious element."

At the time when Great Britain was thus drifting into a war, which might have been averted if, in conjunction with France, the nation had emphatically declared that, war or no war, the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire would not be permitted, a fear was often expressed that

thirty-eight years of peace had enervated the British people; that our soldiers were no longer such as those who gained the battles of Wellington; and that our sailors were no longer the hardy and unconquerable tars who immortalised the British name under Jervis, Rodney, Howe, and Nelson. Yet there were not wanting bolder spirits who maintained that if war broke out the doubters would speedily discover that they had more reason to blush for themselves than for their countrymen; who insisted that the proverbial "pluck" and mettle of the people of these islands had been shown in too many ways, even in the "piping times of peace," to permit any reasonable and observant Englishman to believe that the men of 1853 were not as valiant and determined as their forefathers. The universal execration which the mingled ambition and fanaticism of the Czar excited among all classes; the firm determination which was evinced to suffer no infraction of solemn treaties, or disturbance of the balance of power in Europe; to uphold Turkey in the right; and to resist at any cost the fleets and armies of the aggressor—all betokened that the old spirit yet survived in its pristine vigour; and that, if need were, the British people could fight as cheerfully and as successfully as they could work and colonise. In a needless or an unjust war, it might, perhaps, have been doubted whether our soldiers or our sailors would have been up to the old mark; but in such a war as that with which the country was threatened by the Emperor of Russia, British statesmen did well to rely upon the unchangeable valour and patriotism of the nation. The British people had prospered in peace: they detested war as cordially as the Peace Society; and would have

made any sacrifice, consistent with their honour and their independence, to avoid it; but, the more they abhorred it while at peace, the more zealously they had made up their minds to fight, if driven into it. No one who watched the current of public opinion upon the Turkish question, and remarked the gratifying unanimity of all parties in the State, and of all classes and conditions of men, had any fear that the star of our glory could pale before that of Russia, or that of any other nation with which we might be brought into conflict. The popular conviction was justified by the event. The battles of the Crimea, Alma, Inkermann, Balaklava, and Sebastopol proved that the old fire was not extinct; and that the great motto of Scotland, "Nemo me impune lacessit," might have been the motto of all our isles, and proudly justified by the valour of all our sons. The unhappy Emperor of Russia found out all this, when too late, and died broken-hearted—foiled by the legions of Great Britain, France, and Sardinia, disappointed of the prize for which he had risked honour, and might have risked his Empire, another great example and warning to mankind of the wickedness and folly of unrestrained ambition, of the overruling Providence that shapes men's ends, irrespective of men's objects; and proves that in the affairs of mighty nations, as in those of the smallest and most insignificant of persons, the only cause that can be ultimately successful, is that which is founded upon right; and that the very "stars in their courses" fight against all who commit the wrong.

NAPOLEON AND MAXIMILIAN.

ANOTHER attempt of Napoleon III., to solve the difficulty of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, without offending the prejudices or arousing the fears of the French clerical party, was still more unfortunate both for himself and others. Foiled in the endeavour to place the Pope in Jerusalem, he appears to have bethought himself that it would be a master-stroke of policy to oust that troublesome potentate altogether from the European system, and place him in America. The United States, though they have no established religion, are peopled so largely by Protestants, that the Pope would have been out of place among them, and the Federal Government would never have consented to receive on its soil so dangerous a dignitary, unless he came as a traveller to see the country, and to go away again, in which case he would have been received with what the Americans call a "grand ovation." But of this there was no question. The Emperor (such was the whisper at the time, circulated among diplomatists and others, who claimed to be behind the scenes) was so anxious to be rid of the Pope, and all his belongings, in order that he might work, in a clear field, for the unification of Italy, which could not be united as long as the Pope was a King, and had a kingly territory, resolved, if he could, to place him in the rich Roman Catholic country

of Mexico, where he and his successors might live in splendour and dignity, out of the European political, though not out of its spiritual system. As a preparatory step, the rescue of Mexico from the chronic anarchy in which it festered, and had festered during the whole period of living memory, was to be attempted by the establishment of a Mexican Empire, under French and British protection, and the assumption of the Mexican throne by a prince of the blood royal of one of the great European dynasties. *Enter.*—The Emperor of Mexico, in the first act ——: *Enter*—the Pope in the second; such was the programme of the great new play, although Napoleon III. was much too cautious to divulge his plans, or, by the slightest word or hint of his ulterior motives, to startle the jealous conservatism of the Roman Catholic world. No one could have expected that this great new play was to be played out with no Pope in it, and that its end was to be one of the most mournful tragedies of our time. The Emperor brooded long over his idea, and it was not until three years after the close of the French war against Austria which ended in the victories of Solferino and Magenta, and the liberation of Lombardy, that he thought the time had come for the establishment of a protectorate in Mexico. The Southern States of the American Union had seceded from the North; the civil war was raging with intensity, with the balance of victory appearing to incline towards the Southern side; when, in 1862, General Almonte, on behalf of the clerical party in Mexico, represented to Napoleon that the Mexican people would be grateful to the Emperor if he would, by the aid of a French army, put an end to the chronic mal-government

of an unreal Republic, under President Juarez. General Almonte, a defeated candidate for the Presidency, appears to have had an idea that by the aid of the French he might become, as Iturbide had been before him, an Emperor himself. Napoleon listened to his suggestions, but made no promises, though events afterwards proved that the proposal confirmed and strengthened his bygone resolves. He knew that Mexico had not, and could not have, any friendly feeling to the great American Union, that had despoiled her of many fair provinces, and that the Mexicans were desirous that the South should establish its independence. He knew, also, that the Canadians on the northern frontier of the Union were still more anxious than the Mexicans were for the dismemberment of a Union that had always been aggressive in its pride of strength, and that had continually threatened the annexation of Canada. It was noticed before the visit of General Almonte that the press in Great Britain, France, and Spain made frequent complaints of the wrongs suffered, and the injuries inflicted upon the subjects of those States, who carried on their business in Mexico. After General Almonte's visit their complaints became louder and more frequent, especially in the French press. Before the outbreak of the American civil war, the American newspapers had been almost equally unjust in denouncing the acts of the Mexican authorities, and the outrages inflicted upon American citizens; but the all-absorbing interest of their own great conflict had diverted their attention from a subject which, in more peaceful times, would have called into activity the pens of a thousand editors. When it was publicly announced that Great Britain, France, and

Spain had resolved upon a combined course of action against Mexico, to obtain redress of the grievances of their subjects, it was fully expected that the Government of Washington would make common cause with the European Powers; but no such result ensued. The United States were too busy and pre-occupied; and the European Governments had to proceed alone. But they did not proceed very far in unison; Spain had no desire to provoke the ill-will of the United States, because Cuba was coveted, and Cuba was vulnerable. The British Government was equally averse from what the Americans, in view of the "Monroe doctrine," would have called a hostile interference, not to be permitted in the affairs of the Western Continent, and under the influence of Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston's foreign secretary, left France to proceed against Mexico single-handed. This issue was unfortunate, and was the cause, it was believed, of much dissatisfaction to Lord Palmerston, who had as little sympathy with the ideas of Lord John Russell on the foreign policy of Great Britain, as Lord John Russell had with those of Lord Palmerston. It was, moreover, displeasing to Lord Palmerston, not so much for transatlantic reasons as for its tendency to weaken the alliance between Great Britain and France, which he greatly desired to strengthen and consolidate. The British people, on their part, knowing little about Mexico, and caring less, viewed the proposed expedition with disfavour, more especially when it became known that the Government of the United States was hostile to it; and though unable to resent it at the time, would treasure it up as a grievance, to be made the most of, at a better

opportunity. The Emperor Napoleon, unlike Lord Palmerston, had no hostile vote of parliamentary bodies to interfere with the execution of a design on which he had resolved; and as Lord Palmerston could not afford to quarrel with Lord John Russell, and so break up the administration, and as, moreover, he could not afford to run the risk of a parliamentary defeat, at a time when his working majority was more wofully small than suited the ideas of a Minister who wanted to be strong, the Government of Great Britain declined to assist in the Mexican enterprize, otherwise than by fair words and good wishes. Under the circumstances, the Emperor, who had gone too far to recede with credit, despatched, single-handed, an expedition to Mexico under General Bazaine, to exact reparation for injuries inflicted, and to maintain order in that distracted Republic of hybrid and degenerate Spaniards and wild Red Indians. Marshal Bazaine found no difficulty in the execution of the task committed to him, and not only took, but secured possession of the country, amid the acquiescence, if not the gratitude, of three-fourths of the Mexican people. The next step was to find a European prince of sufficient mark, of sufficient character, and, more than all, of sufficient courage to accept an Imperial Crown at the hands of the motley and unworthy Mexicans. But a prince, combining all the desired and difficult qualifications, "was," as the Scotch say, "to the fore," and presented himself in the person of the Archduke Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria—young, daring, ambitious, high spirited, and everything that a true prince should be. The offer was made, and neither accepted nor rejected.

The Prince took time to consider—to consult, in the first place, his noble-hearted wife, the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, daughter of King Leopold; and second, his brother, the reigning Emperor of Austria. The Princess was not only willing, but eager for the acceptance of so high a career for the husband of her affections; and the Emperor of Austria, though not particularly confident that good would come out of Mexico, gave his consent, some said reluctantly, to his brother's assumption of the perilous dignity, provided that he were not imposed on the Mexicans by the will of the Emperor of the French, but invited and accepted by the Mexicans themselves. This last point was easily settled. The masters of conquering legions have never much difficulty in procuring a semblance of civic legality for any resolution they may desire to effect. An Assembly of the notables of Mexico was convened in the capital, under the auspices of Marshal Bazaine and his army, to debate the question of the future government of the country. The Assembly, properly primed, prepared, bribed, and otherwise manipulated for the purpose, resolved that the Imperial Crown should be offered to Maximilian, and that its decision should be submitted to the popular vote of the Mexicans. The vote was almost unanimous in favour of the proposed Emperor; and a deputation of the notables was despatched to Europe to make a formal offer of the Crown to the gallant [and doomed] Prince. It arrived on the 3rd of October, 1863, at Miramar, the pleasant country house, on the Dalmatian shore of the Adriatic, where the Prince lived a happy life, amid his music, his books, his pictures, and in the enjoyment of a domestic affection, more than worth all

the music, books, and pictures in the world. It was not until six months afterwards, on the 10th of April, 1864, that Maximilian, with the full consent of his Imperial brother, accepted the perilous gift that was offered him, and set sail a few days afterwards for Vera Cruz, with his devoted wife, and a considerable retinue. On the 1st of June, the young and apparently happy but luckless couple made their triumphal entry into the city of Mexico, amid the shouts of a sympathising multitude, who seemed to welcome, in the noble gentleman who had come among them, their destined deliverer from the chronic anarchy, produced, though they did not know it, by their own evil passions, and those of the self-seeking intriguers, who were always scrambling for place and power, and for the loaves and fishes of office, not caring, if they themselves had their fingers in the pie of public plunder, whether their country went to ruin, or so much as reflecting whether they had a country at all.

The Sovereigns of Europe hastened to recognise the new Emperor; but no recognition came from Washington. Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State under President Lincoln, neither better nor worse than his countrymen, saw in Maximilian's imposition upon the Mexicans, by force of French bayonets, an attack upon or denial of their favourite dogma—borrowed from President Monroe—that no European interference could, would, or should be permitted by the United States in the affairs of any State on the North American continent. This at the time was only *brutum fulmen;* though a warning to Maximilian, as well as to the Emperor of the French, of what might be expected if the South were conquered by the North, and

the American Union reconstructed and consolidated. Maximilian went bravely on with his work, determined to do his best to regenerate the country of his adoption, to bring order out of disorder, and turn to proper account the magnificent resources of one of the loveliest and most fruitful countries under the sun. But two causes were at work, which tended to render his wisest purposes of no avail. The first was, that the Southern Confederacy was being gradually exhausted in a gallant struggle with the mercenary Irish and German soldiers of the North, whom General Grant could afford to lose in hundreds or thousands in the crush of battle; when the South, which had no mercenaries in its pay, and could not obtain them if it wished, could not afford to lose ten. The second was, that the French people, looking upon the Mexican expedition as a failure, would not pardon failure in one whose name and pretensions they were accustomed to associate with success, and began to clamour for the recall of the Mexican expedition. At the first rumour of French discontent upon this subject the diplomacy of Washington was set in motion to increase it; and all possible pressure was put upon the French Government. The surrender of General Lee at Richmond, and the collapse of the Southern Confederacy, were scarcely a week old, before Mr. Lincoln's vain-glorious and arrogant Secretary of State—always busy, always mischievous—directed the American Minister at Paris, to represent to the Emperor the expediency of removing his army of occupation from Mexico, and taking Maximilian along with it, or of leaving that Prince face to face with the Mexicans. And not long afterwards, when Mr. Johnson occupied the place of the murdered and martyred Abraham

Lincoln, an ambassador was sent from Washington to Mexico, with instructions to discover, if he could, the Ex-President Juarez, and present his credentials to him, as the recognised head of the Mexican Republic. After a long search for that personage, the Minister returned to Washington, and reported to Mr. Seward that he had been utterly unable to discover the whereabouts of Juarez, or even to learn with certainty whether he was alive or dead. "But the Washington Government," said *Blackwood*, while all the facts were fresh in the mind of the writer, "depending on the breath of democratic favour, greedy of popularity, desirous of turning attention from its domestic to its foreign policy, and knowing that it was always pleasant to the rowdy multitude to hurl foul scorn against the monarchical principle, and to bellow defiance against all the world on behalf of the Monroe doctrine, did not desist on that account from acknowledging Juarez as the rightful President, or from continuing to put diplomatic pressure upon the Emperor Napoleon to induce him to withdraw his army."

To appease the American Government, to satisfy the malcontents at home, and at the same time, to give the Emperor Maximilian a chance of establishing himself, it was announced that the French army of occupation would be withdrawn in a twelvemonth, or early in the year 1867. Again, I must quote words that came fresh from the heart at the time:—

"No sooner did the notification reach Mexico that the French were to be withdrawn than the Empress Charlotte, with a romantic devotion to her husband, and a simple yet heroic faith, that, if the Emperor Napoleon knew all,

he might even yet be induced to change his plans, resolved to cross the ocean to describe to him personally the condition of the country, and solicit the continuance of his support, were it but for a year. Almost alone and unattended, the royal lady set sail on her fatal voyage, little dreaming that she and her beloved Maximilian were never again to behold each other in this world, or imagining any of the countless woes that Fate had in store for both of them. None can tell but the Emperor, and perhaps the Empress of the French, what zeal and eloquence, what tears and entreaties, what proud or what passionate appeals, this noble woman employed to change the purpose of Napoleon. Though outwardly a cold man, the Emperor had a warm heart within; and though as a statesman he may have been obdurate, it cannot but be believed that as a man he was deeply touched by the sorrows of this tender but brave young creature: fighting against fearful odds for her husband's dignity, and possibly for his life, urging against reasons of State nothing more potent than the anguish of her heart; unconvinced by all that could be said to her, unmoved by anything but the remembrance of Maximilian struggling, like herself, against the overpowering forces of a cruel and relentless destiny. To have seen such misery, to have sympathised with it, to have felt that he was accountable to his own conscience for having to a large extent been the cause of it, and to have known above all that, after his solemn pledge to the United States, worse woes than any private ones, however harrowing these might be, would have been the result if he had broken faith with the Federal Government, and listened to the supplications of this despairing woman, must

have tried even the iron stoicism of Napoleon III. With a spirit crushed but not yet broken, the Empress Charlotte appears to have made a sudden resolve to solicit the good offices of the Pope, and travelled to Rome to cast herself at his feet, and pour the tale of her sorrows into his ear. But, alas! what could the Pope do? As a king he was a nonentity to all but the people of the Roman States; his opinion on temporal affairs beyond that narrow circle was worth nothing. His advice, even, was of no account among his brother Sovereigns. As a man, he could but sympathise with the woes of an innocent woman; as an old man he could not but address words of paternal love and pity to the comparative child that bent sorrowfully, but not hopelessly, before him. As a priest, he could not but administer to her those consolations of religion which the humblest village pastor would have afforded, but which, coming from the lips of the head of the Church, would have had more than usual influence and authority in leading her thoughts to that other world, the least of whose joys are more than worth the whole dominion and lordship of this. But, alas! the strain upon heart and intellect had been too heavy and too prolonged—the sovereign reason shook on its unsteady throne, the sweet bells of thought jangled and were out of tune, the dark curtain fell upon the light of her mind, and the Empress Charlotte lost, it is to be hoped, some sense of her agony and grief in the partial loss of her reason. News of this great calamity came to Maximilian over the sea, and many who were unaware of the heroism of his character imagined that he would leave distracted Mexico to its fate even before the last French trooper had de-

parted, and hasten to the side of the lady of his heart, so sorely smitten, and all for love of him. But Maximilian had pledged his word, and though others broke faith with him, it was not for him to break faith with any one. Mexicans of high station, the best and bravest men in the country, had adhered to his fortunes from the first, and none of these had shown any signs of defection. He would stand by them to the last, and if he were to die, he would die like a king—on the battle-field, sword in hand against his enemies. It was so persistently the practice of the American press to misrepresent the affairs of Mexico, and to picture Maximilian as driven to what in American *parlance* is called 'the last ditch,' and to invent lies each more monstrous than its predecessor to malign him, that for many months after the departure of the French the European public was utterly at a loss what to believe or disbelieve in the news that each successive steamer conveyed across the Atlantic. Even at this time, the events that occurred after the Emperor quitted his capital to take arms against the Juarists in the northern provinces of the Empire, are imperfectly known. It seems certain, however, that for about two months the Emperor, at the head of 8000 men, occupied the city of Queretaro, and that there served under him Generals Miramon, Mejia, Mendez, the Prince of Salm-Salm, several European officers, and a Colonel Lopez, whom he had entrusted with his confidence, and loaded with honours, and who, on his recommendation, had been decorated by the Emperor of the French with the Star of the Legion of Honour. On the night of the 14th of May it was reported to Maximilian that the city was no longer tenable, and it was resolved,

in a council of war, that an attempt should be made on the following morning to break through the lines of the invading commander, General Escobedo, and, if the sortie were successful, to retire either towards the city of Mexico or the Gulf. The attempt was never made. The treacherous Lopez—the Judas Iscariot of the tragedy—had sold his friend, his master, and his sovereign for 10,000*l.* to Juarez and Escobedo; and, while Maximilian lay asleep, opened to the forces of the enemy the gate of the fortress which he was intrusted to defend, and himself led the way to the apartment where the Emperor slept, surrounded by a few members of his staff, pointed him out to his captors —and did *not* hang himself. Thus betrayed, the Emperor and his 8000 men had no alternative but to capitulate."

The cowardly Juarez, notwithstanding the entreaties of his patrons at Washington, that, under any circumstances, the life of Maximilian should be spared, ordered him to be shot. The Emperor died like a brave man, with his face to his foes: his last word being "Charlotte."

"It was a gay time in Paris, and in the Court of the Emperor of the French, when the first whispers of this ghastly tragedy were transmitted under the waves of the ocean, and found audible voice in the secret chambers of the Tuileries. Belshazzar held high revel when the blood-red writing was seen upon the wall. The great kings and potentates of the earth, Christian and Turk, with glittering retinues, and all the pomp and state of kingly and imperial pride, crowded to the beautiful capital, which, in his reign, and chiefly by his taste and enterprise, had been transformed into the wonder of the world. The magnificent Exhibition of Arts and Industry, which he

had imagined, and which his will had created, was a triumphant success. Paris literally overflowed with the rich, the brave, the gifted, the young, and the beautiful. Never did picture more gorgeous present itself to the eyes of the people of any age than this city of palaces presented in those summer days, when the Emperor received his guests, many of them the heirs of ancient monarchies, who, in days not far distant, had looked with disdain upon his pretensions to be of their rank and number, or considered him an upstart and a parvenu, but now did willing homage to his genius, and stood in admiration, if not in awe, of his power. He was at the very height and summit of his glory, and might without vanity have said of himself that he dwarfed by comparison every king that stood alongside of him. It was in the midst of all this glare and blaze of revelry and rejoicing, and of the sweetness of gratified hopes and expectations more than realized, that news came to him of the murder of Maximilian. A thrill of horror pervaded the gay city. The Kings and Emperors, to many of whom the unhappy victim was closely related by blood and marriage, felt sick at heart, and must in their secret souls have felt that the guilt of the bloody deed did not lie wholly at the door of Juarez or of the Federal Government, but that some of it, at least, lay at that of Napoleon III., who had induced the archduke to accept the Crown, on promises which the strongest Sovereign of his time had broken. And did Napoleon feel this also? We cannot doubt it. He would be more or less than human if no compunctious throb stirred in his heart, or fevered his pulses at the thought of Maximilian, so wickedly slain, or of the gentle Charlotte, pining in hope-

less madness in her desolate castle of Miramar. For the rest of his days these ghosts will sit at his board and partake of his cup; their voices, heard but by him, will whisper in his ear the saddest story of his reign, and, like the skeletons at the table of the Pharaohs, remind him that he too is mortal, and as liable to wrong, and the punishment of wrong, as the meanest of his subjects. But all that is manly and womanly in Europe will sympathise in the grief, though not in the remorse, of the Emperor. The tears that are shed over the grave of Maximilian will be the expression of a deeper and more genuine grief than the masses of mankind usually feel for persons so ambitious, and who risk so much private happiness for such poor reward as his would have been at the best, even if he had succeeded in his object."

It has been often remarked that nothing went right with the first Napoleon after he divorced the wife of his youth and his love—the guiltless Josephine. Sorrow trod on the heels of sorrow, and misfortune followed upon misfortune, with ever-increasing momentum, until the end came, in defeat and exile. So it may be remarked of Napoleon III., that nothing prospered in his hands after his abandonment of Maximilian. Hard, after all, is the lot of kings and emperors, if they meddle in great affairs. They must not listen to the promptings of their human hearts if policy forbids. Napoleon III. was a kindly and a generous man; and his idea of the establishing of a Mexican Empire, and the removal of the Pope from Europe, was a noble and, in some respects, a wise one. But politics are the art of standing still with safety; and great ideas seem to be doomed to distrust and misfortune in a world

of littleness. Napoleon's ideas were too grand for his time; and nothing came of them but sorrow to himself, and misfortune to those whom he wished to befriend.

The Emperor during his whole reign maintained in London, under the control of the Embassy, a bureau for the supervision of the English periodical press, the duties of which were to notify the appearance of any articles or letters that, in the opinion of the censors and examiners, might tend to create hostility to the person or policy of the Sovereign. The article in *Blackwood* for August, 1867, in which the article entitled "Maximilian" appeared, and from which these quotations have been made, did not escape the censorship. Though written with the utmost respect for the Emperor, public opinion was susceptible, and that month's *Blackwood* was stopped at the frontier, and not allowed to enter France.

FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1857 I paid my first visit to the United States and Canada. I went on a double mission—first, to see the country, make acquaintance with the people and their institutions, and narrate my impressions in a series of letters to the *Illustrated London News;* and secondly, to deliver a course of lectures on "Poetry and Song," in the principal cities. Mr. Herbert Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, anticipated an increase of sale and of influence for his great journal from this mission, a hope in which he was not disappointed; and aided our mutual object by much kindly publicity about myself. Mr. Thackeray, on whose suggestion and advice I resolved to feel the pulse of my real or supposed literary popularity in America by lecturing, armed me with many excellent letters of introduction to distinguished persons, whose acquaintance he had made when engaged in instructing and amusing the Americans by his racy delineations of the characters of the "Four Georges." Mr. George Combe also gave me valuable introductions to the leading philanthropists and Anti-Slavery apostles of the time, and other friends provided me with letters to President Buchanan and the most influential politicians of the Democratic and Republican parties.

I left Liverpool for New York on the 3rd of October, 1857, and reached Liverpool on my return on the 2nd of June, 1858—an absence of eight months, one of which, and not the least pleasant, was spent on the Atlantic in the then favourite Cunard steam-ships, the *Asia* and the *Europa*. The record of my impressions and observations duly appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, accompanied by sketches of scenery and events, procured from American artists. These letters were afterwards collected, corrected, and extended, and published in two volumes in 1859, under the title of "Life and Liberty in America," and met with a favourable reception from the press and the public. It may be mentioned as a curiosity both of politics and literature, that an eminent New York bookseller purchased the advance sheets for republication in the United States for a fair sum of money, but that as soon as he saw that opinions were advanced in the book in condemnation of negro-slavery, he made haste, not to repudiate his bargain, but to wash his hands of it by passing it over at less than half the price he had paid for it to another firm of equal standing, that had no Southern connection, and had no fear of offending the slave-owners.

Two circumstances struck me especially as I travelled through the country, and interchanged ideas with the leaders of literary, political, and social life. The first was the apparent prejudice against Englishmen and the British Government; and the second, the extreme sensitiveness of all but a very small minority on the question of negro slavery. When one of the New York papers wrote of me as a "foreigner," though it coupled

the word with a complimentary adjective, I felt hurt to be called an alien among a people speaking my own language, who were once fellow-subjects of the same crown, and who were still governed by the spirit of British law. If I were an alien, the ancestors of all these people had once been aliens also. The jealousy of the native-born Americans against the British Government manifested itself in a variety of unexpected ways—in the newspapers, in society, and in the chance conversations of the steam-boat and the railway-car, and was often so strong as to startle me. I found, however, that the further I travelled to the South, the weaker this feeling became—that in the States of Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia it scarcely existed at all; and that the leading citizens, who could trace their English and Scottish descent, were particularly proud of it, and expressed none but the most kindly feelings towards what they affectionately called the "Old Country." It was explained to me that one of the reasons for the anti-British prejudice that existed in the Northern and Western States —New England excepted—was that New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and others to the north of what is called "Mason and Dixon's line," were not wholly or even to a large degree of British descent; that the Dutch predominated in the city, if not throughout the State of New York, once the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam; the Germans in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the Norwegians still further west; that neither of these nationalities had any pride in or respect for Great Britain, its history, its language, or its literature, and had no real or sentimental bond of sympathy with

the British people—no union with them, in fact, except that of the language, which they were compelled in their own interest to employ, and which many of them unconsciously did their utmost to deteriorate. Added to this was the great Irish accretion continually arriving in America, and bearing along with it the remembrance of many real and fancied wrongs experienced at the hands of the British Government, or from the operation of social and economic laws, which even the mighty British Government was powerless to control. These malcontent Hibernians, landing in the United States with unloosened tongues, unwonted licence, and the remembrance of injustice and suffering endured at home, and with an easily-acquired vote in American affairs, unburdened their souls in hostility to the land which had been unable to support or retain them, and which they had quitted for ever. It was also impressed upon me, especially at the South, that the constant attacks upon the British Government and nation in the American press were not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, and as the genuine expression of American feeling, but as so much wild buncombe employed to coax the Irish vote at election times when parties were too evenly balanced. "The Irish and the niggers," said a prominent Democrat in New York, "are the curse of our politics; and," he added, parodying a well-known phrase of Robespierre, "I fervently wish that every Irishman in America would kill a nigger, and be hung for it!"

Conversing one day at Washington with a celebrated officer in the war against Mexico on the, to me, too apparent dislike of Americans to England and to Englishmen,

he said, "It is not dislike, except among the Irish and the Germans. I will tell you what it is. England has held her high place in the world too long, or at least quite long enough, and we Americans think our time has come. A man may love his father, but he does not wish him to live on for ever and keep his son out of his patrimony, and that's just about our feeling. What we Americans would like, would be to see old Mother England beset by a coalition of all the powers of Europe against her—France, Russia, Germany—the whole kit of them—and reduced to the sorest extremity in fighting for her national existence. And just in the very nick of time, when the dear old critter was at the last gasp, the United States would come to the rescue, scatter her enemies like chaff before the wind, and annex her to our glorious Union—the oldest and the noblest State in it."

"No man living will see that day."

"Perhaps not," replied the General; "but the result is in the future, nevertheless. England and the United States ought never to go to war. But if they remain separate they must. The fact is there is no room in the world for them both, unless in union; and that union will come in Fate's appointed time; and a splendid union it will be. It will rule the world, I tell you; and will so dominate over all other nations as to render war impossible, either in Europe, Asia, or America, unless our race permit it."

On my arrival in Washington, after having paid my respects to Lord Napier, the British Ambassador at that capital, I called at the White House to leave my card for President Buchanan, together with my letters of intro-

duction. The man who answered the bell—an Irishman, named MacManus, the highest official in the Presidential mansion next to the President himself, insisted on taking me upstairs at once to Mr. Buchanan's room. I urged that Mr. Buchanan might be engaged, or might not wish to see me that day; and that, having delivered my letters, I would await such answer from his "Excellency" as he might choose to send.

"Excellency? We don't call him Excellency here," said the sturdy Irishman. "I am sure he will be glad to see you if you will walk up, and what's more, I don't think he will be pleased with me if I do not insist upon your going up to him. You really must." I again protested, and again the doorkeeper insisted; so yielding to him as if he had been a veritable Lord Chamberlain or Master of the Ceremonies, with his wand of office and a train of official satellites behind him, I was ushered into the kindly presence of the President. He received me with a frank smile, gave me a cordial shake of the hand, and expressed a hope that he would often see me during my stay in Washington; "but," he added, "you will excuse me if I am plain-spoken with you. I am very busy just now. But if you will permit me to introduce you to my niece, Miss Lane, she will be glad to hear all the English news. She is never tired of speaking about England, and especially to an Englishman. I'll lead the way." And the President motioned me to follow to a drawing-room, which the Americans always call a parlour, where I found Miss Lane. This lady did the honours of the White House during Mr. Buchanan's reign—for he

was either a bachelor or a widower, I forget which—and performed her functions with a grace and dignity that made her a great favourite in Washington society. "I shall be quite disengaged in the evening," said the President, as he left us to return to his work, "and shall be truly glad to see you, if you will come without ceremony.' I accepted the hospitable offer, and discovered, after a pleasant interview with Miss Lane, that whatever the Anglo-phobia of the American press might be, there did not exist a particle of it in the White House; and that the British Government and people could have no warmer friends than the President and his niece. During two visits to Washington, separated from each other by an interval of two months, I saw much of Mr. Buchanan, and learned greatly to respect the simplicity of his character, the kindliness of his nature, and the strong common sense which distinguished his intellect. He was very reticent, as became his position, on the long-subsisting and growing antagonism between North and South on the vital and embarrassing question of negro-slavery, or, as the Southerners preferred to call it, the "domestic institution;" though I could discern from many expressions that fell from his lips that he looked into the future with uneasy feelings, and anticipated a struggle that might be postponed by mutual tact and forbearance, but that could not possibly be prevented.

On one occasion the President gave a state dinner to the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General, and other eminent members of the legal profession, to which he did me the honour to invite me. The date of the dinner, which I might otherwise have forgotten as a

matter of no importance, became fixed in my memory by a circumstance which very much amused Mr. Buchanan when I informed him of it. The names of all the President's guests on the occasion were duly published in the Washington and New York papers, and some days afterwards, greatly to my surprise and slightly to my annoyance, I received two anonymous letters, one bearing the postmark of New Orleans, and another that of New York, the one signed "An Indignant Englishman," and the other "Anti-Yankee," denouncing me, each in a different style of vituperation, for my "unpatriotic" conduct in accepting an invitation from the President on the 14th of February; one asking me to "read up" the history of the United States, if I wanted to know the reason why I should have held scrupulously aloof from the President on that particular day; and the other informing me that it was the anniversary of the defeat of the British troops at New Orleans by General Andrew Jackson, afterwards President; that it was an insult to any Englishman to receive an invitation from the President on such a day; that the insult was intended and premeditated; and that I had disgraced myself in the eyes of every true-hearted Englishman in America by accepting it. "I am sorry to think," said Mr. Buchanan, when he heard of the exceeding stupidity of my countrymen, if countrymen they were, "that the Queen of England has two such donkeys among her subjects. Even if they are jesting, their jest is as silly as their earnestness would be." The President went on to say that, although he knew all about General Jackson's little victory, half a century old, he did not know its precise date; and that, even if he

had known it, he would not have hesitated to ask an Englishman to his table on that particular day, or thought for an instant that any sensible Englishman would have refused the invitation, or thought that there was a boast and an attempt at humiliation beneath it.

Among other notable Americans whose acquaintance I made at Washington, was the Hon. W. H. Seward, Senator for, and once Governor of, the State of New York, with whom I became particularly intimate. He was then in the fifty-eighth year of his age, being as old as the century, and in the full enjoyment of health and intellect. His anti-slavery opinions, which he seldom hesitated to express, rendered him particularly obnoxious to Southern politicians and to the Northern Democratic party. He was a man of convivial tastes and habits, and very fond of small jokes, which were commonly much wittier in intention than in effect. Though in the company of Englishmen he was too much of a gentleman to express opinions hostile to Great Britain or its people, he was as well known all over America for his anti-British as for his anti-slavery sentiments, and he made no secret of his desire to see, or to aid in, the establishment of the independence of Ireland. His mother was an Irishwoman—a fact of which he made the most to secure the Irish vote when a candidate for either House of Congress; and he had ostentatiously subscribed a hundred dollars to support Mr. Smith O'Brien in 1848, when that unhappy gentleman and a few other fanatics broke out into the absurd rebellion against the power of Great Britain which ended so ignominiously in a widow's cabbage-garden, in an obscure Irish village. I soon discovered that Mr. Seward's

sympathies were on the side of rebellion all over the world; that he ardently desired the overthrow of the French Empire, the establishment of the independence of Hungary and Poland, as well as of Ireland; and that he looked forward with equanimity, if not with positive pleasure, to the disruption of the United States. He despaired of the abolition of negro slavery by the Southern States, and thought that the only method to free the Northern and Western States from participation in what he considered a national sin, was the secession of the non-slaveholding States, and the establishment of a new Union, which should ultimately include Canada and all the British possessions on the North American continent. "There is room enough in the world," he said, "for the North and the South to exist separately. The North can extend northwards, and the South southwards, and so divide the whole continent between them." I found that Mr. Charles Sumner, the Senator for Massachusetts, agreed in these opinions, and that Mr. Horace Greeley, the editor of the *New York Tribune*, was vehemently in favour of the secession of the North from the South, that he might escape from political association with slave-owners, whom he could not convince. Mr. Greeley, it was supposed, was author of the famous—then generally considered infamous—lines entitled "The Stars and Stripes," that insulted the national flag, which was as sacred an emblem in the South to all, except the abolitionists, as it was in the North :—

"Tear down the flaunting lie,
Half-mast the starry flag.
Insult no sunny sky
With Hate's polluted rag.

"Destroy it, ye who can
Deep sink it in the waves!
It leaves a fellow man
To groan with fellow slaves!"

These lines had given great offence, about which, however, Mr. Greeley, if he were the author, and not merely the publisher and sponsor, did not trouble himself. They were constantly quoted by the malcontent secessionists of New England and the West, and hurled against the South not only as a defiance, but as an intimation that, sooner or later, the North and West would set up for themselves, sever the connection with the slave-owners, and have a new flag, as different as possible from the old one.

I must own that this Northern hostility to the Union surprised me greatly, though the surprise was somewhat diminished after the remarks that Mr. Seward addressed to me, at a dinner party at Washington, at the hospitable table of the British Minister. The persons present were but four—the Ambassador, Mr. Seward, Mr. Breckenridge, the then Vice-President, and myself. Mr. Breckenridge was strongly Southern, Mr. Seward was as strongly Northern; but their political opinions did not make any difference in the cordiality of their social intercourse. During the whole evening the conversation, led by the two Americans, turned upon the approaching disruption of the United States, the main difference of opinion between the two Senators being as to the time when the great event could no longer be either postponed or prevented. Mr. Seward was of opinion that the Union would break up into at least three sections—the Northern, the Southern, and the

States to the west of the Rocky Mountains, on the Pacific sea-board. Mr. Breckenridge inclined to the belief that the sections would amount to four, inclusive of the three already mentioned, and the six little New England States, which would, he thought, separate themselves from the North, and either seek incorporation with Canada, or endeavour to extend their Union at Canadian expense. Mr. Seward thought, in default of the abolition of slavery, of which he saw no immediate prospect, that the Union would not last five years longer. Mr. Breckenridge thought that the disruption would be more speedy. The two Englishmen did not venture to express an opinion. "However that may be," said Mr. Seward, turning to me, "I ask you as an observant traveller—as a writer for the press—to record the sentiments of at least one American, who knows his countrymen, that come when that day will,—and it will come in Heaven's appointed time, and not earlier,—the United States, both of the North and the South, will set a glorious example to the world of the value of free institutions. They will prove to the corrupt, rotten, effete old monarchies and empires of Europe how vastly superior the Republican system of government is to theirs; and that two such brothers as the North and South will act like brothers, and not as foes; that they will shake hands peaceably, and part without bloodshed. The union compelled by Force may suit European ideas. It will never suit the ideas of America." Mr. Breckenridge, I noticed, smiled, as if dubiously, and said, "If such be the wish of the North, I am sure it will be the wish of the South. The continent is big enough for both of us, and though separated

from each other, as it is certain we must be, we shall still be able to stand against Europe as one power, in holy and defensive alliance."

More than five years after this remarkable declaration was made by Mr. Seward, and when the Civil War (1863) was raging in all its fiercest and apparently resultless intensity, and when Mr. Seward, Secretary of State under Mr. Lincoln, was ringing the little bell that he boasted could consign any American citizen, however distinguished, to a dungeon, and when, by word and deed he was inflaming the passions of the North to make an end of the Southern Confederacy by fire and sword in less than ninety days, I happened to dine at Baltimore with a large party of gentlemen, at the house of a distinguished member of the Legislature of Maryland, who had just emerged from the State Prison of Fort Warren, whither Mr. Seward's little bell had some months previously consigned him. I narrated this conversation, word for word, as I had written it down in my note-book at the time; and was met on all sides by expressions of incredulity, and the broadest hints that I must have been mistaken; that whoever it was who uttered these peaceful and creditable sentiments, it could not have been the truculent Mr. Seward, and that, in short, I had deceived myself. I insisted upon the correctness of the words and the unmistakable identity of the person who uttered them. But the unbelief of the whole company appeared to be obstinate. Only one person present—the host himself—ventured to support my accuracy. Suddenly begging pardon for leaving the table for a few minutes, he returned with a

volume in his hand, which he passed over to me. It was entitled "The Orations, Discourses, Addresses, and Occasional Speeches of the Honourable W. H. Seward." The date of its publication was 1858. One of these addresses or speeches was delivered in Baltimore in 1848, and contained, among others of a like purport, the following passages in support of State Rights, or the rights of each individual State to pass its own laws without the coercion or control of any other State, or combination of States. Our host read them aloud to the assembled guests, with a running commentary:—

"'The United States are a nation of many States confederated, affiliated, and even assimilated, but not absolutely centralized and consolidated. They are individual and distinct political States, possessing elements and attributes of sovereignty, *transcendant* and *inviolable*.'

"According to this, the State of South Carolina," said our host, "having, in the exercise of its transcendant and inviolable rights, and by the regular action of its legislature, seceded from the Union, was illegally and unconstitutionally coerced by the central government, when it endeavoured to restore an unwelcome union by force of arms.

"'The division of sovereignty and the subdivision of legislation break the force of popular passion. Beyond doubt an arbitrary prince can execute a given enterprise with greater promptness, energy, and firmness than a government so complex as ours. But wisdom needs to hear the voice of truth, and can find it in republics only. The battle-fields of Europe, no less than the

pyramids of Africa, bear witness to the ambition and vanity of kings. . . . Congress has not committed, and is not likely to commit, the great crime of princes—the consumption of the public wealth of future generations.'

"Alas!" said our host, "for the vaunted wisdom of statesmen. The very thing that Mr. Seward said never could be done in America has been done; and no man so greatly as he has aided in the doing of it.

"'The only danger now apprehended (1848) is the secession of one or more of the States. Since the expansion of the Union, and the increase of the number of its members, it is apparent that even a secession of one or more of the States would not now, as it might have done formerly, subvert the whole structure. It would still exist, yielding protection and dispensing prosperity to the members which should remain. . . . If, at a future time, separation shall become necessary, let us hope that long habits of discipline and mutual affection may enable the American people to add another and a final lesson on the excellence of republics—that of dividing without violence, and reconstructing without the loss of liberty.'

"You see," said our host, "that what Mr. Seward said in 1858 at the table of the British Ambassador and in the presence of our friend of this evening was no new thought to his mind; and that he had long meditated upon inevitable Secession. How his present acts belie his former convictions I need not say. The North has all along been the great Secessionist; and I may perhaps be as wrong as Mr. Seward was, though I think not,

when I say that, had the North carried out its threat, the South would not have fired a shot in anger to prevent the consummation, but agreed with all its heart to a friendly separation."

I saw a great deal of Mr. Seward when he visited London in 1859, and at his request became his guide to some of the social sights of the metropolis. He made the acquaintance of the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, with whom he was much pleased, and with Lord Chelmsford, the then Lord Chancellor. Dining with me at a Club, of which, on my suggestion, he had been elected an honorary member for a month, he expressed a great desire to hear and see the notorious "Baron Nicholson," of the Judge and Jury Club, and to hear one of the mock trials, for which the establishment was famous (or, it might be said without injustice, infamous) at the time. We went accordingly at a late hour. Mr. Seward found a number of his American friends and acquaintances, attracted, like himself, by the novelty of an entertainment, to which the United States offered no parallel. The case for trial was that of Daniel Sickles—afterwards a distinguished officer in the Federal service—for the murder or manslaughter of a Mr. Key, whom he had detected in criminal intercourse with his wife. The case excited very considerable sensation at the time on account not alone of its dramatic and tragic interest, but of the social position of the parties. Mr. Seward was particularly amused by the absurd dignity assumed by the "Baron," as he gravely sat on the bench, smoking his cigar and taking sips of brandy-and-water, as he occasionally put questions to the witnesses, and at the

general relevancy of the questions, indecent as they were, to the matter of the trial. "That man," he said, "has legal acumen enough to adorn the Supreme Bench at Washington!" But he was still more struck with the forensic ability displayed by the counsel for Sickles—a man who had studied for the bar, if he had not been admitted—who had fallen upon evil days, and gained his living by this method. His speech was eloquent and to the point, and urged strongly upon the jury, that the killing of Key, under the circumstances, was neither murder nor manslaughter, but simply an act of justifiable homicide, which either he or the judge or any of the jury would be worse than a coward if he did not commit under the same provocation. "What talent is here wasted!" said Mr. Seward. "In my country a man of such eloquence and ability as this would rise to any position in public life that it pleased him to seek. He would have an excellent chance for the Presidency." Whether this was said in jest or earnest I don't know—for Mr. Seward was a joker of small jokes, and indulged in weak banter—but I thought at the time that if it were a jest, there was a good deal of earnestness in it.

Mr. Seward wanted much to visit the Crystal Palace; so it was arranged that we should go there on the following day. Fortunately the weather was fine, and the future Minister greatly enjoyed not alone the interior of the building and its contents, but the splendid view from the gardens over the lovely county of Kent. "If this were in America, we should clear the country of the trees," he said; "we cut down our trees too recklessly

in the States, but this woodland panorama seems to me the perfection of landscape beauty." He lit a cigar as he spoke, and proceeded to fume away with the enjoyment peculiar to those who are never happy without a cigar in their mouths; when a policeman, meeting us full in front, said to Mr. Seward in a tone of authority, "Sir! it is against the rules to smoke in these grounds. Put out your cigar, or leave the place." "Sir!" said Mr. Seward, with equal dignity, "it is against the rules for me to give you half-a-crown. Take it, and put it in your pocket, and leave my presence!" The man looked round for fear of listeners, took the half-crown, smiled pleasantly, and discreetly turned away in the opposite direction.

The great object of Mr. Seward's ambition was to become President of the United States, and he thought if I could procure the insertion of his portrait in the *Illustrated London News*, with a memoir of his life, character, and public services, it would be of advantage to his cause, and please his American friends and supporters. This was easily accomplished, and he expressed much gratitude for the manner and spirit in which it was done.

But his visit to Europe was abruptly brought to a close by the threatening aspect of political affairs in the United States, and he hurried home, with the view of furthering his candidature for the Presidency. Unluckily, however, for his chance, he had offended Mr. Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune*, the leading spirit of the Abolitionist party; and in consequence of the formidable opposition of that gentleman and his political followers

he failed to secure the nomination at the Chicago Convention. The choice of that body fell upon Mr. Abraham Lincoln, an utterly obscure and almost unknown politician, who was selected mainly because his opponents, among whom Mr. Seward was the most eminent, had made enemies during a busy and useful career, and he had made none. Little did the wire-pullers of the Chicago Convention suspect the enormous calamity that was to result from the success of their harmless, honest, and insignificant nominee! But Mr. Seward was much too important a man to his party to be, as the American phrase has it, "left out in the cold;" and on Mr. Lincoln's election he received the reward which he had a fair right to claim, of the first office in the administration—that of Secretary of State. This post is equivalent to that of our Foreign Secretary, for the President acts as his own Prime Minister.

Some months after Mr. Lincoln's installation, and after General Ripley had fired the fatal shot from the batteries of Charleston against Fort Sumter, which so inflamed the passions of the Northern people, I received a letter from Mr. Seward, dated Washington, the 7th of November, 1861. On the 8th of November a fiery Yankee of the most aggressive and offensive type—one Commodore Wilkes, of the United States ship *San Jacinto*—had boarded the British mail-steamer *Trent*, in West Indian waters, and carried off Messrs. Slidell and Mason, agents of the Southern or Confederate Government, proceeding on a political mission to the Courts of Great Britain and France. Mr. Seward's letter invited me in most cordial terms to visit him in America.

"Come out here," he said, "and give us what we want, and what will immortalize you—*a Song for the Union*. It is a sacred theme! Come, I pray you, and take shelter in my home here. I want to repay you for all your kindness to me." Mr. Seward's letter reached me on the very day that the news of the outrage committed by Commodore Wilkes arrived in London. I had the letter in my pocket, and intended to answer it in the friendly and cordial spirit in which it was written, when passing along Pall Mall I noticed an unusual stir at all the Club entrances of the United Service, Athenæum, Travellers, Reform, and Carlton, for which, not having heard the news of the *Trent* outrage, I was unable to account. Entering the Reform, I found the beautiful hall crowded by excited members, broken into groups, all engaged in earnest discussion. I soon learned the news that engrossed all tongues and thoughts, and found the all but universal feeling to be, that a peremptory demand ought to be immediately forwarded from our Government to that of the United States for the unconditional surrender of the captives, coupled with the unmistakeable notification that refusal would be considered a *casus belli*. On calling at the United Service, to hear what a distinguished naval officer, who had gained laurels in the Crimea, had to say upon the subject, I discovered that the men of war of the United Service were of exactly the same opinion as the men of peace at the Reform, and fully agreed that nothing could avert war between Great Britain and the Federal Government, except the immediate surrender of Slidell and Mason. Having to answer Mr. Seward's

kindly invitation, I wrote to him that evening a long and earnest letter, in which I implored him, if he valued the peace of the world, and if he had the slightest hope of preserving the union even of the Northern States, not to delude himself, or allow the President to be deluded, with the idea that Great Britain would submit to the outrage upon her flag. I used the simplest and strongest language, so that Mr. Seward, who understood nothing so well as the plain vernacular, might thoroughly realize to his mind the earnestness of the English people on this question, and that war between the two kindred nations could not, in my opinion, be by any possibility averted in the then temper of the public mind in Great Britain, except by the one way which I pointed out to him as a friend as well as a politician. It was on a Friday, if I remember rightly, the night of the departure of the American mails in time for the Cunard steamers for Liverpool on the following morning; and having finished my epistle, I drove to the residence of Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, in Portland Place, to make a personal request to that gentleman to place my missive in his despatch-bag. He was unaware of the excitement that prevailed in London on the subject, and I informed him of it as fully as I could, warning him that the spontaneously evoked opinion of the Clubs would be found to be the opinion of the whole nation, and that such a spirit would inevitably be aroused, unless the captives were surrendered, that the war thus provoked would be the most popular war ever undertaken by Great Britain. Mr. Dallas was reticent, as became his position; he shook me very cordially by the hand as I took my

departure. I received about five weeks afterwards a reply from Mr. Seward, in which he thanked me for the information I had given him, and renewed the invitation to visit him in Washington. Circumstances prevented me from availing myself of his hospitable offer, and though I visited Washington in the following year, it was not as the guest of the powerful Minister.

"The Song for the Union," which Mr. Seward urged me to write, was not destined to flow from my pen; and the Northern States, who in vain offered a prize for a national song and a national air, through a committee appointed for the purpose, received no less than twelve hundred compositions. Not one of these was found to be worth acceptance, so that the people of the North were ultimately obliged to be contented with a negro hymn, entitled

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

Among the lights of the Abolitionist and Republican party whose acquaintance I made in 1858, while yet a civil war was unsuspected, though a disruption of the Union was confidently predicted, were three friends of Mr. Seward, who were all at that time eminent in the councils of the Republic, and destined to achieve in a few years a European as well as an American fame. These were the Honourable Charles Sumner, the Honourable Salmond Portland Chase, and the Honourable Anson Burlingame. Mr. Sumner was Senator for Massachusetts, Mr. Chase was Governor of the State of Ohio, and Mr. Burlingame representative in the Lower House of Congress of the City of Boston. Mr. Sumner was at the time considered

a martyr to his political and philanthropic faith, and had the distinction of being the one American who was most fervently hated by the whole South as well as by the great Democratic party of the North and West, and as ardently beloved by the extreme politicians of the Anti-Slavery party of the North and West. He was a very tall, powerful, and handsome man, and though the style of his oratory would have been considered much too flowery, ornate, and pretentious in England, it suited the taste of the American public, who admire what is called "tall talk." He was never sparing of his invectives when he had to denounce a political opponent, and his honest but envenomed hatred of slavery, and of slave-owners, often led him to hurl fierce words at their heads that could not convince but very greatly incensed them. On one occasion he so far forgot himself in the heat of controversy, as to make a personal attack upon the character of the whole of the white people of the Southern States, ending by a most wanton accusation of unchastity against the ladies. This was too much for the "Southern chivalry" as it was called, to bear, and the consequence was that an impetuous young gentleman of the name of Brooks, a member of the Lower House of Congress for one of the cities or counties of South Carolina, sent Mr. Sumner a challenge. Mr. Sumner declined to accept it, on the ground that to fight a duel was a breach of the law, of which he would not be guilty. Thereupon the champion of the Southern ladies resolved to take the law into his own hands, and to chastise Mr. Sumner personally for his insult to the white women of the South. He made his way into the Senate chamber,

to which the members of the Lower House have free admittance, found Mr. Sumner sitting at his writing-desk, one of which is provided for every Senator, and dealt him several heavy blows over the head with a walking-stick. Mr. Sumner struggled violently to rise and grapple with his antagonist, but fell to the ground insensible, with the broken desk above him, from which he had been unable to extricate himself. Great indignation was expressed against the perpetrator of this outrage by the Abolitionist and Republican press, but there were not wanting writers and speakers on the Southern and pro-slavery side who maintained that Mr. Brooks, having made himself the champion of the slandered ladies of the South, and been refused the satisfaction of the duello, was justified in inflicting personal chastisement on the assailant of their virtue. This was the view taken by the Southern ladies themselves, who sent their thanks personally and collectively to Mr. Brooks, and presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane, with a complimentary inscription, as a testimonial of their gratitude. But Mr. Sumner, too seriously injured to fight, even if his principles would have allowed him to do so, found a defender in Mr. Anson Burlingame, who challenged Mr. Brooks to mortal combat in Canada, beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. The challenge was accepted, but the duel was never fought. The stern law stepped in to prevent it, and one still sterner, in the shape of Death, removed Mr. Brooks from a world which he had not greatly adorned, within a few weeks after he had, in the pride of his strength, and in the fulness of his arrogance, attacked a defenceless man. Mr. Sumner, in

consequence of this outrage, was for some years compelled to retire from active public life, though the respect of his constituents of Massachusetts for his character was so great, that on the expiry of his term of Senatorship, he was re-elected to that dignity. Mr. Sumner was advised by his physicians to visit Europe for change of scene, and was very cordially received in London by the then Duchess of Sutherland, and other leaders of rank and fashion, and more especially by the predominant spirits of the anti-slavery movement. At that time his sympathies were almost entirely English, and he did not grow into the England hater which he afterwards became under the stimulus of the great civil war, and the virulence—which he more than any other man of his nation made virulent—of the Alabama question.

His friend, Mr. Burlingame, was destined to play a singular part in the world's history. At this time he was an earnest and eloquent member of the anti-slavery party, and noted for the ability with which he advocated a policy of negro emancipation, which he considered to be a question of even more vital importance to the poor white non-slaveholding people of the South than it was to the negroes. At that time the struggle was up-hill work, and there seemed but little prospect that the Democratic party, which held other views on the subject, would be removed from the conduct of affairs, of which, for a long period, they had held a virtual monopoly under a succession of Presidents of their own choosing. But the Democrats, at the Presidential election of 1860, quarrelled among themselves, split up into three sections, and allowed

their opponents to snatch a victory, which, had the Democrats united their forces under Mr. Douglas, Mr. Breckenridge, or Mr. Bell, would have been impossible of attainment. Under these circumstances, as was natural, the most eminent politicians of the triumphant party looked up to the new President for a share of the honours and emoluments of public life, from which they had been excluded during a long, arduous, and all but hopeless controversy. Among the earliest to receive this recognition at the hands of his party was Mr. Burlingame, who, early in 1861, was offered by Mr. Lincoln, on the recommendation of Mr. Seward, the post of Ambassador from the United States to the Emperor of Austria. Mr. Burlingame accepted the mission, and was honoured by Mr. Seward with a long despatch, historical, antiquarian, satirical, and legal, which amused all America, as well as Mr. Burlingame. Mr. Seward, who spoke no language but English (very American English), recommended the minister, above all things, to remember that Austria was not a "unique" empire, on which Mr. Burlingame remarked that Mr. Seward was a "unique minister." It was not Mr. Burlingame's destiny to remain in this non-"unique" empire, but to be deputed very shortly afterwards to an empire that really deserved the epithet. Very unexpectedly—though, as it will appear, not at all unnaturally—the Emperor of Austria refused to receive him. Mr. Burlingame, like the great majority of his countrymen, had sympathised with Kossuth, when the ex-Dictator made his triumphal tour through the United States, after the collapse of his gallant efforts to establish the independence of Hungary;

but, unlike the rank and file, he had made many eloquent speeches on the subject, in which he had spoken of the aspirations of the Hungarians for independence, and of the policy of the Austrian Government, in a manner that was not pleasant either to the Emperor or his advisers. The Emperor stood upon his dignity, and requested the Government of the United States to accredit to his court, in the place of Mr. Burlingame, some gentleman whose political antecedents were less objectionably associated with an unsuccessful rebellion in the Austrian empire. As, under the circumstances, there was something due to the dignity of Mr. Burlingame, as well as to the dignity of the Emperor of Austria, Mr. Burlingame was nominated by Mr. Lincoln to the more important, though possibly less comfortable, mission to Pekin. The appointment was confirmed by the Senate, and Mr. Burlingame proceeded to China, where he remained in the efficient performance of his duties during the whole of the troublous time of the great Civil War. This was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance, for, had he been present in the midst of such a strife, he must, like all other politicians of his influence and standing, have taken his side, and made enemies, as all did, under whichever banner they ranged themselves in this bitter struggle—enemies that might have found future occasion to thwart his advancement or impair his usefulness. All these dangers he escaped by his absence. When he returned home the war was at an end, and he found himself in the very pleasant position—for an American—of being well received by the party in power, without being in disfavour with the opposition.

It was not until Mr. Burlingame had been upwards of six years in China—a diligent student of the laws, customs, manners, history, and politics of the people—and had announced his intention of returning to the United States, that a remarkable offer was unexpectedly made to him on the part of the Chinese Government, through Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle. The Prince, still living, is one of the ablest statesmen of the time, and by no means resembles the imperial ostriches who have for ages hidden their heads in the palace of Pekin, and refused to make themselves acquainted with the great world of humanity that trades or fights beyond the boundaries of the Chinese empire. Prince Kung, fully aware of the fact that moral and physical forces are greater, and terrestrial distances less than they were in the olden time, before the power of steam and electricity had virtually converted this huge globe into one great cosmopolitan city, of which China and India may be considered the eastern, the United States the western, and Europe the central divisions, soon became as fully aware of the corresponding fact that the old system of isolation and exclusion which had for ages been the policy of the Chinese Government, could no longer be maintained; and that the time had come when, in the interests of China, no less than in those of the world, the Chinese empire should formally seek admission into the society and brotherhood of the civilized nations of Europe and America. Prince Kung bethought himself that one of the Christian ambassadors, who had resided long enough in China to become familiar with the charater and traditions of the people and the wishes of the

Government, might be induced to accept a mission from China to Christendom. The first person he thought of in this capacity was Mr. Burlingame, a minister who, he rightly judged, would be agreeable to the people and Government of the United States, and not unwelcome to those of Great Britain. The offer was novel—the responsibility was great; and was not to be hastily rejected. Mr. Burlingame took time for deliberation; and finally accepted the mission. Two mandarins of the second class, Sun Tajen and Chih Tajen, an English and a French secretary, and a numerous suite of attachés, interpreters, and other officials, were associated with him; and early in the spring of 1868 he set sail for San Francisco, to commence the performance of his duties in the land of his nativity.

Although Mr. Burlingame was the most important, he was not the first of the ambassadors that the Emperors of China have sent to Europe; he had one, and only one, predecessor. Marco Polo, the famous Venetian, was entrusted with a similar embassage in the thirteenth century, by Kublai Khan, known by name, if not by deeds, to all the lovers of English poetry. Marco Polo, entrusted with the safe conduct of a young lady of the imperial family of China, who was betrothed to the Shah of Persia, left the Peho River in the year 1280, for the Gulf of Persia. The fleet which conveyed him and the princess consisted of fourteen ships, each with four masts, and some of them with crews of 250 men, and was equipped and provisioned for two years. After escorting the princess to her future lord, the mission had authority to proceed to the principal courts of Europe,

to represent the Emperor of China, but rather for purposes of state ceremonial and friendly courtesy than for those of business. The mission was fruitless. The great Kublai Khan died before he had news of the arrival of his representatives at Venice, the first European port to which they were bound; and Marco Polo—from circumstances connected with the history of his native city—found himself unable to visit any of the Courts of Christendom.

Mr. Burlingame arrived in London in 1868, with a large retinue, including two Chinese associate-ambassadors, mandarins of high rank, named Chih and Sun; with secretaries, attachés, interpreters, and other officials. Mr. Burlingame took up his quarters at the Grosvenor Hotel, Belgravia, where I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him, and enjoying his hospitality. After a stay of some months in London, he proceeded to Paris on his mission to the Emperor of the French, and thence to St. Petersburg, where he unfortunately caught a severe cold, which he unwisely neglected, and died in mid-career—his bright promise darkened and eclipsed, and his great work unfulfilled, to the personal sorrow of all who had ever been brought into contact with him in either business or friendship.

In the literary city of Boston—sometimes called in derision the "hub," or centre of the universe, and the Athens of America, and in which it was once a tradition that every decently-attired gentleman that might be met in the streets was either a lecturer, a poet, or a Unitarian clergyman, or possibly a combination of all the three—I made many friends, of whom not the least remarkable was

the Hon. Josiah Quincy, then in or near his ninetieth year. He was born a British subject eight or nine years before the declaration of American independence, and was one of the great Americans who never had an ill word to say of the country of their ancestors. At the time of my visit he was engaged on the life of his distinguished relative, "John Quincy Adams," once President of the United States. This valuable work he happily lived to complete. Having always had a veneration for old age, when united with health of body and strength of mind, I was much gratified by the favour which Mr. Quincy bestowed upon me, and was brought much into his society.

He was a man of extensive reading, of clear intellect, and of straightforward common sense, decided in his opinions, but not dogmatic; and had reduced the conduct of his life into a system. Naturally of a robust constitution, with which he had never tampered either by sloth on the one hand, or by over-indulgence of any kind on the other, he enjoyed that greatest of human blessings —the healthy mind in the healthy body, living to extreme old age without any of the infirmities that usually attend it, except a slight deafness. Next to temperance and regularity of life, he attributed his good health to the habit early acquired of taking an air-bath every day. "Men and women," he said, "scarcely ever allow the fresh air of heaven to touch any portion of their bodies except the hands and face, and even to these," he added, "the ladies are systematically unjust by wearing gloves and veils. The surface of the beautiful human form requires to be for a certain period of every day exposed to the action of the atmosphere. I take my air-bath

regularly every morning, and walk about my bedroom *in puris naturalibus*, with all the windows open, for a full half-hour, every morning. I also take a water-bath every day before my breakfast. I read and write daily for eight hours. I sleep eight hours, and devote another eight to exercise, conversation, and my meals. I am never at a loss what to do with myself—have continual occupation or recreation; and am blessed with a good appetite, a good memory, sound sleep, and a sympathy with all my fellow creatures. I feel within myself a reserve of bodily strength, which I think will carry me on to a hundred years, unless I die by accident, or am shot or hanged or run over—to which last fate my growing deafness may some day expose me." The worthy gentleman did not live to the age he anticipated, but met his fate about three years after this conversation, by the very mode he had surmised as a possibility—having been knocked down in the street by a passing vehicle. He suffered a severe injury to his ankle, from the results of which he never recovered; and died full of years and honour, surrounded by his children, his grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren, leaving behind him a reputation second to no one who ever lived or died in the state of Massachusetts.

During my lecturing tour, I traversed the Union from Boston to New Orleans—two cities the very antipodes of each other in thought, feeling, and manners—visiting New York, Albany, Baltimore, Washington, Wheeling, Cincinnati, Columbus, St. Louis, and steaming down the Mississippi for fourteen hundred miles. From New Orleans, on my return, I proceeded *viâ* Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond, to New York. I thence

proceeded *vid* Albany, to Canada, visiting Toronto, Hamilton, London, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec. Lecturing is one of the learned professions in America; and many accomplished gentlemen have no other means of livelihood than such as it affords, while many others notable in political, literary, or clerical life, augment their otherwise insufficient incomes by its hardly won and precarious emoluments. To travel five or six thousand miles by rail and steamship, and brave the manifold dangers of both modes of conveyance, and deliver the same lecture in a new town or city every second or third night of the journey, is no easy work; and if at some particular city where the lecturer expected a crowded audience and a hearty welcome, he finds a very select company—say of seven or eight people—to receive him, the work is not only hard, but disheartening. The smallest audience I had was at Philadelphia, where I lectured to seventeen persons; the largest at Cincinnati, where I lectured to two thousand. I particularly remarked, that however large or however small the audiences might be, and whether it were in the North or the South, the applause invariably came in at the same passages. At first I did not wait for applause, but went straight on with what I had to say; but was cured of this error of judgment and of practice, by a remark in one of the Boston newspapers—that it was a pity the lecturer was so deaf as not to hear the applauses with which some of his "points" were greeted. Not being in the slightest degree deaf, I took care in the future to avoid this error, and waited for the applause at the right passage, which invariably came. I was more cordially received at Washington than at any

other city in the Union; and after the delivery of one lecture, received the rare compliment conveyed in the following requisition signed by all the most prominent public men then assembled in the legislative capital, including abolitionists and slave-owners, Northern men and Southern men, ultra-democrats and ultra-republicans, senators and representatives, and the two men, who afterwards stood out prominently before the whole civilized world, as chiefs on opposite sides of the great civil war, which six years afterwards so nearly rent the Union in twain, and who neither of them at the time dreamt of the coming bloodshed—the Hon. W. H. Seward and the Hon. Jefferson Davis :—

"WASHINGTON, Jan. 4, 1858.

"DEAR SIR,

"The great pleasure and instruction afforded us by your Introductory Lecture on Poetry and Song makes us feel unwilling that you should leave our city before delivering the other two lectures, which, we understand, complete your course.

"We, therefore, respectfully and earnestly solicit that you will do us the favor to prolong your stay in Washington so far as to gratify our wishes in this respect; and also oblige many of our citizens who were unable to be present on Saturday evening.

"Very sincerely and truly yours,

AARON V. BROWN. NAPIER.
W. G. OUSELEY. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
JEFFERSON DAVIS. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.
ELIJAH WARD. ANSON BURLINGAME.
And twenty-eight others.

"I was unable to attend the Introductory Lecture above alluded to, but I do most earnestly concur in the above invitation, that I may have the opportunity of hearing.

"J. J. CRITTENDEN."

"To Charles Mackay, Esq., LL.D.,
"At Willard's Hotel."

There was no refusing a request that came from men so distinguished.

Though the lectures were fairly successful in the United States, and the "alien," who did not consider himself an alien, received a respectful welcome from the leading personages of every city through which he passed, he did not truly know what a popular welcome was until he reached Canada. Let the *Toronto Globe*, in the following extract from its columns in May, 1858, describe it, and save me from any more serious charge of egotism than that of quoting it :—

"CHARLES MACKAY IN CANADA.—The reception given by the Canadians to this distinguished poet has been cordial in the extreme. No English traveller or literary man who has hitherto visited this country has been welcomed with a tithe of the enthusiasm which has greeted him in every city in Canada in which he has set foot. At Montreal, after his lecture in the Bonsecour Market Hall, on 'Poetry and Song,' which was attended by upwards of 1,600 persons, he was entertained at a public supper at the Donegana Hotel. The band of the 73rd regiment was in attendance during the

evening, and honoured the poet with a serenade. At Toronto, where he has lectured under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, he has been honoured by the attendance of the largest audiences ever known to have gathered in the city to listen to a lecture. The St. Lawrence Hall was densely crowded on both occasions; many persons were unable to obtain even standing room. At Hamilton, where he lectured twice, the same enthusiasm prevailed, and, at the close of the second lecture, he was invited to a public entertainment at the Anglo-American Hotel, which was attended by the notabilities and leading merchants of the city. At London, where the corporation granted the gratuitous use of the City Hall for the occasion, an audience of 1,000 persons were present; and, as in other cities, a public supper was hastily organized, at which the healths went round until the small hours of the morn; and libations were drank full of loyalty towards the 'Old Country and of attachment to the New.' At Quebec, after the lecture, there was a public supper; and at Ottawa the poet was publicly serenaded in the beautiful grounds of the Hon. Mrs. Mackay, of Rideau Hall."

Justice compels me to add to this kindly statement an explanation, that the cordiality exhibited was not wholly due to myself, but was a sort of re-action against what the Canadians considered a depreciation of themselves and their country, and a vindication of their literary status. Mr. Thackeray was invited by a committee appointed for the purpose, to lecture on "The Four Georges" in the principal cities. He declined, stating as his reason, which it was in questionable taste to give,

unless to an intimate friend and in strictest confidence, that it was not worth his while to go to Canada, inasmuch as "the United States had bigger fish for the catching than Canada could supply." The letter in which these words occurred was published and created an unpleasant feeling. The result was that the influential Canadians who invited Mr. Thackeray resolved to shower upon the next English lecturer who came amongst them the welcome which they would have given to that gentleman if he had been more gracious in his reply. The next lecturer happened to be myself, and I inherited, as it were, from Mr. Thackeray an amount of good will which might have been his had he chosen to accept it.

SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA.

My second visit to the United States was much more prolonged and less pleasant than the first, and extended over a period of three years and a-half, during which I occupied the responsible, and often dangerous position of correspondent for the *Times* from the city of New York. I left London at the end of February, 1862, and remained in America until December, 1865, during all the fierce excitement of the great Civil War, and for six months after the final defeat of the Southern Confederacy, and the assassination of President Lincoln. My opinions on the subject of the war, and its latest as well as dominant causes, were well known by my public utterances. I was an enemy of slavery, but with Mr. Seward, Mr. Greeley, and all the more prominent abolitionists of the time, I recognized the right of the South to secede from the North, if the two could not live happily together, just as I recognized in common with all Americans of every shade of politics, Northern or Southern, the right that the illustrious Washington and the thirteen original Colonies had to secede from the Government of Great Britain. I endeavoured to conceal the object of my visit to America in order that I might have the more freedom to express opinions without reference to myself. But

the attempt was useless. Some busy London correspondent of a provincial newspaper heard of my mission, and trumpeted it forth in his unretentive columns, an open secret that all the world might read. But though I arrived in America ten days before the promulgation of the fact important to myself, if to no one else, I found on landing at Boston, where I had many friends, that my visit to the United States at such a time of convulsion and strife was looked upon with suspicion. I was "interviewed" by a reporter for a Boston newspaper within three hours of my landing, and subjected to an apparently amicable but in reality a hostile cross-examination. Boston was the great metropolis of abolition, the very focus of all the anti-slavery agitation and aggression which had driven the Southern States reluctantly into secession. Misled by the declaration of Mr. Seward, Mr. Greeley, and other prominent politicians of New York who had publicly advocated the right of the North to secede from the South, I was not aware that in Massachusetts, and throughout that zealously bitter corner of the Union, sometimes called New England, and as often more vulgarly called Yankeedom, a different feeling prevailed, and that although theoretically it was conceded that the North might free itself of the guilt of slavery by secession from the slave-holding states, the right of the South to secede for any cause whatever from the North was not admitted, and a still more sacred thing even than freedom itself in the eyes of the abolitionist party was the integrity of the Union. To the reporter who interviewed me I expressed my surprise at a feeling which I was wholly unprepared either to receive

or to approve. This was an unlucky opinion to hold at the time and in the place. The result of my free speaking and of my following, though at a humble distance, in the wake of two such eminent abolitionists as Mr. Seward and Mr. Greeley, was a violent attack upon me on the following morning in the columns of the newspaper represented by the urbane reporter who had cross-questioned my unsuspecting innocence. From this attack I learned for the first time that the cause of the angry suspicions entertained against me in abolitionist circles, which as yet knew nothing of my connection with the *Times*, was that in the month of October or November, 1861, before I had formed any connection whatever with that journal, or had even written or expected to write a line for it, I had taken the chair at a lecture delivered by a distinguished New York American in St. James's Hall, in which the lecturer ably, zealously, and eloquently advocated peace between the North and the South;—peace at the price of the temporary dissolution of their uncongenial partnership;—peace *à tout prix*. This was my offence, and I speedily discovered that I should have to bear the penalty as long as I remained. The journal that thus fell foul of me had on my first visit to Boston been one of my warmest friends, and had written of me in terms too eulogistic for me to repeat verbatim, that I was "a great and a true poet." But on this occasion it took care to inform its readers more than once that I was in reality a miserable "poetaster," and a writer of "the vilest doggerel;" a change of opinion which I can truly say did not greatly disturb my equanimity.

On my arrival in New York, which was destined to be my headquarters until the conclusion of the war, the same system of attack was directed against me by some of my former friends, among others by one whose character, political and personal, I highly esteemed,—Mr. Horace Greeley—and his working or assistant editor, whose name I have forgotten. The latter having heard through the English press what had brought me to the United States the second time, wrote of me in a way which was then peculiar to New York and Boston, and though only one of my letters to the *Times* had found its way back to America in the columns of that journal, a letter which, I may remark, endeavoured to be strictly impartial between North and South, denounced me in terms that were as deficient in truth as in courtesy. Hereupon Mr. Greeley, who had called upon me at the New York Hotel the day previously, wrote me as follows :—

"Tribune Office,
"March 29, 1862.

"Sir,—

"I was very much surprised to find in my own paper this morning an uncivil, and I would fain hope untrue paragraph, referring to you as an advocate of our rebels, and the chairman of a meeting held in London, to listen to a *northern traitor*, whom I esteem much worse than though he were a southern one. My acquaintance with your writings of old led me to assume without doubt that you were necessarily a lover of liberty for all; and neither of slavery itself, nor of rebellion to uphold

The *New York Herald*, the
Gordon Bennett, its founder
never noted for fair speech
published against me what I
which I was told would not
coming from that quarter; it
with indignation. I speedily d
the *Herald* had no monopoly
read in a religious paper, edited
famous for his irreverent jokes
worse than was said of me was s
a person in his employ, writing
been to see President Lincoln,
his private conversations with
but made a very dastardly attac
wife. I cut out the paragraph
and preserved it as a literary cur
the correspondent, "to see Lin
sulted me about

the matter. The more I look into the constitution, the more I see in it the power to do *anything* to put down a rebellion; and in regard to the slaves—' Here a shrill voice called out, 'Abraham! Abraham!' I recognised the voice of Mrs. Lincoln, and as she and I had always been enemies, I immediately withdrew. *My opinion is that she had been listening at the keyhole.*"

Such confidential intercourse with the chief magistrate of a great nation so improperly divulged, and such an ungentlemanly charge against a lady, were new to my personal and political experience; but I had not been a week in America before I discovered that such outrages on the private life of eminent people were quite usual. One senator was denounced by name as an habitual and incorrigible drunkard. The governor of a state was proclaimed to be a rowdy, a liar, and a traitor; while one judge of a criminal court was accused by name of having taken a bribe of five hundred dollars to procure a verdict of not guilty against a proved murderer, by a one-sided and unfair summing up of the evidence addressed to an ignorant jury. This was liberty of the press with a vengeance! I asked an American friend if there were no libel law? Yes, he replied, of course, there was a libel law, but what was the use of appealing to it? Nobody heeded what the newspapers said. Their dirt defiled nobody but the writers. Their condemnation did no harm in the case of any public man, for everybody knew that attacks like these grew out of political rancour; and the judges, senators, governors, and others thus stigmatized were in the habit of using words just as hard against their opponents. "But," I

asked, "can the press libel a private citizen, or attack a merchant's probity or credit with impunity?" "No, certainly not," was the reply; "and such things are never done. Attacks upon the private character of public men are always read in a parliamentary or Pickwickian sense; and nobody, who is not a fool or an Englishman, ever takes the least notice of them." This consoled me somewhat for the unprovoked attack upon me in the *Herald*, which journal and its abuse I forthwith endeavoured to forget.

But the effort to forget was not so easy as it ought to have been. The day after the first attack, the Irish head-waiter at the New York Hotel brought up a card on which was inscribed the name of a person whom I did not know. The waiter stated that the gentleman desired to see me. "Show him up," I said, remembering the free and easy manner of the Americans, and the accessibility of almost everybody to strangers as well as to friends and acquaintances. But there was no need for any courtesy on my part, for the gentleman had followed close at the waiter's heels, and was already in the room when the words were uttered. He took a seat without invitation, looked at me with a stony stare, and said nothing. The silence was embarrassing, and I broke it by asking him what had procured me the honour of his company?

He was a tall, gaunt, bony man, and his height I should think exceeded six feet by three or four inches.

"Well!" he said, very abruptly, "I want to know what you've come to our country for?"

I am not given to blushing, and I do not think I

blushed, though I felt my ears tingling with a rush of blood to the face.

"Yes, sir!" he added, taking advantage of my very evident surprise, "we want to know whether you're a friend or a foe."

"Who are the '*we*' that you speak for?" I asked, my surprise increasing.

"Who are *we?* Why, *we* are the great American people, sir, engaged at this time in a struggle for our national existence, which we intend to preserve, by God, though Hell itself, as well as the brutal and bloody British aristocracy, should go against us. That's what *we* are, sir."

"Mr. Miles," I replied, for such was the name on the card, "I do not recognise in you any right to intrude into my privacy and to question me in any way whatever. I decline to answer you. If my opinions are of any interest to you, some of the New York papers have told your people what they are—all except the *Tribune* and *Herald*, which are as false as they are malicious. Good morning, sir."

I rose from my chair, but Mr. Miles did not imitate my example. He sat with his legs crossed, rocking the upper one violently, as if he were beating time to his angry thoughts. Without looking me directly in the face, but glancing at me sideways, he said, very deliberately—

"I am not satisfied with the friendly articles in the papers. I have read them, and I have come to the conclusion that you are an enemy of our glorious Union."

"Sir," said I, indignantly, "this is too bad; it is monstrous!"

He waved his hand. I rang the bell.

"It's my private opinion," he added, "that you have come here for no good, and that at this very moment you have Jeff Davis's gold in your pocket."

My blood was fairly up. "And it's my private opinion, Mr. Miles, that if you don't leave the room this moment, you'll be kicked out!"

Mr. Miles was a strong man and a big man, as I have said, and I am only of the middle size and not particularly muscular, though there is a very unmistakable spice of the devil in me when I am incensed. I imagined for a moment or two that the end would be a very inglorious personal encounter between us. Whether Mr. Miles had noticed that I had rung the bell, and thought that the waiter might possibly take part in my favour, or that the expression in my eyes convinced him that I was in a dangerous humour, I do not know; but certain it is that Mr. Miles rose from his chair, put on his hat, and without saying another word left the room before the waiter made his appearance.

I know I am not a coward, yet I was very much relieved by the peaceable termination of this disagreeable incident.

"Dennis," I said to the waiter, "I shall not be at home to Mr. Miles any more. I don't know him; do you?"

"Sure, and I do. He is always about the bar, collecting news for the *Herald*. He's a reporther."

"Well, I want to have no more to say to him, though

I should be glad if I had the opportunity of kicking him just for once."

"You'll never have the chance, your honour. He'll keep out of your way."

And he did, most probably, for I never saw him again in the flesh, though I received a letter from him asking if I would "loan" him ten dollars. I afterwards learned that he was an Irishman by birth, a naturalized American, and that his real name was Miles O'Mulligan. He afterwards served in the Federal army with the rank of Colonel, and was killed in the battle of Antietam.*

Though Mr. O'Mulligan and his insolence speedily passed from my thoughts, I could not so easily banish from my mind the displeasure of Mr. Horace Greeley. Indeed there was no American whom I respected so highly. He bore a striking personal resemblance to my earliest friend, John Black of the *Morning Chronicle*. In their political and literary character these eminent and honest journalists had many points in common. Both were careless in dress, despisers of appearances, haters of sham and false pretence, steady friends, uncompromising foes, never afraid or unwilling to speak the truth, lovers of nature and a country life, and always glad at the end of the week to escape from political strife, to dig in their gardens, take long country walks, or if bad weather forbade out-of-door exercise, to eschew in the quiet of their studies the irritating questions of the

* It may be proper to state that this incident is not here recorded for the first time, as the substance of it appeared two or three years ago in the "St. James's Magazine," in an article entitled "The Adventures of Mr. Shindy, in Search of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

day, and revel in the philosophy, the tradition, the poetry, or the history of the past. After the receipt of Mr. Greeley's angry letter, I made it my duty to call upon him and explain that I drew my ideas of secession from him, and others who had once thought with him; that I was as great an enemy of slavery as he had ever been; that as virtually a foreigner, I did not, and could not feel that passionate love for the Union, which had so suddenly taken possession of the people of New England, and of a large portion of the people of the Northern and Western States; and that I dreaded, as a calm looker-on, and a professional student of politics both in the Old World and the New, that the North, in the attempt to subdue the unwilling South, ran the risk of losing its own liberties and the certainty of accumulating an enormous debt, the burden of which would introduce into America many of the evils that had long afflicted the nations of Europe. In short, I told him that in my opinion it was not worth the while of the North to subdue the South, even if it should succeed in the attempt; that the continent of North America was wide enough to contain two separate Republics, not necessarily hostile; that these two Republics by a defensive alliance might be one against Europe though two among themselves; that the South, freed of the North, would deal with slavery and abolish it when the time was ripe, as the North had done; and that the North might in all probability induce the great States or Colonies of British America to seek admission into the Northern Confederacy—a consummation, which if the Canadians, Nova Scotians, and New Brunswickers really desired, the

British Government would not strive to prevent. I had come to America, I told him, unpledged to any side, quite free and unfettered, to speak my thoughts ; and that if in any sense I supported the South, I supported it as the English liberals of the previous century supported the cause of the thirteen slave-holding Colonies against George III. and his Tory Government; that the question of slavery was an accident in the strife, and that I could no more be induced to cast a stone against the living Jefferson Davis than against the memory of the defunct George Washington. Mr. Greeley held out his hand, expressing his regret that he could not agree with me, but assuring me that he respected my frankness, and that he withdrew all the imputations against me which had been made in the *Tribune*—and in his private letter—and his desire that we should remain friends. And thus we parted. But I had an unknown opponent in the *Tribune* office, who, in the temporary absence of Mr. Greeley, after the fact had become notorious that I was the correspondent of the *Times* in New York, made a ferocious attack upon my personal character, charging me with writing against my convictions for the sake of money, and insinuating that I was in the pay of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Jefferson Davis as well as of the *Times*. As these allegations were wholly and wickedly baseless and without the shadow of a shade of truth, except in so far as the *Times* was concerned, for I certainly was not a gratuitous correspondent of that journal, and as its conductors left me perfectly free and independent to tell the truth as I saw it, I directed Mr. Greeley's attention to the libel, which I was sure had never

been sanctioned or seen by him before its appearance. The writer had several times before rendered himself obnoxious to Mr. Greeley for violent personalities, for which Mr. Greeley was held responsible. Mr. Greeley had therefore determined to make an example of him the next time he offended; and the next time unluckily was the time when he unjustifiably attacked me. Mr. Greeley forthwith dismissed him from the service of the *Tribune*, not for the violence, for Mr. Greeley loved to hit hard, but for the injustice of the attack. I expressed my sorrow for this summary procedure, but Mr. Greeley had made up his mind. The peccant editor was a man of talent as well as of zeal; ready pens were required in the service of the Northern Government, and a political appointment which he shortly afterwards obtained made amends to him until the close of the Civil War for the temporary cessation of his career as a journalist. The change was so much to his advantage that he had no occasion to bear a grudge against me, who had been the unwitting cause of it; and I never heard that I again incurred his enmity.

The longer I remained in New York and studied the questions involved in the war, the more I found that opinions were very greatly divided on the subject of negro slavery;—and that the unconditional, uncompromising enemies of that institution were in a small though a greatly increasing minority, with Mr. Greeley and the eloquent Mr. Wendell Phillips at their head. These maintained that if it had not been for slavery there would have been no disruption of the Union and no war; —and that it was the duty of Mr. Lincoln, the legal Presi-

dent of the whole Union, North and South, to take advantage of the rebellion to abolish slavery by a stroke of the pen—as a war measure—if nothing better. But Mr. Lincoln was not of this opinion, and thought that by so acting he would be as unwise as a Pope who should hurl his bull against a comet. His immediate friends and confidants maintained, in spite even of the reverses of the Northern arms, that by the Constitution—which on taking office he had sworn to uphold—he had no power to abolish slavery, and no more right to touch the question than he had to abolish the suffrages of the white men of the North and West, and abrogate the constitutions of the several States that composed the Union, and send the local legislatures adrift. I found, too, that the great city of New York was by no means abolitionist in its sympathies, and that the majority of the population, natives and naturalized, looked upon the negro with positive aversion, and held that slavery was the natural and proper position of the African race; that the Irish, more especially, held the negroes in abhorrence, and that the negroes very fully reciprocated the sentiment, and hated the Irish as "mean whites" for being their competitors in the coarsest kinds of manual labour. Two remarkable instances of the non-respect in which the question of the abolition of negro slavery was held in New York during the time of the civil war came under my personal observation. The first occurred in 1863. One of the chief leaders of the Democratic pro-Southern and Peace party drew my attention to a meeting that was to be held in the Cooper Institute, one of the largest halls in New York, and which was to assemble for the purpose of

[illegible] and
still more strange to say,
State of Massachusetts.
Cassius M. Clay, a general
ex-ambassador; the name
Francis Train, than whom
never stirred the pulses of a
siasm into frenzy. I secure
and found the great hall cran
hundreds of people outside wer
sion. General Clay commer
fairly placed before his audie
cruelty of slavery, showing tha
injured the unfortunate black m
the white race; that as a syst
costly and unprofitable than th
that its abolition was imperativ
to restore the Union, or if the
to hold [illegible]

words—downright, plain, straightforward, vernacular, English—the right words for effect, and all falling into the right places. I can make no more than an abstract of his phraseology and his arguments.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you are either Christians or you are not Christians. I will suppose you to be Christians. As Christians you believe in your Bible, the Old Testament as well as the New. I ask you, by your love of truth, if you can show me, either in the Old Testament or in the New, any condemnation, or even disapproval, of slavery? You cannot do so! On the contrary, you will find that slavery is recognised. Read the book of Exodus, for example; you will see all about it there; and how Jehovah Himself regulated the institution of slavery, and upon what conditions, and on what conditions only, a slave could obtain his freedom. Ah! but they were Jews, you will say, and Christianity introduced a new state of things. How? I can't find anything about it in the New Testament. It says we must love our neighbour as we love ourselves; but it means our neighbour and our equal, not our slave. The early Christians never dreamt of such a thing as the abolition of slavery; nay, they never so much as imagined that a time would ever come when slavery should cease in the world, or should be considered a wicked thing. Look to the Book of Revelations, and you will find that at the Great Day of Judgment the freeman and the bondman—that is to say, the slave—will be judged by his deeds, and sentenced accordingly. Don't misunderstand me. I say nothing against Christianity. Are we not all Christians after a fashion? and

... Catholic, must of ne
the nigger, when taken from
into slavery, is taught the gr
and on becoming a Christia
inevitable penalty of eternal pe
hard bargain of it in this world
Pooh! it is nothing! Our lif
and who would not suffer slaver
moment, if for that moment's
unspeakable happiness for all
you a story. You will find it has
ever a new King of Dahomey moun
know that the King of Dahomey is
his subjects are black savages—it
to all the ancient usages and traditi
the state canoe or barge of the k
coronation should float in a pond o
seven thousand niggers are sacrifi
to provide blood enough for the s
the last King of Dahomey, unfor
hard up for money. We are all
Let him

state canoe floated, though barely, in the blood of the three thousand five hundred. Being a half measure, the circumstance was held of evil augury for the happiness and glory of the new king's reign; but his black majesty sold the balance, that is, the other three thousand five hundred for a good round sum per head, and pocketed the money. Now, I'll put it to you, ladies and gentlemen, as kind-hearted people, and more especially as Christians, whether it was not better for the second half of the seven thousand coloured gentlemen aforesaid to be sold into slavery and taught the sublime truths of Christian doctrine with a chance of inheriting eternal bliss, than to have been of the first half, and been immolated for the glory of their sovereign? Now, my beloved brethren and sisteren. You who are in favour of slavery and Christianity, hold up your hands! You who are in favour of native freedom and native practices, hold up *your* hands!"

A loud burst of laughter followed this audacious proposal. But the questions were severally put to the meeting, amid cheers and counter-cheers, groans, hisses, and all sorts of hideous noises. The imperturbable Train declared that both sides were nearly equal. "In fact," he said, "ladies and gentlemen, I cannot decide between you. I think one-half of you are Christians, and the other half murderers."

The meeting treated the whole business as a joke, which, after a certain fashion, it was; though General Clay and Mr. Train were equally in earnest. There was not a negro present. Decidedly Mr. Train carried away the honours of the evening; and I came to the conclusion

as regards New York, that the anti-slavery sentiment, of which so much was said, did not enter very deeply into the heart or conscience of the people.

The second incident, which occurred at a later period, was of a far more serious character, being nothing less than a general uprising of the lower Irish of New York against the negro race. The movement was by no means spontaneous, but was secretly organized during many weeks by the leaders of that corrupt section of the Democratic party which aspired to govern the municipality, and which depended for its power and influence on the support of the Irish vote in municipal as well as in State affairs. It seems to have been intended as a diversion in favour of the South, and as a counter movement against the abolitionists who, with Mr. Greeley at their head, were continually urging Mr. Lincoln to proclaim the freedom of the slaves. But Mr. Lincoln held his hand, doubtful whether the question was really the trump card that the abolitionists believed, or that it would be of any use to play it. The riot began by an attack upon an unoffending negro, who defended himself with a revolver against a crowd of drunken Irish assailants. Seeing one of their comrades fall mortally wounded, the crowd seized the unfortunate negro and hung him up to the nearest lamp-post and lit a bonfire under his feet. The agitation rapidly increased. The mob, growing in numbers and in ferocity, burned down the orphan asylum, broke into the armoury of a volunteer regiment above one of the market halls of the city, possessed themselves of a large supply of muskets and ammunition, and marched through what was called the "up-town"

districts, sacking the houses of negro ice-cream dealers and others, and threatening vengeance against the whole black race. How many unfortunate negroes were sacrificed to the fury of the mob during the three or four days that it rioted almost unrestrained was never very clearly stated or admitted, for the municipal authorities, if they did not exactly approve the rising, undoubtedly sympathized with the Irish in their detestation of the negroes. I was in the "down-town" district and neighbourhood of Wall-street, when the first intimation of the disturbances reached that quarter, and sallying out to ascertain what truth there might be in the reports that flew from mouth to mouth with abundant exaggerations, I met a notorious Irish Judge, named John M'Cunn, who had commenced his American life as a cabin-boy on board of a steamer. I asked him what the riots portended. "Riots," he said, in great excitement and glee; "they are not riots; they are the beginning of a revolution, and will show the infernal abolitionists that the white race is not going to be sacrificed to the niggers in this accursed war!" And he passed on exultingly. Reports were current all the day that many scores of negroes had been slain, and that in one district no less than seven of them were strung together from the lamp-posts. The poor unfortunates concealed themselves in coal cellars and other places, and hundreds of them with their wives and children fled from the city, beyond the limits of Manhattan Island. A few took refuge in British ships in the harbour. In the height of the alarm a singular circumstance fell under my observation. My next door neighbour in a country villa in Staten Island, which I had hired for the summer,

was a native of Virginia, a slave-owner, and of strong Southern sentiments, whom the outbreak of the civil war had found in New York with his family, and who had not been able to return to his native State and cast in his lot with his own people. The negroes, of whom there were many in Staten Island, betook themselves to the woods, where they encamped, resolved to do battle with their enemies; but one family, knowing my neighbour to be a Southern man and once an owner of slaves, boldly threw themselves on his protection, and implored him to give them shelter against the multitude. The request was cheerfully granted, and though his house was besieged by the crowd who threatened him with death if he would not give up the fugitives, he fed and defended them until the storm blew over. Dr. Hughes, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, addressed the mob from the balcony of his house while the insurrection was at its height, in a speech that counselled peace and obedience to the law, but contrived at the same time, though perhaps unintentionally, to encourage the dislike of his listeners to the luckless negroes. The riots rather wore themselves out than were suppressed, and after a week were almost entirely forgotten except by the negroes, who knew more accurately than their white enemies, or than the apathetic municipality of New York, the numbers of their people who had fallen victims to the popular wrath. Many of the negroes never returned at all to the city which had treated them so despitefully, but took refuge in Canada and the States of New England.

While Mr. Lincoln was blamed by the ultra-philanthropists of Boston and elsewhere for his hesitation in issuing

his proclamation to set free the slave of the South, Mr. Jefferson Davis was as greatly blamed by many English, as well as Americans, who sympathized with his efforts to establish the independence of the Confederacy, for his obstinate silence on the subject of what the South euphemistically called "the domestic institution." Why, it was asked, did not Mr. Davis arm the negroes and promise freedom to every black man who served in the Southern ranks, and not only to the black man, but to his wife and children? Why, if he could not do that, did he not concede so much to the feeling of the natives of Europe as to proclaim his determination, and that of his people, to abolish slavery at some future time—for instance, by decreeing that, after a certain early date, every negro child born in the South should be free? Why, in short, was he so wilful in his impolitic inertia on a vital question—his decision of which, in favour of freedom, would have rallied to his side millions of European waverers, who sympathized with his gallant efforts to construct a nation, but who could not reply to the taunts of the North, and to the congregations who drew their inspiration from Exeter Hall—that the corner-stone of the nation which he desired to found was human slavery? Discussing these questions with an eminent lawyer of New York, and afterwards with a lawyer more eminent still—the late Mr. Taney, of Baltimore, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Washington, and consequently the highest legal authority in the United States, I received replies that convinced me at the time that Mr. Jefferson Davis, whatever his own wishes might have been, was utterly powerless to do what was demanded of him. In

the first place, though slavery was abolished *in* the North, it was not abolished by the North. Neither was the abolition sudden or simultaneous. The North, as the North, like the South, as the South, had no corporate or collective jurisdiction over the several States of which it was geographically composed. The original thirteen colonies—afterwards the United States—which declared their independence of Great Britain, were all slaveholders, as the mother country itself was at the time. Each of these States was supreme in the management of its own domestic affairs; had its own legislature, and its own laws, which its own citizens were alone competent to elect and to decree. Each of the Northern and New England States abolished slavery by its own action, and at its own time, without reference to the time of its abolition by any other State; an interval of many years having elapsed after the abolition of slavery by Massachusetts or Rhode Island, before New York thought fit to follow the example. In short, slavery did not pay in the Northern States, and in any State that did not grow rice, sugar, or cotton, and it was abolished by those States ostensibly for philanthropic and sentimental reasons, but partly, it may be presumed without injustice, because free labour was found to be much more profitable and effectual than that of slaves. During the Civil War it was explained that Mr. Jefferson Davis could not, either as President of the Confederacy, or as Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate States, take the initiative in any measure for the emancipation of the negroes. The right of self-government within the limits of each State remained as it was before the outbreak of hostilities. If South Carolina,

for instance, by the action of its Legislature, had chosen to abolish slavery within its own boundaries, it was within the right of South Carolina to do so; but it was also within the right of North Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, or any other State, to refrain from imitating the example. Mr. Davis himself had no more power or right, as President of the Confederacy, to take action in the matter, than the Queen of Great Britain or the Emperor of the French.

I was present at Baltimore at the Convention which, in June, 1864, nominated Mr. Lincoln as the Republican candidate for a second term of office in opposition to General George B. M'Clellan and Mr. George Pendleton, the nominees of the Democratic party, and was more than ever astonished at the extreme vehemence of the clergy, who advocated Mr. Lincoln's cause, and who openly—too many of them—expressed their desire to see the whole white people of the South, men, women, and children, put to the sword, rather than that slavery should not be abolished, and that the Union should not be restored. Such frantic love for the Union was unintelligible to me; such cruel love for the black man's rights, unaccompanied by any love whatever for the black man himself, was equally bewildering, except for the explanatory fact that when men's political passions are aroused, they are apt to say many things which they do not mean, and which they themselves might shudder at in the quiet moments, when Philip—having slept off his delirium—became once again Philip the rational. On this occasion Mr. Andrew Johnson, once a tailor, afterwards a lawyer, and a distinguished senator, who had recom-

mended himself to the favour of the ultra-war party, by the success of his efforts to prevent his native State of Tennessee from throwing in its fortunes with the South—was put forward as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, with the scarcely concealed object of conciliating all the border States that lay between the real North and the real South, and thereby strengthening the Federal Union by the possible adhesion of many waverers whose interest lay with the North, but whose political sympathies inclined towards the South. Mr. Lincoln, on his first election, owing to the suicidal dissensions of the Democratic party at the close of Mr. Buchanan's presidency, was the choice of a minority. On his second election he was the choice of a clear and decided majority, who felt, though they had objections to presidential renewals of power, that it was impolitic, in Mr. Lincoln's own homely phrase, to "swap horses while crossing a river"—or, in other words, to change the chief magistrate in the midst of a war that seemed at the time to be likely to outlast the generation which commenced it. It was, as it were, carrying the war into the enemy's camp, to assemble the Republican Convention in the rebellious city of Baltimore, where the fashionable ladies sat on their door-steps during the long summer evenings to discourse on the valour and virtues of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and strained their ears to catch the distant sound of Lee's artillery, or the martial music of his band, as he advanced upon Baltimore, to free the beautiful city and its fair rebels from the hated yoke of such Northern tyrants as Generals Butler and Schenck, who had been sent by the Federal Government to repress

overt treason by the strong arm of military power, but who could not repress sympathy, however much they may have endeavoured to do so. The ladies consoled themselves under the operation of hope deferred of Lee's triumphal entry, by persistingly singing in public and in private, the fine song, "Maryland—my Maryland!" and refused resolutely to hush their sweet voices, though General Butler, and General Schenck after him, threatened them with imprisonment in Fort Warren for their obstinate disloyalty. And while the Convention deliberated, with a fiery Doctor of Divinity at its head preaching war and desolation, the belles of Baltimore held scrupulously aloof from all social intercourse with any of the members—commanded, though no command was necessary, their fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers to do likewise—and shook their garments, as if pollution had infected them, if a Federal soldier, or a Federal member of Convention, passed even so near them as the opposite side of the way. But the Convention cared for none of these things. The nomination of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson was a foregone conclusion, and clearly foreshadowed their triumph at the election.

During the eight months that intervened between Mr. Lincoln's nomination, election, and inauguration, the Northern Government, to use Mr. Lincoln's phraseology, kept "pegging away" against the South. General succeeded general—failure followed upon failure, until at last, by the gradual elimination of every incompetent or unfortunate commander, General Grant came to the front, and finding that by the liberal bounties of £100 and upwards, offered to every raw Irish or German immigrant

who landed at New York if he would enlist in the Federal armies, he could afford to lose twenty men, where the South, that offered no bounties, and relied wholly upon its own people, could not afford to lose one, he determined to win, even at that sacrifice of life, rather than not win at all. Mr. Lincoln, with sore misgivings, issued his famous proclamation abolishing slavery, to the great delight of Mr. Horace Greeley, who, in an eloquent article in the *Tribune*, called upon God to bless Abraham Lincoln for the great deed which he had done. But though General Grant hammered at its gates, Richmond was still unconquered. The end of the war seemed as remote as ever, when, on the 2nd of March, 1865, I determined to revisit the huge, chaotic, and uncomfortable city of Washington to witness, on the 4th, Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration. The night of the 3rd was dark, and stormy; the wind blew in terrific gusts, alarming the representatives and senators, who in their separate chambers sat up the whole night to hurry through much important and some unimportant business which they had suffered to accumulate. Amid rattling showers of hail that threatened at every moment to break all the windows of the Capitol, and hurricanes of wind that seemed as if they would bring down the pillars of the house about the ears of the legislature, a multiplicity of bills were passed with unseemly haste. At daylight the jaded members adjourned to breakfast, and to snatch a short sleep until ten o'clock, then to recommence the discussion of one particular measure on which a powerful minority, fast growing into a majority, had set its heart.

At ten the storm had cleared away, and the sun shone

brilliantly from a clear blue sky; but the streets were ankle deep in slush, as with two American friends I proceeded from Williams's hotel to the Capitol, down the broad Serbonian bog of Pennsylvania Avenue. Every available carriage in Washington had been hired weeks before at fabulous prices, and there was nothing to be done for it but to trudge through the dirt as patiently as we could. The road was jammed with vehicles, with processions of firemen with their engines, with men on horseback and on muleback, many of them mustering four or five hundred strong, representatives of Masonic lodges, of friendly societies, and of various nationalities. Among the last the Irish and the Germans were most conspicuous and most numerous. The green flag of Erin made the whole roadway appear verdant along the avenue. The footway—it is only partially and at intervals a pavement—was as crowded as the roadway, and so swarmed with people as to make locomotion difficult. The ladies were out in all their finery, trailing their long garments in the slush, rather than lift them above their ankles, while negroes and negresses, the men with gaudy waistcoats and neckties, and the women gaudier still, glittering in all degrees of kaleidoscopic and unharmonious colour, came forth in such overwhelming crowds as to suggest the idea that Washington was the capital of a black, and not of a white nation. It was not merely curiosity that brought these sable thousands to the streets, but a desire to see and do honour to the man who, by a stroke of his pen, had abolished slavery, as far as a proclamation could abolish it, and rendered the white man and the black equal in the sight of the law throughout

the length and breadth of the Union, or what remained of it.

By this time my friends and I had arrived at the Capitol, and making our way to the seats reserved for us, found that the old Congress was still in session, and had not an hour to live, and that the Senate were discussing not the slavery, but the negro question. This had by no means been settled by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, which had left a long train of legislation behind it. There was but one half-hour till the stroke of noon, when the session of Congress would reach its legal termination, and in that half-hour the jaded senators were endeavouring to pass a series of little bills relative to the social status of the black race. The immediate motion before the House was the enactment of a law to punish by a fine of 500 dollars, or £100 sterling, or by imprisonment for any period not shorter than three months, or longer than three years, any driver or conductor of any omnibus or other public vehicle, or any railway guard or conductor, or the master of any steam or sailing ship, who should refuse to admit to, or should eject from, his vehicle or ship any coloured person, male or female, on account of his or her colour. An amendment was moved to the effect that the same penalties should apply to any inn or hotel-keeper, or keeper of a public-house, who should refuse to admit a negro or negress, a mulatto, or "coloured person" to a day's or a night's lodging for the reason of their colour, none other being existent. There was a great hubbub of voices, and a great chatter in the galleries, which were filled with ladies, so that it was next to impossible to hear the arguments on either

side, to know what was really going on, or whether the bills did or did not pass. Precisely at the stroke of twelve there entered into the Senate Hall two personages, whose arrival announced that the old Congress had gone, or would go down in a minute or two into the great eternity of the Past. The new-comers were the old Vice-President, Mr. Hamlin, a man of such dark complexion as to hint of negro blood in his veins, and the new Vice-President, Mr. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. Mr. Hamlin took the chair *ex-officio*, and beckoned Mr. Johnson to a seat on his right hand. This done, several other gentlemen made their appearance, including Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, looking very jaunty and delighted with himself; Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, and Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy—both looking grave and dignified; and other members of the Cabinet, closely followed by Chief-Justice Chase and the other members of the Supreme Court, and by the ministers of Great Britain, France, Russia, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Prussia, Austria, and other European powers. When the little commotion excited by these arrivals had subsided, and the gentlemen had all settled down into their places, Mr. Hamlin arose, and in a graceful speech, took farewell, as chairman of the Senate, of the body over whose deliberations he had presided for the previous four years, and formally introduced his successor, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee.

The scene that occurred was as extraordinary as it was painful. All eyes were turned to Mr. Johnson, as he sprang rather than rose from his seat, and in a shrill voice and excited manner, proceeded to address the

Assembly. Never before had my preconceptions of any man been more falsified than they were by Mr. Johnson. I had no prejudice against him; on the contrary, all my prepossessions were in his favour, and I considered it a great proof of the breadth, the fairness, and the equal justice of American institutions that a man was not in theory alone, but in absolute fact, "a man for a' that," whatever his birth or training, and that an obscure journeyman tailor, who could not read in his twentieth year, should, by dint of innate energy, perseverance, good conduct, and ability, have risen to the second place in the state, and might hereafter step into the highest. Mr. Johnson no sooner opened his mouth than I saw that something was amiss. "Is he drunk or mad?" I inquired of my two friends who sat one on each side of me. "He is drunk," said one, "and very drunk." "He might have kept sober to-day of all days in his life," said the other. "He probably drank to give himself courage for a great speech," said the first, "and he has overdone it." "He is not making a speech—he is drivelling," rejoined the second.

Reports of what the Vice-President said appeared in the New York and other papers, which I read on the following morning. They were all equally severe on the Vice-President, and all agreed pretty closely in the reproduction of his speech, although they put his words into better English than he actually employed. I took down the exact words—as soon as I began to understand, which was in less than a minute, their very eccentric nature. "I am a-going," he said, "for to tell you—here—to-day—yes, I am a-going for to tell you all, that I am a plebeian. I

glory in it. Yes, I am a plebeian. The people—yes, the people of the United States, the great people of this glorious Union—have made me what I am; and I am a-going for to tell you here to-day—yes, to-day, in this place—that the people are everything. We owe all to them. If it be not too presumptuous, I will tell the foreign ministers a-sittin' there that I am one of the people! I will say to Senators and others before me, I will say to the Judges of the Supreme Court who sit before me, that you all get your power and place from the people. And, Mr. Chase," he said, suddenly addressing the surprised Chief-Justice by name, "your position depends upon the people!" Turning to the other side of the House, where sat Mr. Seward, looking puzzled and demure, and the other ministers, he severally addressed them as he had addressed Mr. Chase. "And I will say to *you*, Mr. Secretary Seward, and to *you*, Mr. Secretary Stanton, and to *you*, Mr. Secretary ——." Here he hesitated, and, according to the report in a Washington paper of next morning, bent down and asked Mr. Hamlin if he knew who was Secretary of the Navy? Having been informed, he continued in the same loud tone—"And *you*, Mr. Secretary Welles, *you*—all of *you*, derive your power from the people." Considering that all the people of America are plebeian, and that there are no patricians whatever, unless it be some of the foreign ministers, it appeared to more than one of these distinguished personages that the speech was levelled at them. Mr. Chase looked uncomfortable; Mr. Seward looked angry; Mr. Stanton's eyes flashed fury, and Mr. Welles stroked his long white beard with evident perplexity, as if he could

have stroked counsel out of it, in what way to silence this glaring offence against the decencies of a high position. One of my American friends whispered to me, "Andy Johnson's a gone 'coon;' he's ruined as a public man for ever. To be drunk is a misfortune, but to be drunk on such a day and in such a presence is an unpardonable crime. He has not only brought a Court of Justice into contempt, but the Legislature itself; and more than that, he has brought the United States into contempt, not only in the eyes of America, but in those of the whole world."

"You're too severe," said the other American; "it's bad enough, but it will be all forgotten in a week; and perhaps 'Andy' has been drugged by an enemy. Who knows? We live in strange times! But I wish the old Beelzebub had flown away with him, or that he had been absent this day, and done all his drunkenness last week. See how the Russian, French, and other foreign ministers are grinning! What reports will they not make to their several masters, the kings and emperors of Europe, of the disgraceful escapade of this man of the people. I wish I were Emperor of Russia, and he were my subject, and I'd either order him the knout, or pack him off to Siberia."

Our further conversation was cut short by the entrance of many members of the House of Representatives, followed by Mr. Lincoln, tall, ungainly, rough, but yet with all the appearance of a man who had the heart of a gentleman. He was in evening dress, and wore upon his countenance an expression of the deepest melancholy. He looked like a gaunt Atlas, bearing a world upon his

back which was much too heavy for his brawny shoulders, and who, if it had not been for pride, or a sense of duty, stronger perhaps than his pride, would have been content to lay down the weary load of sovereignty, and go home to his law-books, to insignificance, and to happiness. Mr. Lincoln stood while the oath of allegiance was administered to Mr. Johnson, as vice-president, and *ex-officio* President of the Senate; but for Mr. Lincoln himself was reserved a grander ceremonial out of doors, the administering of the oath in the open air, and in the presence of the assembled people. It was announced that the weather was bright; that all was ready, and the platform erected on the steps of the Capitol, in view of the mighty multitude that had been drawn together to witness the event of the day. Mr. Lincoln rose from his seat, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and his associate Justices did the same, as did Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Welles, and the other secretaries. The members of the Corps Diplomatique followed the lead, together with a miscellaneous rush of senators and deputies. The general public who had received tickets for the Senate brought up the rear, as the procession walked slowly from the chamber to the outer platform. My friends and I followed as well as we could, and were just in time to hear the President, after he had taken the oath, read his inaugural address. It was a touching, almost a despairing, but an unfeignedly religious and pious document, singularly well written, and if written by Mr. Lincoln himself, one that reflected credit on his literary attainments. The reading occupied but a few minutes. The cheers of the immediate spectators and auditors rent the air, and

the discharge of a hundred guns in the usual barbarous fashion of civilized nations, proclaimed that Abraham Lincoln had been for the second time inaugurated the chief magistrate of the greatest Republic that had ever yet existed. The solemnity of the ceremonial effaced from my mind for a time the disagreeable incident of the Vice-President's display ; but my American companions were greatly more impressed with the unpleasantness of the one scene than with the beauty of the other. "Long life to Abraham Lincoln," said one as we turned back, towards Willard's. "I never knew I loved him so much as I do this day." "Nor I either," replied the other. "And I pray most fervently that he may outlive his term, whatever may be the fortune of the war, and so prevent Andrew Johnson from stepping into his place. A horse was once made a Roman consul. I shudder to think what greater degradation might await us if Lincoln died during his term of office."

"Surely," I said, "you are rather too hard upon the Vice-President. It was an accident perhaps, and of all the people in the world, Mr. Johnson may at this hour be the sorriest for it."

My friend shook his head as if dubious of the charitable construction I put on Mr. Johnson's behaviour, and we dropped the subject, and plodded our weary way through the Avenue to Willard's. We overtook Mr. Charles Sumner on the way, who, while he stopped to exchange a few words with one of my companions, carefully avoided giving me the slightest sign of recognition. We had been very intimate during my first visit to America, and still more intimate when he was in London

recruiting his strength, after the cowardly attack made upon him by Mr. Brooks in the Senate Chamber; but he had not forgiven me for continuing to think and write, as he had once thought and written, that a disruption of the American Union might not be an unmitigated calamity either to itself or the world. Mr. Sumner was a man who was violently intolerant of the opinions of other people if they happened to differ from his own; and I was honoured, it appeared, with a very large share of his animosity. My American friend with whom he spoke in the crowd, informed me that the Senator was particularly bitter in his denunciation of Mr. Johnson's unfortunate escapade, and that he attributed it mainly to the fact that he was a Southerner, brought up among slave-holders.

Within a few weeks after this time, great historical events occurred. General Lee surrendered to General Grant before Richmond; the Civil War was brought to an abrupt and unexpected end; the good Abraham Lincoln was foully murdered, and Andrew Johnson became President of the United States.

It was on a Sunday morning early in April, 1865, when Mr. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, was at church with his family, that a message was silently conveyed to him from General Lee that the Confederate lines were broken, and that Richmond lay at the mercy of Grant's army. The formal surrender of General Lee speedily followed, and Mr. Davis made the best of his way southwards, with the hope of reaching Texas, where General Kirby Smith was in command of a powerful army. Texas is a State of the Union, which is almost as large as France, and it is possible, had Mr.

Davis succeeded in his attempt to reach that country, that he might have prolonged the war for years, and established the independence of Texas, if not of the whole of the Confederate States. I was in Wall Street when the news of the surrender of General Lee and the flight of Mr. Davis reached New York, and a witness of the delirium of joy, that seemed to drive the people to the verge of madness in the exuberance of their delight. The street was blocked up by an eager crowd, and the irrepressible George Francis Train had taken the opportunity to mount upon the great portico before the Custom House, and to make a speech to the multitude which was vehemently applauded at the close of every sentence. As far as I could hear what he said, he was imprecating vengeance on the heads of all the "Jews" in New York who had ever sympathized with the Southern cause, and more especially against Mr. Belmont, the New York agent of the house of Rothschild, whose banking office was immediately opposite. Other orators equally truculent, though scarcely so long-winded, endeavoured to lash up the popular fury against the Southern leaders, a tone that was adopted by nearly all the New York papers, except the *Daily News*, the great organ of the Tammany Hall Democrats, and Mr. Greeley's paper the *Tribune*, both of which recommended magnanimity towards the fallen leaders of the Confederacy, and a general amnesty, to include even Mr. Davis.

On the morning of the 16th of April news arrived of the murder of President Lincoln, by the crazy Wilkes Booth, an actor, and the son of an actor, who had committed the dreadful deed in the theatre and in the most

theatrical manner, and succeeded for awhile in making his escape; and of a simultaneous attack made by one of his accomplices upon Mr. Seward, who lay on a sick bed with a broken jaw, inflicted some weeks previously by a carriage accident. Mr. Seward was stabbed in the wounded jaw by Booth's emissary, but the blow was not fatal, though the results were long doubtful. A burst of execration against the crime and its perpetrators, rolled like thunder over the land, and the people in their madness of hate applauded the new President and his Government, which believed or affected to believe that the murder was instigated by the defeated leaders of the South, and which had publicly proclaimed seven innocent gentlemen as privy to the assassination, and offered large rewards for their capture. The men thus recklessly accused included Mr. Jefferson Davis, Mr. George N. Saunders, formerly Consul of the United States in London; Mr. Clement C. Clay, jun., Mr. Jacob Thompson, who had both been Senators in the United States Congress in the days before the disruption of the Union; and Professor Holcombe of Virginia, who were all as guiltless of any knowledge or approval of the murder as the man in the moon, and had nothing whatever to gain, but much to lose by the crime. Mr. Lincoln was among the most merciful of men, and had he lived to reconstruct the Union, which his armies had restored, would, if any forecast could have been made from his recorded utterances, his whole course of action, and the general benignity of his character, have done his best to efface animosities, and make North and South shake hands like noble brothers, each proud of the other, though they

had been temporarily estranged. But President Johnson was a man of a different calibre, and as truculent as Mr. Lincoln was gentle. Mr. Saunders, Mr. Clay, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Holcombe were at the time in Canada, and had rendered themselves especially obnoxious to Mr. Stanton and the Federal Government, by the measures which they were supposed to have organised in Canada for making war upon the United States from that quarter, and occupying a portion of the Northern forces, that could ill be spared from Grant's army before Richmond. A day before the news of Mr. Lincoln's murder arrived in New York, Mr. Greeeley had written for the *Tribune* an article strongly deprecating any measures of vengeance against Mr. Davis. On the morning when the facts were made known, he wrote me as follows :—

"Tribune Office,
"April 16th, 1865.

"My Friend,—

"I have yours of the 14th. You see where we are now, and can guess as to our future. All efforts on my part to soften the feelings engendered by civil war, would be simply insane in defiance of the popular fury. Just as a curiosity, I send you my leader for Saturday, displaced by the telegram announcing the President's assassination. Of course it would do no good now.

"Yours,
"Horace Greeley."

"Dr. Charles Mackay."

The following extracts from this unpublished plea for

magnanimity are too creditable to Mr. Greeley's heart and head to be suffered to drop into entire oblivion, without an effort to make them known to his contemporaries :—

"IDEAS—REBELLION—PENALTIES. — The *New York Times* informs its readers that the *Tribune* again *sues* for Jefferson Davis, '*craves* mercy' for him, that we are 'his mediator,' etc., etc., all misrepresentations which could not be hazarded if the just rule of *quoting* fairly, sentiments held up to reprobation, were observed as it ought to be. Davis is not in our power, needs none of our 'mercy,' and wants no earthly 'mediator.' Nor are we moved to the view we take of his case by any 'benignant' or 'sentimental' regard for him. We cannot feel that, if he were this day our prisoner, it would be merciful to *him* to spare rather than kill him. We judge that death must, to one in such circumstances, seem a very light affliction if not a welcome release.

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"There is but one way to restore his prestige at the South, and on that way the *Times* (New York) insists on impelling the Government. Catch him, try him, execute him, and you transfigure the baffled conspirator, the execrated high priest of an exploded, calamitous imposture, into a hero and martyr. Every ex-rebel in the South will feel that the blow which struck down Davis was really aimed at him, and only missed him by passing over his head. Had he only been taller, he would surely have been made shorter. From that hour, the popularity and baneful influence of the Confederate President will rapidly revive ; his photograph will be diffused to every Southern

dwelling, hidden in every ex-Confederate bosom; his fate will efface all remembrance of his crime; and he will be far stronger in his coffin than he was in his Cabinet. Does any one now doubt that the execution of Louis XVI. was, apart from all consideration of its justice or injustice, a grave mistake? Who thinks of the guilt or innocence of the victims of Glencoe? Having ever stood in pointed antagonism to Jeff. Davis, regarding his distinguishing principles as eminently mistaken and pernicious, we should deprecate any act or incident calculated to give them a factitious and exaggerated currency. Unless history is all a delusion, this is no unreal nor inconsiderable danger.

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"It is most true that we have endeavoured from the outset to make this 'a war of ideas and principles,' and to have it so waged that, whatever its result, its termination should leave the fewest possible seeds of bitterness and future alienation. If the rebels had been able to vanquish us in fair fight, we proposed to bow to destiny, and, having ceased to be fellow-countrymen, to be henceforth good neighbours; while if we should beat them, we wished them in like manner to make a virtue of necessity, accept the result with the best practicable grace, and henceforth forget that they had ever sought to be other than citizens of the great Republic. In that spirit, we are now labouring to render defeat as little humiliating, as little repugnant to them, as is consistent with the integrity of the Union, the liberties of its people, and good faith towards its defenders in the hour of trial. We quite understand that the position we hold

is the unpopular one, that we should win more huzzas, more subscribers, by calling for subjugation, confiscation, and execution. But the danger of the hour is on the other side, and we must confront it as we may. Yet a little while, and passions will cool, 'grim-visaged war will smooth his horrid front,' and a great change in public feeling will have been silently effected."

Although the Federal Government offered a large reward for the capture of the ex-President, it is possible that they did not really desire to encumber themselves with the burden of his person and misfortune; that the proclamation was a mere formality to pacify the vindictive clamour of the day; and that they would have been very glad if he had succeeded in making his way to France or England. But this was not to be. Mr. Davis was discovered by a Federal officer in his tent, making the best of his way to join General Kirby Smith in Texas, and was forthwith conveyed to fortress Munro, to await trial for murder and high treason. The design to inculpate him in the charge of complicity with Wilkes Booth in the assassination of President Lincoln, if ever really formed, was speedily abandoned. It met with no countenance from reasonable people, and was moreover very likely to end in his acquittal. The second charge was equally embarrassing. Prior to the Civil War and to the abrogation by force of many of the provisions of the original constitution, the first allegiance of every citizen was due to his own State and its legislature. The State of Mississippi, of which Mr. Davis was the most distinguished citizen, had by the unanimous action of the

legally constituted authorities, seceded from the Union, and if Mr. Davis had not seceded along with it, he would have been guilty of treason to Mississippi. It was held by a majority of the best lawyers in America, including Chief Justice Chase and other Justices of the Supreme Court, as well as Mr. Seward, that if tried for treason to the United States, Mr. Davis would infallibly secure his acquittal, if he pleaded the paramount allegiance which he owed to Mississippi. The Government did not choose to incur so damaging a risk, but could not in the then temper of the public mind set the prisoner at liberty; and adopted under President Johnson's and Mr. Secretary Stanton's influence, a middle course, which, like many other middle courses, was both injudicious and cruel. If Mr. Davis had died in prison, the gordian knot would have been unloosened, and the Government would have been relieved from a very irritating difficulty. It was currently reported at the time that President Johnson and his Cabinet would not have grieved at such a result. Their treatment of the unfortunate ex-President —a man in delicate health, and of a singularly refined nature—was hard in the extreme. He was subjected to the indignity of manacles, was never left alone day or night for a single moment, and was compelled to feed himself with his fingers because he was denied the use of a knife or a fork, on the plea that if allowed them he might attempt the commission of suicide. Worse than all, he was deprived of sleep, by express orders given to every sentinel set over him to strike his musket violently on the ground when they saw his weary eyes closing in the repose which exhausted nature required. Though

the press of the whole North, with a few exceptions, condemned this dastardly conduct towards a man who only needed success to become one of the most illustrious patriots in history, neither the President, nor the War Secretary, nor any other member of the Administration, saw fit to take notice of the remonstrances which were daily made, or, if the statements published were untrue or exaggerated, to contradict or qualify them.

The members of Mr. Johnson's Cabinet were chary in admitting the difficulties that beset them with regard to the trial of the fallen chief, but continually prompted their friends in the press to make public that all the necessary preliminaries were being arranged, and that the trial would take place before the end of the summer in the District Court of Columbia, and not in the Supreme Court of the United States. But ere the summer ended the public excitement had cooled down. The Americans are a quick people, and though resentful for a moment, do not long harbour an unworthy feeling, and as time wore on it was found practicable to abandon the prosecution. Mr. Davis was never brought to trial, but was in due time set at liberty unamnestied and unforgiven.

General Kirby Smith and the last army of the Confederacy surrendered on hearing the news of the capture of President Davis, and the war, virtually ended by the submission of General Lee, was wholly ended by this event. The surrender was announced to a joyous public. So sudden and so complete a collapse was not the least of the many extraordinary incidents of the war. Not only no European, but no American, unless it were Mr.

Seward or Mr. Greeley, anticipated such a rapid break-up of the vast organized power of the South even so lately as the 4th of March previously, when the President delivered his despondent inaugural. The Northern public were divided into two great sections. On the one were the majority of the legal profession, the wealthy bankers, the gentlemen of education and refinement, who had seen the world and studied the politics of Europe, and the staid Conservatives, who had been nurtured upon the traditions of American democracy, and dreaded nothing so much as the concentration of power, all of whom were, with few exceptions, convinced that the South could never be subdued, and that its conquest, supposing it to be possible, was the worst thing that could happen to the North. On the other side were all the small farmers and freeholders of the North and West, all the mechanics and labourers, all the petty shop and store keepers, and most of the clergy, who, combined, formed perhaps, three-fourths of the population, and who by their votes could elect a majority in Congress and the State Legislatures, and make or mar the chances of any man for the Presidency. All these believed in the ultimate downfall of the Confederacy, unless the European Governments should come to the rescue, though most of them were of opinion three months previously, that the war might last for many years longer. And when the end came with the suddenness of a thunderclap in a clear sky, even those who had never lost faith in the Union were as much surprised as their neighbours, and could scarcely credit the fact that the Confederacy was, after all, but the mere shell which some Northern enthusiasts

had represented it to be, and that the most formidable of modern wars had been taken out of the broad columns of the newspapers and sent back to the unimpassioned page of history. I thought as I recalled to my mind the events of the war, that no one who valued a character for political insight would presume hereafter to speculate on the future of the Union or the turn of American affairs. The strong, wilful, passionate husband had got back *vi et armis* his beautiful, petulant, imperious runaway wife, with whom he never at any period lived happily and affectionately. He had her, and was bound to make the best of her. Whether peace and harmony were to be the result of their enforced re-union, none could tell; or whether the conduct of either would not breed fresh scandals as soon as the weaker vessel had dried her tears and duly considered her new situation with respect to her lord and master, was for none to predict, least of all those who were not of the household and could not understand its temper and its idiosyncracies.

Eleven years have since elapsed. State rights are State rights no longer; the elevation of the negro to political equality with the white man, has engendered a social antagonism which law is powerless to prevent or modify; and the black man still remains in American politics an alien influence, repugnant to the mysterious sentiment of race. A factious war of words, occasionally culminating into deeds, and violent scrambles for place and power, have succeeded to the war of secession, and the States of North America, though politically, are not socially united, and perhaps never will be until the negro ceases to be an integer in the calculations of parties, and

as long as the Republican party now in possession of power attempt to govern the Southern people by "carpet-bag" officials imposed upon them by force, and by the votes of a numerical majority of ignorant and pauperized blacks. But time that heals all things and solves all difficulties, will no doubt settle the negro question in its own appointed manner. The one great result of the civil war, next to the abolition of slavery, and one that still more interests the peoples of Europe, and especially those of Great Britain, is that the restored Union is bound over to keep the peace towards all the nations of the Eastern hemisphere, not alone by the burden of the mighty debt which the States have contracted in the subjugation of their unwilling brother, but by the not unreasonable apprehension that that brother might take advantage of a war, unjustly provoked, to make another effort for independence, without the weight of slavery on its back to paralyze its right hand, or deprive it of the sympathy of the civilized world. Meanwhile the Union is safe from all external peril, and incurs no dangers but such as may spring from inward corruption, or the unwise attempt, too dear to the minds of many chiefs of the Republican party, to over-centralize the Government at Washington, and to abridge still further those States rights which are the real corner-stones of the Union, and can alone secure its stability.

THE END.

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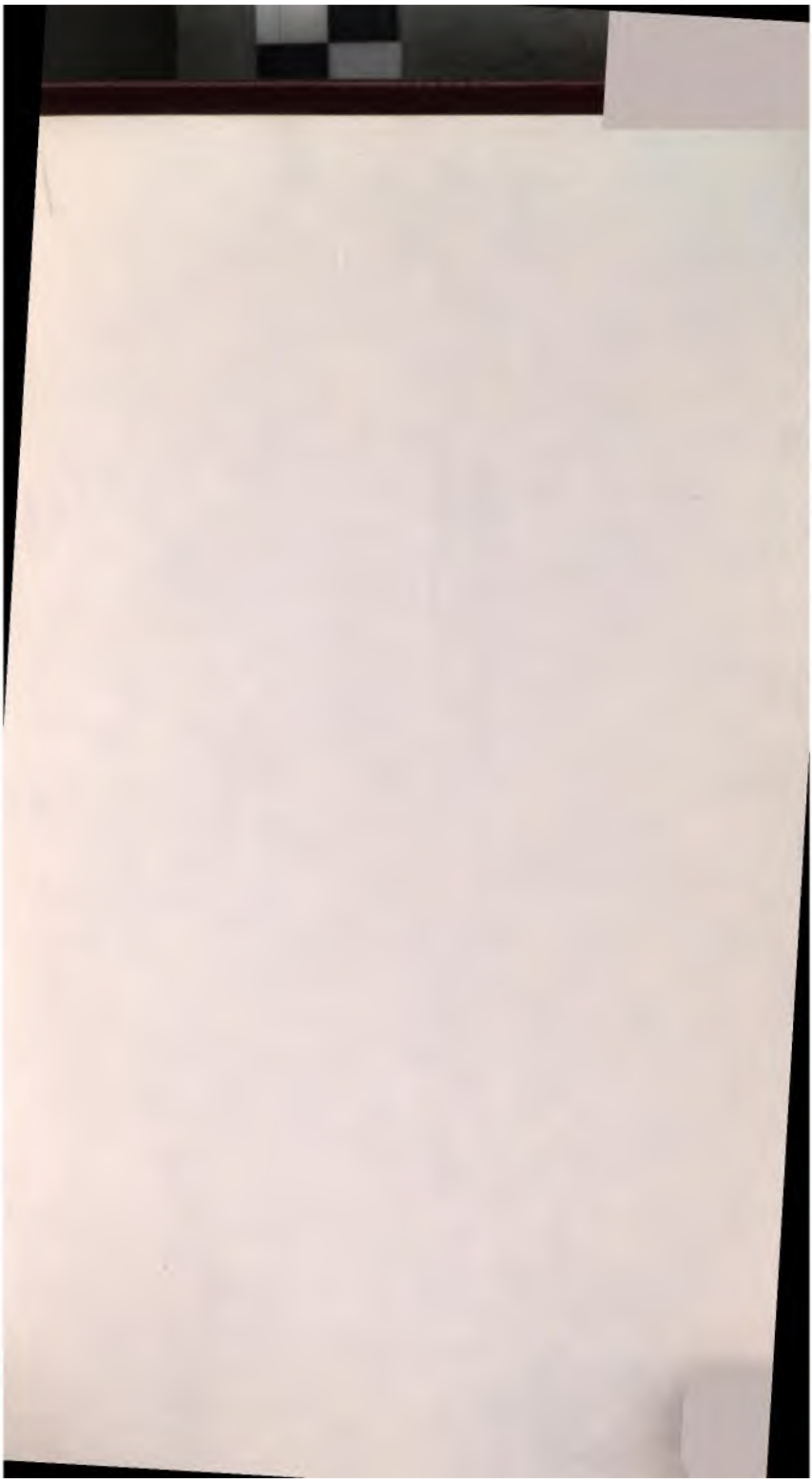

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